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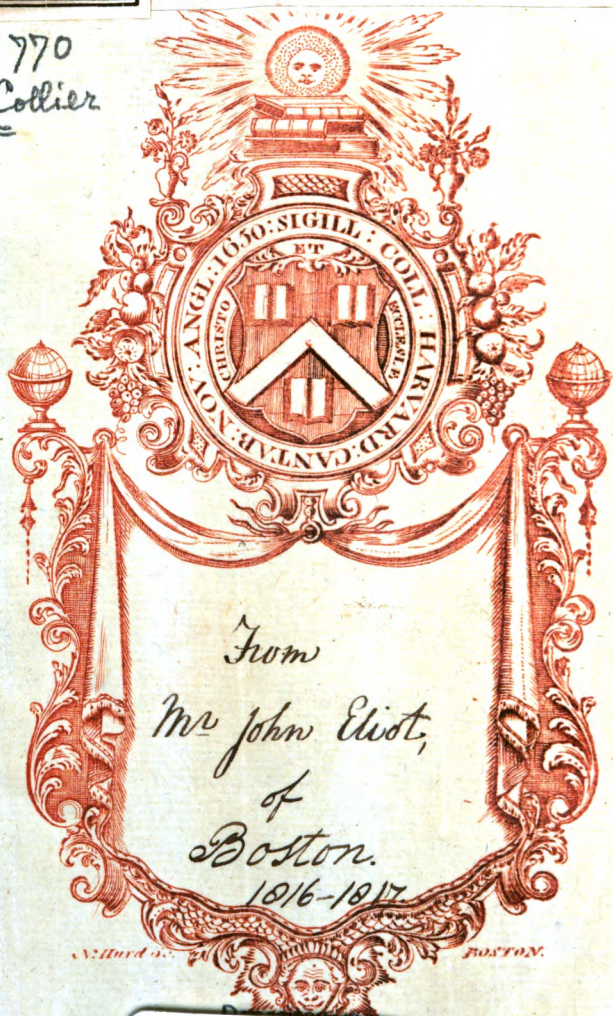
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THE

GOSPEL TREASURY:

VOLUME THE FIRST,

CONTAINING A GREAT VARIETY OF

**INTERESTING ANECDOTES, REMARKABLE PROVIDENCES,
AND PRECIOUS FRAGMENTS.**

SELECTED CHIEFLY FROM THE

LONDON EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

BY WILLIAM COLLIER, A. M.

Pastor of the Baptist Church in Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Gather up the fragments. John vii. 12.

Second Edition.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

PRINTED BY SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG.

Charlestown, Massachusetts.

1810.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT.

BE it remembered, that on the twenty sixth day of September, in the thirty fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, William Collier, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Gospel Treasury: volume the first, containing a great variety of interesting anecdotes, remarkable providences, and precious fragments. Selected chiefly from the London Evangelical Magazine. By William Collier, A. M. Pastor of the Baptist Church in Charlestown, Massachusetts. Gather up the fragments. John vii. 12: Second edition In four volumes."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, intitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act, intitled, "An act supplementary to an act intitled, An act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

W. M. S. SHAW,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

THE DEDICATION.

THOU TRIUNE God! from whose rich stores of grace
All good proceeds, I now approach Thy throne,
To lay myself, and this my weak attempt,
Beneath the smile of PATRONAGE SUPREME.
My eye keep single, and my aim direct;
That all my efforts, in concurrence sweet,
May spread Thy praise, and edify Thy flock
In things divine. O let this select work
Stand up a faithful witness for thy truth;
Against the floods of error may it stand
A brazen bulwark, durable and firm.

FATHER OMNIPOTENT! Thy love doth sound
Along each line. Far as Thy word reveals
Thy plans and counsels, I with joy have mark'd
The brilliant footsteps of eternal grace
Tow'rd's guilty man. JESUS! Thy charming name,
Bright as the noon-day sun, hath gilt each page.
The glories of Thy bleeding love is now
My darling theme. Thy influence benign,
Thou sacred COMFORTER! shed on my heart,
Teach me t' edite the thunders of Thy word
With sacred care; and point, with steady hand,
The dread artillery of the flaming mount
Against the conscience of Thy rebel foes.
When sinners, wounded by Thy terrors, fall;
And rack'd with guilty pains, begin to lift,
Towards Thy mercy seat a tearful eye,

Or breathe a wish for peace; O for that balm,
So fam'd in sacred story for its power
To heal! O for the gracious words of pardon!
Free pardon promis'd through atoning blood,
To draw the sting of guilt and pour that health
O'er all the soul, that health divine which none
But *pardon'd* sinners ere can know or feel!
Th' exhaustless wells of thy salvation, fed
By springs perennial, teach me to disclose;
That, hither led, Thy lambs with joy may drink
Of living waters; and, with gentle hand,
Their steps to guide, where richest pastures rise,
With endless verdure crown'd, there to partake
Of angel's food, and grow prepar'd for heaven,
Where partial knowledge meets the blaze of day,
And means so blest on earth, shall all be done away.

PREFACE.

THE Evangelical Magazine, published in London, made its first appearance in July, 1793. A small volume was printed that year; and the proprietors have annually published a large octavo volume to the present time. Of course there are now sixteen volumes before the public.

This work is regularly supported by thirty six ministers of the gospel, of different denominations, and of the first respectability in England; and occasionally assisted by many other ministers and friends of evangelical truth, both in Europe and America. It is the most extensively useful and generally interesting periodical publication of the kind in the world. Twenty thousand copies of which, in monthly numbers, are circulated among the friends of the mystery of godliness, and others, in every quarter of the globe. Having had access to this work from the beginning, I have long anxiously desired its precious contents might be more generally known in this country, than which, certainly nothing more is necessary to recommend it to real believers in Jesus, of every denomination.

There is such a vein of Christian experience runs through the whole, such a purity of doctrine every where maintained with singular ability, and the necessity and excellence of gospel morality is always treated in such a manner, as must convince those who are strangers to the truth, that although Christ is the righteousness of believers, the grace of God teacheth them to deny ungodliness, and every worldly lust, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; and will greatly edify and establish the weak in faith, and remove the doubts and comfort the hearts of the feeble minded.

Feeling a conviction in my own mind of the probable utility of such a work as might readily be compiled from *such a source*, I have been induced to make an exertion to bring the successful labors of these eminently distinguished servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, except those

parts locally uninteresting to us, before the American public, in a form that might be generally useful. May the blessing of Him who maketh truly rich, attend the undertaking, and render it productive of many permanently beneficial effects to every reader.

I have been somewhat at a loss to know which part of the Magazine to take hold of first; to select all that is excellent would be little short of taking the whole. I have finally commenced with the *Evangelicana*, a term recently adopted by the editor to include anecdotes, hints, and other detached papers; though I have by no means confined my selections to that department. From the nature of this work and the character of the original, which is above praise, it is hoped this little volume will prove a source of great entertainment to all who read it, and a peculiarly precious repast to the experimental followers of the Lamb. It has all the fascination and amusement of novelty and variety, while it communicates the most salutary and important instructions to the mind.

Some of the anecdotes and providential incidents, considered in *themselves*, may perhaps be thought not sufficiently meritorious to be publicly useful, but when viewed in connexion with the improvement which is made of such apparently trivial circumstances, there is not an article, it is believed, in the work, but will be found interesting to all who duly observe the providences of God, and love the Divine character and government. These events, however remarkable, are not related merely to gratify the curiosity, and excite the wonder and admiration of the reader; but are designed to shew the universal and constant care of our heavenly Father over his children, to set forth the unsearchable riches of his grace and compassion to the vilest of sinners, to comfort and encourage the excellent of the earth, to enlighten the ignorant, and reform the vicious.

In regard to arrangement, I have followed the order of the magazine *generally*. Several scraps of the muses are interspersed, though not systematically, I hope not incongruously, in various parts of the work. I am sensible some of these and several other articles might have been more happily located; but as the work professes to be only a miscellaneous compilation, a studied method has been purposely avoided.

The intrinsic merit of the following address to the Magazine soon after its first publication, although perhaps not exactly apposite, sufficiently apologizes for its application to the Gospel Treasury.

“Go, little book, without delay,
Direct the careless to the way
That leads to joys above.
Spread far and wide the Savior’s name;
The freeness of his grace proclaim,
And sweetness of his love.

While hell with all its legions roar’d,
Tell how his blood he freely pour’d,
To save poor ruin’d man.
Point sinners to his bleeding wounds;
Say how his love exceeds all bounds
That mortal eyes can scan.

Go, little book, and do not shun
T’invite the wretched and undone
To Christ the sinner’s friend;
His fulness from his greatness shew;
Let publicans and harlots know
How wide his arms extend.

To such as long his love to see,
Hold forth salvation full and free;
For them it is design’d.
Say to the fearful, haste away;
Now is the welcome gospel day;
Seek now, and you shall find.”

Paul plants, Apollos waters, God giveth the increase.
To Him be glory for ever.

WILLIAM COLLIER.

Charlestown, April, 1809.

P. S. This volume will be found an amusing and profitable companion for travellers. The size is convenient for carriage. Price 81.

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THE
GOSPEL TREASURY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN INFALLIBLE MEDICINE FOR THE CURE OF A DANGEROUS DISORDER, TO BE HAD GRATIS.

WHEREAS a most violent and dangerous disorder has greatly prevailed in this neighborhood, as well as in many other places, much resembling the plague; a friend of mankind has thought it expedient to publish the following account of it, with its various symptoms and effects, and to recommend a method of cure, which has never failed in a single instance.

The disease has long been known among the learned by a variety of names. The *Greek* physicians call it *Amartia*. It may be discovered by the following symptoms. The *head* is always afflicted, particularly the eyes, so that most objects are mistaken for each other. The *understanding* is clouded. The patient is sometimes *deaf*, especially to certain subjects of discourse. The *tongue* is so strangely disordered, that it speaks perverse and blasphemous words. The patient has occasional fits of *lame-ness*, especially when it is proposed to walk to a place of worship. But the *heart* is the principal seat of the disease, from the affections of which the senses and members are also disordered. This disease is, upon good grounds,

supposed to be hereditary, and may be traced back to the common parent of mankind. It is, therefore, universal; so that there never was but one man in the world exempted from a taint of it.

The present effects of this disorder are very dreadful. It sometimes produces a raging *fever*, insatiable *thirst*, and extreme *restlessness*. The mind is at times alarmed, and filled with *anxiety*. The patient discovers *pride*, *envy*, *malice*, *covetousness*, *lust*, *deceit*. His family, friends, and neighbors are frequently sufferers, as many in this place can testify. Magistrates are sometimes forced to interfere; and, though they seldom attempt a cure, they often prevent his doing further mischief.

But the final consequences of this disease are formidable in the utmost degree. Unless timely assistance be afforded, which must generally be in the early stages of it, the patient inevitably perishes. Death, dreadful death, must ensue; and that, attended with such circumstances of misery, horror, and despair, that humanity is constrained to draw a veil over the terrible scene.

It is necessary to add, that by far the greater part of those on whom it preys, are utterly insensible of their condition, and unwilling to admit that they are ill. It is probable, some who read this advertisement may feel themselves angry with this representation of their case, and be ready to throw it aside with disdain. A certain indication this, that the patient is dangerously disordered. But this may, at the same time, account for the general and fatal neglect of applying in time to

THE PHYSICIAN.

This extraordinary man is not, indeed, a *seventh son*, but the *only son*, of a most high and distinguished Personage. He was intended for the profession from his birth, and is in all respects properly qualified for it. His skill, tenderness, and care, were never impeached by any one of the thousands of patients whom he has perfectly restored. His practice has been incomparably extensive ; and millions can testify, that by him the blind have received their sight, the lame have leaped as an hart, lepers have been cleansed, the deaf have been made quick of hearing, and many dead persons have been raised to life. After a life of the most benevolent exertions, he was put to death by the malice of some ignorant practitioners, who envied his fame and success. However, the world still reaps the benefit of that *specific medicine* which he prepared. Certain persons appointed by him, committed his advice to writing, and have recorded it in a most excellent family book, which has gone through a thousand editions, and is commonly called

THE BIBLE.

Here we learn that *sins* is the great disease of the human race ; that it has the most unhappy effects on the bodies and souls of men ; that it has introduced all the miseries under which they groan. Herein we are also taught that no man can cure himself of this disease ; and, though multitudes of quacks have recommended nostrums of their own, there is only one medicine in the world that can effect a cure. Reader ! go learn what that meaneth. *The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from sin.*

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

A NUMBER of intimate friends being at dinner together on the Lord's day, one of the company, in order to prevent impertinent discourse, said, *It is a question whether we shall all go to heaven or not?* This plain hint occasioned a general seriousness and self examination. One thought, if any of this company go to hell, it must be myself; and so thought another, and another. Even the servants who waited at table, were affected in the same manner. In short, it was afterwards found that this one sentence proved, by the special blessing of God, instrumental to their conversion. What an encouragement is this to the Christian, to give a serious turn to his conversation when in company.

RELIGION AND INFIDELITY CONTRASTED.

THE Rev. F. T. was so dead to the world, that he knew no good in it; but did much good with it. Having had, in his old age, a fainting fit, and the means used to restore him having been successful, he said, "Why did you not let a poor old man go quietly away?"

Mr....., physician to the Duke of Orleans, having been sent for to attend Voltaire, in his illness at Paris, the deistical philosopher said to him, "Sir, I desire you will save my life. I will give you half my fortune if you will lengthen out my days only six months; if not I shall go to the devil."

Men may live fools; but fools they cannot die.

AWFUL DEATH.

WHILE the Rev. Mr. P***** was playing at cards in the house of a lady of his acquaintance, he was seized with a violent pain in his stomach, a complaint to which he was occasionally subject. He sent home for a medicine which he had found beneficial at other times; and having taken it, said he was better, and sat down at the *card table* to pursue his diversions. But he soon dropped from his chair; and before he could be carried to his house, which was but a little way distant, he was a corpse!

The wicked shall be driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death. To be hurried from the amusements of a card table, to the bar of a righteous God, how different from the case of the righteous, who hath triumphant hope in his death; anticipating the moment of dissolution with abundant pleasure, and ending his mortal race in the full and happy enjoyment of that truly grand exultation of the Christian conqueror, O death! Where is thy sting? O grave! Where is thy victory?

 CONTRASTED JOYS....A REAL FACT.

THE Rev. Mr. James Harvey was once riding in a stage coach with a gay young lady who expatiated, in a very lively manner, upon the pleasures of the theatre. Indeed said she, I enjoy much happiness before I go, in anticipation; and when I am there, my pleasure is indiscrible; and the recollection of the scene affords me much happiness the following day.

Mr. H. replied, and is that all the happiness, madam, the theatre affords you? Is there not "one joy beside?"

Have you forgotten the happiness it will afford you in the hour of death? The youth, struck with the scene of eternity which opened to her imagination, was brought under genuine conviction of sin, and the vanity of fugitive amusements, and to participate in the solid pleasures of religion.

The following hymn is predicated upon the above anecdote:

How great my pleasures at the play!
(A lady once was heard to say)
Amusement surely all divine!
Be such amusements always mine.
First. There's the joy I always know,
Before the hour arrives to go;
And when I'm there.....but who can say,
What are my raptures at the play!
Besides, the recollected joy,
Next day, affords me sweet employ.
That may be true, (a friend reply'd)
But, is there not one joy beside?
You have not mentioned.... tell me why,
The joys of plays when call'd to die.
Perhaps a thunderbolt from heav'n
Might then have less confusion giv'n.
The gay young lady felt the smart,
Conviction seiz'd her wounded heart.
No more she boasts her former joys,
Religion now her thoughts employs;
False pleasures can no more amuse,
Superior bliss she now pursues.
O happy change! she says, and tells you why,
Religion's joys will last when call'd....to die.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

CANT. ii. 1.

In Sharon's lovely rose
 Immortal beauties shine;
 Its sweet, refreshing fragrance shows
 Its origin divine.
 How blooming 'tis, and fair;
 O may my happy breast
 This lovely rose for ever wear,
 And be supremely blest.

SENTENTIOUS SELECTIONS.

WE are commonly most careless where we should be most careful.

When the flail of affliction is upon me, let me not be the chaff that flies in thy face; but the corn that lies at thy feet.

To an afflicted believer. First, remember that you are not under the law, but under grace; and therefore your state is good.

Secondly. That you are upon earth, and not in heaven; therefore, your happiness must be incomplete.

He who is unwilling to die when he must, and he who desires to die when he must not, are alike cowards.

Worldly riches and honor can never fully content the mind. The way to contentment is not by raising the estate higher, but by bringing the heart lower, and having God for a portion.

A DOER OF THE WORD.

A POOR woman in the country went to hear a sermon, wherein, among other evil practices, the use of dishonest

weights and measures was exposed. With this discourse, she was much affected. The next day, when the minister, according to his custom, went among his hearers, and called upon the woman, he took occasion to ask her what she recollected of his sermon? The poor woman complained much of her bad memory, and said that she had forgotten almost all that he had delivered. "But one thing," said she, "I remembered. I remembered to burn my bushel."

. A doer of the word cannot be a forgetful hearer.

SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.

I KNOW that I must die; but what preparation have I made for it? O! my soul, what evidences hast thou for heaven! I must die; but am I now dead to sin? I must appear before God in judgment; but, what account can I give of my life? Those who are pardoned through faith in Christ, and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, will be eternally happy: but is this my case? Am I pardoned? Have I repented? Have I forsaken sin? And do I delight in God, and in his service, and carefully shun all evil company, and evil words and actions? Lord, have mercy upon me! Make me holy, and fit me for thy presence!

A DREAM.

I AM well acquainted with a minister, now living, who, for some time after his entrance upon the sacred ministry, was frequently harassed with fears that he should not be able to proceed in the work. Often, on a Lord's day evening, he would think within himself, "Now, I am quite exhausted; I have said all I can say. How shall I

ever be able to compose another sermon? Is it possible for me to go on in the ministry, where people are expecting things new as well as old, from time to time?" It always happened to him better than his fears; for, by the next time of preaching, something occurred to his mind whereon to preach, which proved of benefit to some. But there was one week, in particular, through the whole of which he could not bring his mind to fix, for any time, upon any subject. He turned over his Bible and Concordance, from day to day, and supplicated the throne of grace. At times he seemed to have an insight into a passage of scripture; but could not long pursue any meditation before he found himself almost obliged to give it up, through embarrassment and perplexity. In this unhappy state he continued till very late on the Saturday night, when he retired to his bed, almost in despair of being able to appear in the pulpit on the following day; nor did he expect to sleep, the anxiety he felt was so great; but, contrary to his expectations, he soon went to rest; and, before he waked, he dreamed that he went to a parish church, where, in former days, he had statedly attended, and that with unspeakable pleasure, upon the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Venn. After the prayers were over, he beheld with tears of joy his dear minister ascend the pulpit, who, after a short, but comprehensive and animated extemporary prayer, took for his text Matt. viii. 2. "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." After a very striking introduction, in which he exhibited the sense of the passage in the clearest point of view, he took occasion from thence, and that in a manner almost peculiar to himself, to point out the uncleanness, pollution, and impurities of fallen man, together with the ability and willingness of

the Lord Jesus Christ to make him clean; and also, the poor sinner's earnest solicitude for the benefit, when once he becomes sensible of his absolute need thereof. At the conclusion of the service, the minister awaked from his sleep, surprised to find himself in bed, but very much refreshed by his sleep, and still more by his dream. He could not doubt of invisible agency over the human mind, both by night and day; when men wake, and when they sleep. He thought he retained in his mind all that in his sleep he had heard; and found himself happy in being thus provided with what he so very much wanted.... a subject whereon to discourse that day to his people. It served him for the whole day, which was a comfortable one to himself; and a time of refreshing to many of his flock.

The reader will make his own reflections. S. B.

AN EVANGELICAL MINISTER'S SUPPORTS UNDER DISCOURAGEMENT.

"SHALL I entirely give up the employment," said a servant of Christ, in his study one day, when ruminating on his want of apparent success, "and retire to some private station? Has not my Master who once graciously smiled on my labors, done with me? In the mournful language of the prophet, may I not say, Lord, who has believed my report? But I check myself in these melancholy musings. To be rewarded even by the approbation of fellow creatures, for all my good intentions and friendly labors, is a vain, perhaps a carnal and selfish expectation. Happily will it be if I hear my conscience now, and my great Master at last say, Well done!

“The more faithful I have been in my discourses to the consciences of my hearers, the less will those the most deeply interested approve them. Subjects of a general nature, especially if delivered with a popular pathos, may be admired and much talked of; but if my auditors, though not pleased, be profited; if the consciences of sinners have been convinced, and the people of God excited to greater watchfulness, zeal, and devotion; ought not this to support me in my work? Lord grant that this may be the happy case of my hearers.”

Just as he had finished this soliloquy, a note was put into his hands, to the following purpose; **“I thank you, dear sir, for your sermon, yesterday from 1 John v. 25. It penetrated my very heart. I, I am the idolater whom you described;”** with other things to the same import. This seasonable remark happily relieved his mind from a state of painful dejection; and, going among his people, he found, to his great encouragement, that his late preaching had been particularly useful to many.

It was his earnest desire the above should be made public, and the following remarks added, for the comfort of his brethren. Preaching, though not remarkably and visibly blessed, may be very useful; therefore, in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that, or whether they shall both be alike good.

THE CONVERSION OF A SOCINIAN.

A MR. W . . . , by reading the writings of Dr. F. Mr. L. and others of the same sentiments, imbibed the Socinian scheme; and, by degrees, forsook the house of God, and

the faithful labors of Mr. D. the minister whom he formerly attended. Mr. D. took frequent occasions to warn him against the dangerous consequences of rejecting Christ, and neglecting his ordinances, as well as of the pernicious effects which his example might produce among his children and family. After much affectionate exhortation, which seemed to make no impression on Mr. W., Mr. D. had the following remarkable dream: He thought himself deeply engaged in conversation with his friend, laboring hard to convince him of his fatal errors, when, at length, he fancied he heard a voice saying, "Thou hast gained thy brother." This affected him so much, that he immediately awoke, and broke out into a flood of tears, rejoicing in the happy event.

Mr. D. took an early opportunity of waiting on Mr. W. and related to him his dream; when, taking him by the hand he added, "If it please God to realize my dream, I shall account it one of the happiest events of my life." To which Mr. W., struck with his disinterested friendship, replied, "If it would be so happy for you, sir, how much more so for me!" But no change as yet appeared to take place in his views.

Some months after this, Mr. W. was taken ill, and his disorder proved a consumption. Mr. D. visited him again, and renewed the theme with great earnestness. Mr. W. was now offended, and said, "Sir, I am now quite fixed in my sentiments; you only make me uneasy; I desire that I may never hear any thing more of this subject." Mr. D. took leave of his friend with a heavy heart, saying within himself, "What is become of my pleasing dream!" but reflected, as he went home, that, however

fixed Mr. W. was in his dangerous sentiments God was able to unfix him again, and settle him at last on the Rock of ages. He therefore retired to his closet, and with much importunity besought the Lord on his account.

Early next morning a messenger was sent from Mr. W. entreating his immediate attendance. He gladly obeyed the summons. Mr. W. who was in bed, stretched out his arms to receive him, and cried out, "O, Mr. D. I am one of the most miserable beings in the world. I have lost my God!" "I hope not," said Mr. D. "I hope it is in great mercy to your soul, and that God is about to bring you to the knowledge of Christ;" to which Mr. W. added, in a most earnest tone, "God Almighty grant that it may!" He now desired Mr. D. to talk to him, to tell him of Christ and his salvation, and to pray for him; which he readily did. Mr. W. appeared to be quite melted and broken down; and begged that Mr. D. would renew his visit every day while he lived. He seemed to be truly serious, and, above all things, concerned for an interest in the blood and righteousness of Christ, which before he had discarded, About three days before his death he was filled with joy; and, in the hearing of a pious sister, broke out in a kind of ecstasy, repeating those excellent lines of Dr. Watts;

"Christ and his cross is all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek;
But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord," &c.

He died an eminent instance of the sovereign grace of
God. G. B.

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BAD COMPANY.

THE very sound of the expression, bad company, is painful to a prudent and pious ear. The soul of a good man trembles at the idea of being the companion of the wicked. And what is the reason? He has many reasons for it. He has reasons which relate to time, and reasons which relate to eternity. He knows such company to be disgraceful. The wise and good judge of men by their company; and with them it is always counted disreputable to be seen in the society of those whose character is stained. Evil company also hinders religious improvement; takes off the heart from God; gradually lessens the fear of sin; imperceptibly draws men into the commission of iniquity; and, in this way, destroys both the usefulness and comfort of life. It has been the ruin of thousands and tens of thousands. By it, multitudes have been led on to actions and crimes, at the bare thought of which their souls once shuddered. By means of evil company, they have had their minds filled with fears, and their consciences overwhelmed with horror; and, for one that has escaped by true faith and sincere repentance, there is reason to suspect many have gone down to hell.

If, therefore, you value your credit and comfort in life, your peace in death, or your happiness in eternity, shun evil company as destruction; and remember, that under the idea of dangerous society, we are to include not only the drunkard, the profane swearer, the unchaste, or the dishonest; but likewise all who do not love God, and obey the gospel of Jesus Christ. Lord, keep me near thyself!

THE SINNER LED BY A WAY HE KNEW NOT.

SOME years ago, a young man, about eighteen years of age, was walking one morning with a party of other young men, who had all agreed for that day to make a holiday. The first object that attracted their attention, was an old woman who pretended to tell fortunes. They immediately employed her to tell theirs; and, that they might fully qualify her for the undertaking, first made her thoroughly intoxicated with spiritous liquor. The young man of whom mention was first made, was informed, among other things, that he would live to a very old age, and see his children, grand children, and great grand children, growing up around him. Though he had assisted in qualifying the old woman for the fraud, by intoxicating her, yet he had credulity enough to be struck with those parts of her predictions which related to himself. And so, quoth he, when alone, I am to live to see children, grand children, and great grand children! At that age I must be a burden to the young people. What shall I do? There is no way for an old man to render himself more agreeable to youth, than by sitting and telling them pleasant and profitable stories. I will then, thought he, during my youth, endeavor to store my mind with all kinds of knowledge. I will see, and hear, and note down every thing that is rare and wonderful, that I may sit, when incapable of other employment, and entertain my descendants. Thus shall my company be rendered pleasant; and I shall be respected rather than neglected in old age. Let me see: What can I acquire first? O! here is the famous Methodist preacher, Whitefield; he is to preach, they say, to night; I will go and hear him.

From these strange motives, the young man declared he went to hear Mr. W. He preached that evening from Matt. iii. 7. "But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

Mr. W., said the young man, described the Sadducian character; this did not touch me; I thought myself as good a Christian as any man in England. From this he went to that of the Pharisees. He described their exterior decency, but observed, the poison of the viper rankled in their hearts. This rather shook me. At length, in the course of his sermon, he abruptly broke off, paused for a few moments, then burst into a flood of tears, lifted up his hands and eyes, and exclaimed, "O my hearers! *the wrath's to come! the wrath's to come!*" These words sunk into my heart, like lead into the waters. I wept; and when the sermon was ended, retired alone. For days and weeks I could think of little else; those awful words would follow me wherever I went, *the wrath's to come! the wrath's to come!*

The issue was, the young man soon after made a public profession of religion; and, in a little time, became a very considerable preacher.

LORD LYTTLETON.

HIS Lordship had a great aversion to public places and entertainments; but was with great difficulty persuaded to go to a ridotto. Being asked how he liked it, he answered, "I have been seeking for happiness, but it is in the next room."

LINES WRITTEN BY REV. MR. B. AND POSTED ON HIS
CLOCK.

HERE my master bids me stand,
And mark the time with faithful hand!
What is his will is my delight,
To tell the hours by day, by night.
Master, be wise, and learn of me
To serve thy God, as I serve thee.

AN ARGUMENT AGAINST THE DOCTRINE OF
UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

THE doctrine of universal salvation implies, that all, who by the righteous Judge of the world may be doomed to hell, will be finally delivered from their sufferings, and made eternally happy. Now, if it can be proved of any one who hath ever existed, that he will never be made thus happy, the universality of salvation is at once destroyed. Let the reader recollect, as a case in point, what our Lord said to Judas. Matt. xxvi. 24. "It had been good for that man if he had never been born." I cannot help remarking, that the discourse, of which this expression is a part, is not a figurative description of any character or event, but a plain recital of facts. Neither is the expression itself a mere proverbial saying, borrowed from common usage, and applied to the particular case of Judas; for no traces can be found of any such proverb among the Jews. We must, therefore, conclude, that the passage ought to be understood according to the plain, literal import of the words it contains. Thus understood, it must necessarily refer to the whole existence, both here, and hereafter, of the person of whom Christ speaks. If a man should spend many years upon

earth, and spend them wholly in suffering, his life might be called a miserable life; yet, if endless happiness were to follow, he could not, on the whole, be pronounced a miserable character. So, on the contrary, if a man should enjoy upon earth many years of uninterrupted happiness; yet, if endless misery were to follow, it would demonstrate that his existence on the whole, is wretched. These remarks are equally applicable to every individual of the human race. With regard to Judas, in particular, the measure of his misery, according to our Lord's declaration, must exceed that of his happiness. If he had never been born, it is true he would have been prevented from enjoying a certain degree of pleasure; but it is equally true, that he would have escaped a larger proportion of pain. So that, on the whole, the balance would have been in his favor. But, if it were possible for him to be finally "plucked as a brand from the burning," the assertion of Christ would be found untrue. Let us suppose him to suffer ten thousand millions of ages in hell, and that every moment of pain, when laid in the balance, would be found equal to the enjoyment of ten thousand millions of ages spent in the blissful presence of God; yet, if that bliss be endless, there will arrive a period when his happiness will be more than equal to all his sufferings. If Judas is to be finally received into heaven, and there to remain for ever, can it then with any propriety be said of him, "that it had been good for that man if he had never been born?" Surely, no. The advocates for universal salvation are, consequently, reduced to this dilemma; either they must, on the one hand, suppose the everlasting joys of heaven are so poor and mean, that they cannot compensate for a limited state

of suffering; or, on the other hand, admit that Judas will be eternally excluded from heaven, with all its enjoyments.

There is no arguing successfully against matter of fact. The plain illiterate Christian may be perplexed by the sophistical methods of reasoning used in defence of the doctrine I oppose; but, let him remember, that however specious or plausible they may appear, they must be false, because they expressly contradict the testimony of Christ in the case of Judas.

Many who read this, perhaps, are not able to detect and expose the fallacy of such pretended reasonings; but they may be satisfied with the persuasion that the Bible can never contradict itself. And I am sure if they are earnestly and sincerely seeking after truth, they will receive the testimony of Jesus Christ, in preference to that of any fallible mortal whatsoever. May they, and all who profess to receive the gospel, daily pray for true spiritual wisdom; that while they adore the Son of God as the righteous Governor of the universe, whose decisions are all founded in equity and truth, they may also rejoice in him, as the author and finisher of their salvation.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF W. B.

THE subject of the remarkable conversion here recorded, had lived a dissolute life for near forty years. He was notorious for drinking and sabbath breaking; and his general deportment was so abandoned, that he was wicked even to a proverb. On Saturday evening, March 4, 1789, he attended a funeral at the parish church; and, from the place of interment he immediately betook himself to a public house, where he became so intoxicated, that it was with

some difficulty he was enabled to reach his own habitation. No sooner was he laid down upon his bed, and composed to sleep, than the words of Eliphaz were verified in his experience: "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake." For he dreamed a frightful dream. He thought he saw a serpent of the hydra kind, with nine heads, ready to seize him; whatever way he turned, a head presented itself; nor could he, by all the methods he devised, extricate himself from the baneful monster. He awoke in great distress and perturbation. Though it was but a dream, it made a strong impression upon his mind, and he was afraid it portended some future evil. The next morning, one of the members of our meeting, as he was going to the house of God, observed him in a pensive posture, and asked if he would go with him, and hear a sermon upon the old serpent. The sound of the word serpent arrested his attention, and excited his curiosity to hear what I had to say upon such a subject. But for this expression, probably the poor man had remained unmoved. Why the person used it he could not tell, nor why he invited him to accompany him that morning; a thing which he had never before done, though they both lived under the same roof; but he could tell, who, in the days of his flesh, "must needs go through Samaria," and whose providences are always in coincidence with the purposes of his grace. As soon as prayer was ended, I preached from Gen. iii. 13, 14, 15. "And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat. And the Lord God said unto

the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

As I was explaining who that serpent was, and the methods he took to beguile sinners, the Lord opened the poor man's eyes, and the word had free course, and was glorified. From that moment he gave every demonstration of a real change of heart. About four or five months he continued in the pangs of the new birth. The anguish of his soul was great indeed; he perceived the number of his sins, and felt the weight of his guilt. For some time, he was tempted to despair, I may say, to put an end to his life; but while he was musing on his wretched condition, these words were applied as a sovereign remedy to his afflicted soul; "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." This administered all that joy and comfort of which he stood in need. Now he was enabled to believe that Christ was as willing to forgive, as he was mighty to redeem. The burden of his guilt dropped from his mind, as Pilgrim's did at the sight of the cross; and immediately he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I was with him a little while after; and, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, he shewed the place of his Bethel visit, where the Lord had opened to him his bleeding heart, and manifested his forgiving love. His life corresponds with his professions. Indeed, he seems to be, as the apostle expresses it, "a living epistle of Christ, known and read of all men."

HENRY IV.

HENRY IV. king of France, was, in every point of view, a great man. It reflects no small honor on his piety, that on the return of his birthday he made this reflection, I was born, said he, as on this day, and no doubt, taking the world through, thousands were born on the same day with me; yet, out of all those thousands, I am probably the only one whom God hath made a king. How peculiarly am I favored by the bounty of his Providence. A Christian, too, reflecting on his second birth, may, with greater reason, adore the free and sovereign grace of God. "I am," he may probably say, "the only one of a large family or a larger circle of friends, that at present appear to be of the election of grace. In the midst of a congregation of many hundreds, or, perhaps thousands, I was possibly the only one on such a day, and under such a sermon, to whom the voice of Christ came with power! How much more do I owe to God, than if I had been born to all the honors, cares, and dangers of an Empire!"

THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN.

IT was a wise and pious reply of an English captain, at the loss of Calais, when a proud and haughty Frenchman scornfully demanded, "When will you fetch Calais again?" He answered, "When *your* sins shall weigh down *ours*."

BURIAL OF A NOBLEMAN.

THE following lines are said to have been written by Dr. Earle, on hearing the bishop read the burial service at

the interment of a nobleman, who had professed himself an infidel:

"I have *no hope*," his lordship says and dies!
 "In *sure and certain hope*," the bishop cries.
 Of these two worthy peers, I pray thee, say, man,
 Who was the lying knave, the priest or layman.
 His lordship dies an infidel confessed!
 "He's *our dear brother*," says the reverend priest;
 "An infidel! *Our brother*," yet he cries!
 And who dare say the reverend prelate lies?

ON SEEING A DEAD BODY.

ANGELS have hence conveyed the *jewel* mind,
 Naught but the cabinet is left behind.

THE DOCTOR.

A LADY, in the vicinity of, being visited with a violent disorder, was under the necessity of applying for medical assistance. Her apothecary, being a gentleman of considerable latitude in his religious sentiments, endeavored, in the course of his attendance, to persuade his patient to adopt his creed, as well as take his medicines. He frequently insisted, with a considerable degree of dogmatism, that repentance and reformation were all that either God or man could require of us; and that, consequently, there was no necessity for an atonement by the Son of God. As the lady had not so learned Christ, she contented herself with following his medical prescriptions, without embracing his religious, or rather, irreligious creed. On her recovery, she forwarded a note to the doctor, desiring the favor of his company to tea, when it suited his convenience, and requested him to make out his bill. In a short

time he made his visit; and, the tea table being removed, she addressed him as follows: "My long illness has occasioned you a number of journies; and I suppose, doctor, you have procured my medicines at considerable expense." The doctor acknowledged that good drugs were not to be obtained but at a very high price. Upon which she replied, "I am extremely sorry that I have put you to so much labor and expense; and also promise, that on any future indisposition, I will never trouble you again. So, you see that I both repent and reform, and that is all you require." The doctor, immediately shrugging up his shoulders; exclaimed, "That will not do for me." "The words of the wise are as goads."

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

ABOUT three years before the gospel was first preached in, a certain woman had the following dream; which in the event, appears remarkable. She thought she was walking up the hill above the town, near to a barn, now a meeting house, when on a sudden the clouds gathered darkness, and a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning came on. She looked back upon the town, and the tempest seemed still more horrible, for the blackness of darkness seemed to overspread it. Terrified with this dreadful scene, she thought she met an acquaintance, with a small quantity of flax under his arm, spinning as he passed along, to whom she said, calling him by name, "Surely, the day of judgment is come." He seemed but little concerned, and only said, "My thread is almost spun." The man was then in health, but died in a short time after. She went on till she came opposite to the door of the barn,

and thought a strange man came out of it, and perceiving her concern, offered her the New Testament, saying, "Take, read, and pray over this, and it will teach you the way of salvation." Immediately she thought the clouds dispersed, and the darkness disappeared, and all was calm again. This dream made no impression, except upon her memory; and, for some time after, the place was first opened for worship there, she seemed determined never to attend; but, on the contrary, persecuted those who did; till, on a certain day, she was intreated to go *once*, merely out of curiosity. Soon after she was seated, the minister rose up in the pulpit, and proved to be the person of whom she dreamed; the remembrance of which, together with the subject of his discourse, touched her to the very heart, and drew floods of tears from her eyes. From this time, the Spirit of God seemed to work powerfully upon her soul, a renovating change took place in all her powers, and, having gone through much persecution, she still appears a striking monument of saving mercy.

Such is the power of Almighty Grace!

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE IN THE ARTICLE OF DEATH.

It has frequently been observed, that however men may cry up the dignity of human nature, and dispute against the doctrine of sovereign grace, in the hour of health and prosperity, such principles *will not do to die with*.

ILLUSTRATION.

A physician, who imbibed Socinian principles, made it his chief concern, in matters of religion; to degrade the character and dignity of Christ. Such was his contempt of

him, that he seldom spake of him in conversation under any other name than that of the *carpenter's son*. At length, he was seized with an affliction, which terminated in his death. A while before his departure, the servant who attended him, on entering his room, found him in great agitation. On inquiring the cause, he answered, "I am a dying man, and that which most of all affects me, is, that I must be judged by the *carpenter's son*!"

AN AWFUL INSTANCE OF WILFUL APOSTASY.

AMONGST the variety of subjects which engage the study of ministers, and which are edifying to private Christians, are those which relate to the privileges of the godly. They are unsearchable in their nature, inexhaustible in their extent, and useful in their application. It is a pleasing theme on which believers exercise their thoughts and meditations, with increasing delight and satisfaction; but, how awful the state of those, who, though speculatively acquainted with the nature of spiritual enjoyments, are strangers to the experience and power of them upon their hearts, because of their depravity and unbelief! Many persons have a common persuasion on their minds, formed from a knowledge of their own character, that they are excluded from having any share in such blessings; but, how shall we give credit to a narrative, which is designed to induce a belief of extraordinary agency in producing this awful persuasion? In proof of it, receive this testimony:

"As Dr. Doddridge was once discoursing on the dignity of the Christian's calling, and his glorious hopes and prospects, he had accidentally a man for his hearer, who, after

worship, went into the vestry, and addressed him in the following terms: 'You have made an excellent and encouraging discourse, Dr. D. on the privileges of the people of God; but these privileges do not belong to me, nor shall I ever have the least interest in them.' 'What reason have you for saying so?' replied the doctor; 'Jesus Christ is able to save unto the uttermost.' 'I will tell you, sir, my circumstances, and then you will not be surprised at my speaking so decisively on the subject. I once made a credible profession of religion, which was supported with great decorum and regularity for several years. I was very strict and conscientious in the discharge of those various external duties which are connected with the Christian system. None could charge me with immorality of conduct, or the neglect of positive commands. But, in course of time, my zeal departed from me, and I became careless and remiss in my walk and conversation. I felt no satisfaction of mind arising from the performance of devotional exercises, and gradually declined my customary observance of them. Instead of praying in secret twice or thrice in a day, I only prayed once; the same with respect to family religion; and, at last, these sacred engagements were entirely omitted, which soon discovered itself by my outward conduct, which received an impression of my dissipation. Ungodly company, and the gratifications of sense, were then the only sources of enjoyment in which I could indulge, free from those strong convictions of guilt, and dreadful apprehensions of future punishment, which retirement and calm reflection impose on the mind. Soon after this change took place, I was left guardian to a young lady, whose fortune was committed to my care till she

came of age; but I expended the money, and debauched the girl. Still I was sensible how far preferable a virtuous and good life was to vice and profaneness, and I was careful to instruct my children in the principles of religion; and, on the sabbathday would give them portions of scripture to commit to memory. When I returned one evening from the sinful amusements of the day, I asked them, as usual, if they could repeat their lessons: 'Yes,' says the youngest child, 'and I have a lesson for you, too, papa.' 'Well, what is that, my dear?' She opened the Bible, and read to me that awful passage in Ezekiel, xxiv. 13. 'In thy filthiness is lewdness; because I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged, thou shalt not be purged from thy filthiness any more, till I have caused my fury to rest upon thee.' This I received as the seal of my irrevocable doom, and I now know there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins; but a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries."

REFLECTIONS.

We may perceive, from this affecting anecdote, how much a man may do in religion, and yet at length come short of the kingdom of heaven; it is not prayer; it is not hearing sermons; it is not a form of godliness, however consistent it may be with the written word, or how exact soever men may be in their support of it, that will interest them in the Divine favor. All this may subsist without that internal change of heart and universal holiness of life, which consists in, and establishes a conformity to the image of God. Many run well for a time, who afterwards fall to rise no more. Then guard well thine heart. Stifle the first inclinations to apostasy, which begin with the neg-

lect of prayer. Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; and cultivate a temper and habit which shall form a pleasing counterpart to the character of thy Savior. Attend to what God the Lord shall say unto you, and let it be the language of your heart; Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth: otherwise, if you refuse and rebel, the Holy Spirit will not only withhold his common influences, but absolutely fight against you, and become your enemy.

GROUNDLESS ENVY.

SPIRITUAL gifts are for the common benefit of Christians. It is as unreasonable for a believer to envy, or grieve at the gifts or graces which a brother possesses for *his* good, as it would be for a working smith, with a weak arm, to fall out with his shopmate who strikes the iron for him.

IMPARTIALITY.

Review of Rev. Mr. T.'s Sermon, occasioned by the death of his wife.

MR. T. mentions his deceased partner's faults, as well as her excellences; and we do not here see, as is too often the case in funeral sermons, a spotless angel, but a daughter of fallen Eve, sanctified by the grace of Jesus Christ.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

I HAVE sometimes indulged my imagination by supposing I beheld the morning sun arise, and nature appearing in all her glory, animated beings quitting their wonted repose, and every countenance smiling and looking joyful; the laborer returning to his employ, and men of leisure to their various recreations; they marry, they are given in

marriage; and business and pleasure occupy the world. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the trumpet sounds! The dead arise! The artificer drops his hands! The man of pleasure stands amazed! The whole earth is filled with astonishment! And all the plots and contrivances of men immediately cease! In the midst of the heavens the Judge appears! Ten thousand thunders roll before him! The books are opened! Every heart is searched! All secrets are revealed! An everlasting division is made between the followers of the Lamb, and the objects of eternal vengeance; and both go away to their own place.

Circumstances apart, a very little while will realize the scene, drop the curtain, and hide all things else from our eyes for ever. Then shall immutability be written upon our state; and happiness or misery be our everlasting portion.

PECULIAR SUPPORT TO A FAITHFUL, TRIED MINISTER.

A PERSON, having been called of God to the important work of preaching to dying men the unsearchable riches of Christ, through extreme diffidence of his abilities, and having preached for several years, seemingly to little purpose, came to a resolution to preach no more. Happening to be much straitened in his sermon on a Lord's day afternoon, and drinking tea afterward with some Christian friends, he hinted his intention to them, and declared that he could not preach even that same evening. They represented the disappointment it must be to a large congregation who were assembling together, as no other minister could possibly be procured then to supply his place, and

therefore they begged he would try once more. He replied, that it was in vain to argue with him, for he was quite determined not to preach any more. Just at that instant, a person knocked at the door, and being admitted, she proved to be a good old experienced Christian, who lived at a considerable distance, and she said, she came on purpose to desire Mr. to preach that evening from a particular passage of scripture; she said she could not account for it; but she could not be happy without coming from home to desire it might be preached from, that evening. Being asked what the text was, she said she could not tell where it was, but the words were these: "Then I said, I will speak no more in his name, but his word was as a fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

This extraordinary circumstance so struck the preacher, that he submitted to preach from these words that evening; and, experiencing much liberty, has continued in the work ever since, with wonderful success and comfort.

N B. The good woman has often protested since, that she knew nothing of the minister's intention, or the debate about his preaching.

IMPROMPTU.....BY A LADY.

VIRTUE has a thousand charms,
Which *vice* can seldom see
Till beckon'd by the hand of death;
Then *vice* would *virtue* be.

ON THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Among the greatest truths of Christianity, I place those of the divinity of the Holy Spirit, and the necessity of his influences upon the human mind, in order to men's becoming spiritual and Christ like. The apostle Paul declares, 1 Cor. ii. 10, that the Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God. Other proofs from scripture need not be added. The Spirit which searcheth *all* things, yea, *the deep things of God*, must be allowed, I think, to be divine.

In love and tenderness to those who have fallen into error on this important point, I intreat them to reconsider the above passage of scripture, and the many others which speak the same language, and plainly assert the same doctrine. Much and earnestly do I wish, that they may no longer grieve that Holy Spirit, by whom alone they can be sealed to the day of redemption.

The influences of the Spirit of God are declared, in a variety of passages, to be necessary to our illumination, sanctification, and consolation. Unless a man be born of this Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God: John iii. 3. He cannot enter into the world of glory and happiness, because he is not prepared for it. For this reason, it appears to be one of the great duties of a minister of Christ, to take every opportunity to impress on the minds of his hearers, the need they have of the blessed Spirit, to make them wise unto salvation, and to prepare them for the presence of their glorious Lord.

“We must preach the necessity of the Holy Spirit's influences on the heart of man, in order to help him to believe unto salvation, to apply the word to him, to enlighten

him to understand it; and to give him a will to obey it. I fear a departure from the scriptures in this, as well as in many other important points, has done much mischief, and is one cause of the iniquity which so much abounds among us. If ministers would be honored in their labors, they should honor that heavenly and divine Spirit, from whom grace and goodness proceed.

I wish all who cast an eye upon these lines, may be enabled to lift their hearts to God, in earnest, fervent prayer, for the unspeakable gift of his Holy Spirit. It is your welfare, dear readers, that I seek. It is your salvation for which I long. My desire is, that you may be happy when the world and time are no more. Christ himself hath assured us, for our encouragement, that the Father will give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him. O! ask, therefore, that ye may receive; seek, that ye may find; and knock at the door of mercy that it may be opened unto you.

T.

AN ANSWER TO THIS IMPORTANT INQUIRY;

How am I to know whether I have the Holy Spirit?

If you have the Holy Spirit; 1, you have seen the evil of sin; 2, you have *repented* of sin; 3, you have *for-saken* sin; 4, you hate sin; 5, you *watch* and *pray* against sin; 6, you have received the spirit of love. If you have the Spirit of God, you love God supremely; you love the Father who gave his Son to suffer and die; you love the Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, for what he hath done and suffered on your account. You love *all* the sincere followers of Jesus Christ, and confine not your regards to a party. You love the human race at large, as children of the same

family, and you wish them to know the things that belong to their peace.

7, You are of a forbearing and *forgiving* temper; 8, you *pity* and *pray* for sinners, who, through blindness and ignorance, oppose at present their own eternal interest; 9, you are of a *thankful* spirit; you thank God for making you to differ, by his grace, from many others; and you praise him for *every* favor, both of a temporal and spiritual nature; 10, you are zealous for the honor of God in the world; 11, you *desire* to rejoice in Christ Jesus, and in all the duties of Christianity; 12, you esteem the applause, the pleasure, and the wealth of the whole world, as nothing, in comparison of the love and blessing of God, through Christ Jesus. These are *some* of the signs of having the Holy Spirit. (Read with care Gal. v. especially towards the close.) See, my dear readers, that the graces there mentioned by the apostle, in verse 22, &c. be in you and abound; and you will prosper in the divine life, and walk in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.

THE SOCINIAN.

A GENTLEMAN of B....., pretty deeply tinctured with Socinian principles, took occasion, in almost every company, to speak contemptuously of the leading doctrines of revelation. Being one day at the sale of a library of a late divine of that city, in one of the lots there happened to be a volume, entitled *Christ Crucified*. The lot being sold, and the volume missing, there was a general inquiry after it through the room; when, very unfortunately, it happened to be found in the possession of the above gentleman, who, without hesitation, gave it up, with a sneer,

saying, "Here, take your Christ Crucified, for any thing it is good for." Upon which another gentleman in the company patting him upon the shoulder, very smartly whispered him, "I find it is nothing uncommon for *thieves* to ridicule a crucified Jesus."

DEATH.....A VISION.

PASSING the other day through, I met a funeral procession; a hearse, several mourning coaches, and all the sable apparatus of death. I was struck at the contrast so manifest between this procession and all that was moving about it; and these scenes so occupied my mind, that I consider them as the cause of a visionary dream which I had on the following night, wherein Death was represented as driving his hearse and procession through that populous street and addressing himself to various persons who met him in his route:

"Ye numerous passengers, going and coming on each side of the way, whose aspects manifest that you are bent on different schemes, which you deem of importance; know, that whatever your business may be, ye are all hastening to my territories. You who are young and gay, and you who are more advanced in life, are moving, with different paces, toward that house of mine 'which is appointed for all living.' You who are arrayed in the height and variety of the fashion, will soon put on your last suit, and, like the corpse in this hearse, be enshrouded by death. You, whose plumes are high, and proudly nod over your giddy heads, will soon occupy my plumed hearse, and your vanity will cease for ever. Some of you may be driving to the temple of Hymen, and pleasing yourselves with

prospects of many years' happiness; but you must soon submit to my cold embraces; and your connexions and enjoyments, however dear and delightful, must be resigned at my command, and be exchanged for the gloomy solitudes of my kingdom.

"Ye foolish people and unwise, who in your crowded carriages are hastening to various places of dissipation, folly, and vice, remember that the heart of the fool is in the house of mirth. Know, that I often visit these delusive scenes, snatch the frightened victims from their fatal festivities, and plunge them into outer darkness. Even lately I seized several giddy wretches on the threshold of one of these seminaries of vice which you are driving to. Know, foolish citizens, that what I have done, I may do again. In my next visit I may come in a fire, an earthquake, or a storm, and swallow up the crowded fabric, and all its unthinking and deluded company. Stop, ye cruel parents, look on my retinue, and return to your houses! Are ye so mad as to drive your children to tophet, and offer them to the devouring idol, Dissipation? Ye are rapidly advancing in the broad way, and your steps will soon take hold on hell. Carry, therefore, your little ones home, read them a lecture on what you have seen in this street, and so teach them to number their days, that they may apply their hearts unto wisdom.

"I perceive a carriage advancing, whose armorial bearing, declare it to belong to the bishop of the city: 'Remember; my lord, you and I wear the same livery; it is my business to kill; but your duty to prepare men for my stroke. It is evident that I work too fast for you; for, many under your charge feel my dart in their vitals, before they possess repentance in their hearts. Where lies the

fault, my Lord? for a fault there is some where! You have many assistants in this great city, who are well paid for carrying on the work of preparation; but, by what I see and hear where I visit your flock; very few are informed of my power, and rightly prepared to submit to my stroke. The bells toll, and the churches are opened every sabbathday; but your assistants, in general, are very sparing of their labor, and care not to disturb their hearers by preaching on my certain dominion over all men; nor do they show them by what means they may make me their friend, and have a happy passage through my dark valley. I would have you look to these things, my lord; you know I am not ceremonious; you and I shall meet again ere long; and I wish to meet you as a friend, and by my advice to subserve your best interest.'

"Here comes a consequential son of Galen, whose fame is widely spread, and whose medical skill is highly applauded; 'Know, sir, that with all your fame and consequence, you are my servant; you are retained by me, and often forward my work. You are parading through this city in *your* way, as I am in *mine*; but I have somewhat to say against you. While I am incessantly looking to the end of my work, and warning men to think of their latter end, you seldom let your patients know the worst of their case, but flatter them with the hopes of recovery, till they have almost entered on my territories. Although you are constantly frequenting the chambers where I appear, you studiously avoid any conversation with me. Now, Mr. Physician, permit me to exhort you to heal yourself; remember, that however shy you at present may be, you must soon bow to my sceptre, and visit my dominions.

For the present, sir, pass on; reflect on what I have said, and do as much good as you can till I call for you.'

"Here are a few of the ambassadors of the Prince of Life and Peace; of different denominations, but all of my acquaintance; 'It is part of your study and ministry to make men familiar with me. Formerly, I could not step into a house, without all the family crying out for fear; but, since ye have held forth the word of life, the very children learn to be familiar with me. I bow at the remembrance of your divine Master, O ye servants of Christ! There was a time when *He* submitted to be imprisoned by me; but, by that condescension he destroyed satan, my powerful master. I was proud of having such a prisoner in my power; but, when he chose to depart, he did not vouchsafe to ask my leave; and no force of mine could detain him; and he so entirely tore away the adamant bars of my prison, and left such impressions of his divine power on me, that it is impossible for me to detain any in my power when he demands their release. Tell, therefore, your numerous congregations, to meet me as becometh Christians. Exhort them to banish from their minds the vulgar notions of hideous looks and evil designs; and let them be assured, that I shall visit them as a friend, to introduce them to the presence of your Master.'"

When the King of Terrors had finished his address, he assumed a most terrible aspect; and, frowning with tremendous horror, drove fiercely forward, while all around was in the most fearful agitation. The affrighted passengers fled from the streets; the shops were darkened; the houses and churches trembled to their foundations; the sound of the artificer, and the din of business, were silenced; the general pulse of trade stood still; and an awful

paralytic affected the whole body politic. Thus this terrible enemy of mankind bore in triumph the escutcheons of his mortal pomp through the great metropolis and emporium of the nations; and thus every thing remained, while the sight of Death, and the sound of his cavalcade affected the senses of the multitude; and, when they ceased, the whole stream of business, gaiety, and folly returned to its usual course; and I awoke from my dream.

A SIGHT OF CHRIST.

THE gratification of the senses affords peculiar pleasure to man in his present state. Agreeable and harmonious sounds delight the ear; and the eye which is never satisfied with seeing, roves among new and splendid objects with ever growing felicity. Our curiosity is raised to behold one of our fellow creatures, in proportion to his fame either for great wisdom, military prowess, or the benefits we have received from his achievements. Such was the impression made on the mind of the queen of Sheba, who came with difficulty and hazard to behold the glory of Solomon; and such feelings animated the Grecians, who poured in from every quarter, to gratify their eyes with a sight of the man who had delivered them from tyranny and oppression, and crying *σωτηρ! σωτηρ!* Savior! Savior!

On this principle, we are not surprised to find those who waited for consolation in Israel, coming with such eager desire to see the new born Savior. The prophecies and types were fulfilled in his sacred person. Now was the time for his approach. Expectations at this period raised the hopes of the faithful, and persons of various

characters came to behold this sight. The eastern magi had seen his star, which directed their way to that illustrious Savior; whose incarnation it announced. The shepherds, whose attention had been awakened by the song of angels, repaired to Bethlehem, where they saw the Shepherd of Israel. The women, who departed not from the temple day nor night, saw *him* at last who was suddenly to come to it, and to whom it belonged. Simeon also, who, like Jacob, had long waited for God's salvation, was blessed with this sight; admonished by the Lord, he came into the temple at the very time his parents presented him there before God; and, receiving him in his arms with emotions of heavenly felicity, blessed God for a sight of his salvation. Nor did this desire cease through his future life. Several Grecians, coming to worship at Jerusalem, expressed a very ardent wish to see him, and were introduced, for that purpose, by Philip. The inclination of Zaccheus seems equally strong. But how were the apostles favoured, who had access to him on all occasions? Their eyes saw, and their hands handled the Word of Life. On the mount they saw his glory as the glory of the only begotten of the Father.

At his ascension, the heavens received him out of the view of the men of Galilee; nor has he been seen personally on earth since. Yet there is a sight of him more interesting than any we can enjoy with mortal eyes. In his outward appearance there was nothing extraordinary. Many saw his person who knew not his worth, and rejected the whole mystery of godliness. But there is a sight which is connected with faith. John vi. 40. As the stung Israelites by a view of the serpent were healed, so this saving view of Christ is connected with present peace and future

felicity. This sight is only to be had by the teaching of the Spirit; for the spirit searcheth all things, and reveals them to man. If we are taught by the spirit, we shall see all that suitableness that there is in Christ, to the various circumstances of guilt and wretchedness in which we are. Perhaps our evidence may not be so clear, nor our comprehension so great, on this subject, as that of some others; but we shall see him for ourselves, and admire what we understand. Blessed are they who see not, and yet believe!

The most exalted personal views of our Lord are yet to come; he shall appear again in his own glory, in the glory of the Father, and of all the holy angels. Then every eye shall see him. The great white throne, and he who sits upon it, will be visible to all. The several eyes which were upon him in his crucifixion, will now be directed to him in his glory. How happy, at this period, to have an interest in his love!

In heaven, then, behold the King in his beauty. They see him as he is. The Lamb in the midst of the throne is exhibited in full view to all the celestial inhabitants. This is what he himself prayed for while yet on earth; "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, to behold my glory." As they had seen him, some of them personally, and all of them by faith; so they shall see him in his kingdom. Now we see his feet, and adore. In his temple we behold his spiritual excellency with admiration; but the heavenly vision will be ecstatical and transforming. If the sight the apostles had on the mount, so far overcame them as to transport them beyond themselves; and, if the queen of the south had no more spirit in her when she saw the glory of

Solomon; who can describe the feelings of the mind at that moment when the happy soul enters heaven, and casts its eye on the glorified Mediator! "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"Oh, how the thought that I shall know
The man who suffer'd here below.

To manifest his favor,
For me, and those whom most I love;
Or here, or with himself above,
Does my delightful passions move
At that sweet word, for ever.

For ever to behold him shine,
For ever more to call him mine,
And see him still before me!
For ever on his face to gaze,
And meet his full assembl'd rays,
While all the Father he displays
To all the saints in glory!

Not all things else are half so dear
As his delightful presence here;
What must it be in heaven!
'Tis heaven on earth to hear him say,
As now I journey, day by day,
'Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven!"

But how must his celestial voice
Make my enraptur'd heart rejoice,
When I in glory hear him;
While I before the heav'nly gate
For everlasting entrance wait,
And Jesus, on his throne of state,
Invites me to come near him!

'Come in, thou blessed, sit by me,
With my own life I ransom'd thee;
Come, taste my perfect favor;

Come in, thou happy spirit, come,
 Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;
 Ye blissful mansions make him room,
 For he must stay for ever."

When Jesus thus invites me in,
 How will the heavenly hosts begin
 To own their new relation?
 Come in! come in! the blissful sound
 From every tongue will echo round,
 Till all the chrystal walls resound
 With joy, for my salvation."

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO PARENTS.

THE word parent is of solemn import; and the reason is, there is a sacred trust implied in it. To be a parent, is to be a guardian of more souls than one. All the children which God hath given to parents, he hath put under their care, to devote them to himself; "To bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and thus to train them up for heaven.

At present, you are busy in providing for their bodies. You do not deny the necessity of religion; but worldly cares engross your attention now; and you have some hope that it will not always be so! When this thing is done, and that scheme is completed, you intend to be more diligent in affairs of a higher nature.

But, suppose death should step in between you and your good intentions! How, then, are your most important duties to be performed? And what, then, is to become of your children's souls? It is your acknowledged duty to provide moderately for their temporal subsistence; but, if you do no more than this, you do no more than is done by the beasts of the earth, and the birds of the air; for

they provide meat for their offspring in the best manner they are able.

Suppose you provide largely for your children; suppose that you leave them wealthy; yet, if you leave them not the blessing of God, what will wealth avail? Wealth with a curse, is worse, far worse, than death; and, it would be much more happy to see your children in their graves before you, if you had reason to hope they died in the Lord.

I beseech you, therefore, now to think seriously on these things; you know not how soon God may call you into eternity. Let not the present time be lost. Acquaint your children with the Bible. Pray with them in your families; pray for them in your closets. Set them a *universally good example*. Neither speak nor do any thing unbecoming the characters of Christians. Let them see that you love Christ; that you fear to offend your heavenly Father; that you delight in spirituality, and that you draw your sweetest consolations from religion. So instruct and so walk before your children, that you may die in peace, and leave them with comfort, if God should unexpectedly cut you down by death in the very midst of life.

THE BANTERING DEIST.

A DEIST once conversing with a plain honest Christian, and thinking to silence him by banter, and knotty questions, asked him what his God was? He answered, "A Spirit." Then he inquired of him, how large he was? He replied, "So large as to fill immensity, and so small as to dwell in the humble and contrite heart."

RELIGION would have no enemies, if itself were not an enemy to vice.

MASSILLON.

THE WILFUL LIAR'S DREADFUL APPEAL.

A man that beareth false witness against his neighbors, is a man,
and a sword, and a sharp arrow.

SOLOMON.

The mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

DAVID.

IN the year '87, a man, whose name shall be concealed in tenderness to surviving relations, waited upon a magistrate, near Hitchin, in the county of Hertford, and informed him that he had been stopped by a young gentleman of Hitchin, who knocked him down, and searched his pockets; but, not finding any thing there, he suffered him to depart. The magistrate, astonished at this piece of intelligence, despatched a messenger to the young gentleman, ordering him to appear immediately, and answer to the charge exhibited against him; the youth obeyed the summons, accompanied by his guardian, and an intimate friend. Upon their arrival at the seat of justice, the accused and the accuser were confronted; when the magistrate hinted to the man, he was fearful that he had made the charge with no other view than that of extorting money, and bid him take care how he proceeded; exhorting him, in the most earnest and pathetic manner, to beware of the dreadful train of consequences attending perjury.

The man insisted upon making oath of what he had advanced; the oath was accordingly administered, and the business fully investigated; when the innocence of the young gentleman was established, he having, by the most

incontrovertible evidence proved an *alibi*. The infamous wretch finding his intentions thus frustrated, returned home much chagrined; and, meeting soon afterwards with one of his neighbors, he declared he had not sworn to any thing but the truth; calling God to witness the same, in the most solemn manner, and wished, if it was not as he had said, his jaws might be locked, and that his flesh might rot upon his bones; when, terrible to relate! his jaws were instantly arrested, and the use of the faculty he had so awfully perverted, was denied him for ever; and, after lingering near a fortnight, he expired in the greatest agonies, his flesh literally rotting upon his bones. From this awful narrative, let us learn, first, to provide things *honest* in the sight of all men; secondly, to respect the reputation, and promote the happiness of our neighbors; thirdly to cultivate the love of truth, from conviction of its importance to our personal and relative welfare; fourthly, the danger of appealing to heaven for the attestation of our innocence, while under the dominion of guilt; and, finally, the dreadful and fatal consequences which *may* punish villainy and impiety, even in this life, and which *must* incessantly aggravate the torment beyond the grave.

A SOLEMN CALCULATION.

“THE aggregate population on the surface of the known habitable globe, is estimated at 895,300,000 souls. If we reckon, with the ancients, that a generation lasts thirty years, then, in that space, 895,300,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently, 81,760 must be dropping into eternity every *day*; 3,407 every *hour*; or, about 56 every *minute*! How awful is the reflection!”

Reader, is it not the most dreadful infatuation to trifle with eternal things, on the brink of that awful world, into which more than

"A thousand *wretched* dying souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!"

WATTS.

Thou art yet in the number of the "living, who know that they shall die." Oh! may it be thy concern and mine, so to "number our days, that we may apply our hearts to that wisdom," which makes men "wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ Jesus."

COMPARISON OF HOPES.

Dum spiro, spero! Dum expiro, spero.

"THERE still is hope," the *worldling* cries,

"*Whilst* there is life and breath!"

The Christian looks beyond the skies,

And looks for life in *death*!

A FREE PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, who in heaven art!

Whose grace to us doth joy impart,

O, hallowed be thy name!

May thine eternal kingdom come;

And, when I stand to take my doom,

I'll reserve my soul from shame.

Through the short space that time shall run,

On all the earth thy will be done,

E'en as in heaven above:

Give us this day our daily bread;

And while our mouths are richly fed,

O fill our hearts with love!

Our every trespass, Lord, forgive;
 And the same grace shall men receive,
 Who against us offend;
 O, keep us from the trying hour;
 And, when oppress'd by satan's power,
 Thy gracious succour send!

For thine's the kingdom, mighty God!
 O happy state, O blest abode!
 The power and glory's thine:
 And when the bounds of time are past,
 Thy kingdom shall for ever last,
 Eternal and divine.

ON SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

THE following rules are very useful: 1st. No part of scripture appears mean, if it be rightly understood. 2d. Though there be a most lively and alluring simplicity, in the true explication of scripture, yet, nothing but spiritual experience can make that evidence rightly understood. 3d. As a passage of scripture truly understood, under the illuminating influence of the Holy Ghost, doth by its own light and power, manifest itself to be the true mind of God, it is not safe to deal too much in criticisms; as they are apt to lead men into uncertain speculations. 4th. If a truth be manifested to our conscience, as clearly taught or enforced in many places of scripture, we ought to hold it fast, notwithstanding many apparent difficulties, still waiting on the Lord, till he solve them in his own time and way. Prov. ii. 1—7. 5th. Though every adult child of God be, in his own measure, enlightened in the knowledge of the scriptures, by the Holy Ghost, all of them ought earnestly to endeavor to obtain more and more of his illuminations

Hos. vi. 3. 2 Pet. i. 19. Prov. iv 7. 6th. As we must carefully beware of imposing a meaning of our own upon any text of scripture, so we ought to beware of confining its sense, and so neglecting to dig farther into its meaning. In many cases, a proper consociation of parallel texts will be found of great use for explaining of the Lord's word, which is exceeding broad.

WISE REPLY OF A PIOUS ARCHBISHOP.

WHEN archbishop Leighton was asked why he did not preach on the political sentiments of the times, as all the rest of his brethren did? he answered, "That if all the rest of the brethren preached on *time*, then surely one poor brother might preach on *eternity*."

HAPPY DELIVERANCE OF A YOUNG MAN, WHO HAD BEEN LONG UNDER DIVINE CONVICTIONS.

"AT last," says he, "when I had lost all hope, these words were deeply impressed on my mind; 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I cried out, in an agony, What is believing? What is real scriptural faith? Lord, teach me! I know nothing! I can do nothing! If thou save me not, I perish! It was then brought to my mind, Cast all thy care upon him: I cried Lord, the burden of my sin is all my care, and may I cast this upon thee? Wilt thou receive such a sinner? I know thou art *able* to save me, and thy blood is sufficient to atone. But art thou indeed *willing*? It came into my heart; only believe, I felt a rising hope, and cried, I will; but my sins stared me in the face, and I thought, O, it is

impossible! My sins have been so secret, so complicated. It came to me again; only believe. I thought, it cannot be *now*. I must repent more, be more in earnest. It is impossible he should be so merciful, to forgive all my sins *now*. It was applied a third time; only believe. I said, Lord, help me to believe, and to cast my soul upon thy free mercy! Let me know, that I am indeed born of thee; that I do believe to the saving of my soul. I have nothing to plead; but Jesus came to save sinners, even the lost. I am lost! Thou hast said, Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. I am weary and heavy laden; *I come*; therefore, the promise is for *me*. While I was thus pleading, I was enabled to venture my soul upon the Redeemer, with an assured confidence in his promises. Then I was happy indeed. His love was shed abroad in my heart; and those precious words were applied; he that loveth, is born of God. Now, if I had a thousand souls, I could have trusted him with them all. I found a real change in my heart; I was a new creature; I was a child of God."

GOOD ADVICE TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

AN aged minister, having asked a young preacher, if ever he sought the blessing of God on his learning, he having answered that he had not, he told him, with an austere look, that "unsanctified learning had done much mischief to the church of God." His words leaving a deep impression on him, he afterwards, when in any strait, prayed for the Lord's help and blessing.

FEMALE ORNAMENT RECOMMENDED.

THE word of life is to be preached *orally* in the pulpit, and *practically* in the conversation. The former is the province of Christian ministers; the latter is the common business of all Christian professors. When the power of religion is known, love to Christ, and love to souls, will constrain the believer to the practice of good works, that so the doctrines of grace may be adorned; and that even "those who will not hear the word, may be won," by a holy walk. This idea will receive additional force by the following anecdote;

A married woman was called effectually by divine grace, and became an exemplary Christian. Her husband remained in the gall of bitterness, a lover of pleasure and of sin. When spending an evening, as usual, with his jovial companions, at a tavern, the conversation happened to turn on the excellences and faults of their wives. The husband, just mentioned, gave the highest encomiums of his wife, saying she was all that was excellent, only she was a d...d Methodist. "Notwithstanding which," said he, "such is her command of her temper, that were I to take you, gentlemen, home with me at midnight, and order her to rise, and get you a supper, she would be all submission and cheerfulness." The company, looking upon this merely as a brag, dared him to make the experiment, by a considerable wager. The bargain was made; and, about midnight, the company adjourned, as proposed. Being admitted, "Where is your mistress?" said the husband to the maid servant, who sat up for him. "She is gone to bed, sir." "Call her up," said he, "tell her I have brought some friends home with me, and desire she would get up,

and prepare them a supper." The good woman obeyed the unreasonable summons; dressed, came down, and received the company with perfect civility; told them she happened to have some chickens ready for the spit, and that supper should be got as soon as possible. The supper was accordingly served up; when she performed the honors of the table with as much cheerfulness as if she had expected company at a proper season.

After supper, the guests could not refrain from expressing their astonishment. One of them, particularly, more sober than the rest, thus addressed himself to the lady; "Madam," said he, "your civility fills us all with surprise. Our unseasonable visit is in consequence of a wager, which we have certainly lost. As you are a very religious person, and cannot approve of our conduct, give me leave to ask, What can possibly induce you to behave with so much kindness to us?" "Sir," replied she, "when I married, my husband and myself were both in a carnal state. It has pleased God to call me out of that dangerous condition. My husband continues in it. I tremble for his future state. Were he to die as he is, he must be miserable for ever; I think it, therefore, my duty to render his present existence as comfortable as possible."

This wise and faithful reply affected the whole company. It left an impression of great use on the husband's mind. "Do you, my dear," said he, "really think I should be eternally miserable? I thank you for the warning. By the grace of God, I will change my conduct." From that time, he became another, a new man, a serious Christian, and, consequently, a good husband.

Married Christians; especially you who have unconverted partners, receive the admonition intended by this pleas-

ing anecdote. Pray and labor for their conversion; for, "*What knowest thou, O wife! whether thou shalt save thy husband! or, how knowest thou, O man! whether thou shalt save thy wife?*" 1 Cor. vii. 16.

The reader will now be at no loss to account for the title of this paper, or what that female ornament is which we proposed to recommend; it is *the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price.*

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

[In a Letter to the Rev. Mr. Newton.]

MY DEAR AND REV. SIR, *

I AM deep in your debt for a train of favors, for which I have often thanked you, and still a grateful remembrance is retained. I cannot give a greater proof of my confidence, than by committing to your trust a brief detail of my late extraordinary case and cure. This I promised to do in a former letter, saying, that my main intention was by it to capacitate you still more for speaking *apropos* to the case of distressed, disturbed minds, as they came in your way; my motive is not altered.

I am not very anxious whether friends may judge me a believer or not, previous to my furnace state; but I have no freedom myself in calling it in question. If not a believer, I was greatly mistaken indeed; surely I ate bread of which the world are ignorant; at least, I think so. I was awakened by the testimony of Jesus; after a term of terror, was comforted by the doctrine of a Savior. Perhaps I attained to the stature of A, in Omicron; I am certain I thought so.

Yours R.

* 6

My knowledge of downright believing was exceedingly scanty; my hopes were too easily raised or sunk in proportion to the fineness or agreeableness of my inward feelings on the one hand, and their dulness or disagreeableness on the other. I was not fully instructed in the unchangeableness of the divine veracity and love. I mean no reflection against my teachers, but only against my own perception of the truths revealed and taught. I read the Bible; but my mind was not sufficiently opened, *simply* to receive what it taught me, without intermixing fancied trash of my own. I knew some of my cotemporary brethren were in the same predicament, if language has an affixed meaning: They spoke like me; so I suppose they felt like me. But, waving this, the length I afterwards went, in secret departures from the God of Abraham, was great! As a singular monument of the superabounding riches of saving, sovereign, redeeming mercy, I say what follows:

My falling away was gradual, like the declension from noon to night. I think the decay of comfort in secret prayer was the first bad symptom which made its appearance. This ruffled me for a while, but it soon became familiar as a companion, and caused little uneasiness. I had pleasure in attending the administration of the word, for a long time after this took place; and when *this*, in a great degree, abated, my profession dwindled into formality. All along, I had a regard for the truly godly, associated with none else; these were the men of my counsels. For a considerable time, I had little heart for attending private societies of Christians, and was pleased when an apparently good excuse presented for non attendance; though, upon the whole, I was one of the most regular attendants on the meetings of which I was a member. I am relating facts,

so must not accuse myself, except where guilty. At this time, I knew I was doing wrong, and lazily wished I had a heart to do better, but had no resolution to prosecute my desire.

In my worst situation, I had a keen desire to be useful to others; and I cannot say it was wholly from selfish motives. I had often an opportunity of visiting the sick and the dying, but seldom possessed a proper spirit or frame for talking to them in a way consonant to their case. Though the poor creatures might seem on the frontiers of eternity, no sympathizing emotion would arise; dumbness would seize me; I could not speak; I could not pray. I lost much of my reverence for the Sabbath; found the commandment to sanctify it had no internal restraint upon my mind. I began to use freedoms with it; to talk about news, or some occurrence which my judgment told me was unsuitable conversation for such an occasion. This did me great injury; defacing all that the word had effected, and throwing me open to a thousand temptations through the week.

I always had a value for real religion, judging those alone happy who possessed it, and would have given a world to be like minded with them; but the influences of the Spirit are not to be bought with money.

For a long time I only considered myself a Christian under backsliding; indeed, I had partial recoveries. But I had a secret sin which easily beset me, and, in process of time, I became its humble servant. I often opposed it, but oftener complied with it. I pleaded in favor of it at the bar of my mind, endeavoring to silence every witness which appeared against it. Something would say, Will you commit this sin, and risk heaven? Another thought would

start up, and say, Do it, pray do it; you know you can repent of it at a future period; it is as easy to repent of many, as of one sin; do comply; so I complied! On this, satan would suggest, Now you have eaten the forbidden fruit, like Adam, you are a lost man; you have gone too far for repentance to have any weight. This affair would create a bustle for a while; but it was soon over. However, the remembrance of it in retirement was never effaced, but often filled me with uneasiness and anxious concern; but was long in reaching the conscience.

I often omitted prayer, when from home, without much uneasiness, and was always conscious I was unprepared for dying, and became afraid at the thoughts of death; but some glimmering hope continued for years. I thought I saw hypocrisy written upon all my actions, but had some hope I was not a hypocrite, and often desired *self* not to interfere with my actions; but he always had a large share in them. I often groaned, after performing a generous action. My natural temper led me to be serviceable to every body; and I was universally esteemed and well spoken of, but was seldom commended without a gloom overspreading my mind. I sometimes pitied *man*, who could be easily imposed on, who could only judge from the external appearance. Though my relish for spiritual converse was often so flat as to incapacitate me for promoting it, yet I mostly desired that it should be the chief topic of discourse among the Lord's people, and had most satisfaction when it was. I was often tempted to lay a little stress upon my having a name to live, but was conscious that I was dead; and this stung me to the heart. Reflection upon my conduct through no day was pleasant. When I turned my eye to the officers of the gospel, my mind was always dark

and full of embarrassment. I confessed them all truths, but none of them pointed at me; consequently, the most explicit gospel offer, yielded me only a perhaps.

I think it was about the beginning of 1794, my conscience began to harass me. This, for a considerable space, happened only about bed time, or when I awoke during the night; but, ordinarily, this passed unnoticed in the day time, and then I was cheerful, secretly hoping things would turn out, by and by, better than my fears. Oh! deceitful and desperately wicked heart!

At this period, I was continually harassed by invitations to suppers. At these I generally remained too long, the company being always agreeable. May the Lord ever deliver me from supping in strange houses! They had almost ruined my soul. Family duty neglected at home; a bad example set to others; secret duty *hurried* over; and the mind totally dissipated!

About the beginning of November, 1794, upon a certain occasion, I officially attended a company for three or four nights to a late hour. Several serious young people made part of the company. This stared me in the face as a most destructive example to them; and this conduct was the first thing, so far as I recollect, that mightily roused my conscience; then all my guilt rushed into my mind, like a mighty torrent, so that I thought that I should have perished in my affliction! By night I could not sleep, for the horrible anguish which gnawed upon my guilty soul; the horrors of hell took hold of me, and I knew not what to do; my day of grace was gone; my damnation just and sure. I was filled with a fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation, to consume me as God's adversary. I looked into the Bible; but always stinging texts looked me

in the face. I often tried to find comfort from that precious word; Isa. i. 18. "Though your sins be as scarlet," &c. but I could not reason myself into the reception of it. That word, "My Spirit shall not always strive with you," pierced me to the quick; and that other, "What a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The flames of hell seemed beginning to take hold of me! I shrunk! I moaned! I cried! For all this, my heart was as hard as the nether millstone. A sight of the horrors into which sin hath plunged us, may terrify, but can never melt the sinner's heart. Indeed, indeed I was brought very low, as much so as satan could well bring a guilty soul on this side death. Glad would I have been to be metamorphosed, not like Nebuchadnezzar almost, but altogether into a beast, that I might avoid the awful, but righteous indignation of Jehovah. Day and night was I tortured. Nor had I freedom to reveal my case to any man. Often was I on the eve of doing it; but the Lord had determined that flesh and blood were not to be the means of my relief. During many sermons that I heard, I sat as a condemned criminal, believing that others were fed, while I was hungry; no food for me. Some people desire to have what is called a law work; but, had they an hour of what I have faintly described above, they would wish they had never been born.

The arrows of the Almighty stuck faster and deeper, as days and hours moved on. The comfortable testimonies of Jesus flew all past me, or rather, were all rejected by me. Judas, Julian, and such rejecters of the gospel, were viewed as the men who were to be my eternal associates; often wishing I had never known the gospel; envying the situation of the most abandoned debauchee, who

remained unawakened, untormented before the time; and, though I am now relieved, I feel horror in the committing it to paper. But I have this reason, among others, for doing it, that it may prove a mean to humble, and stir me up in a day of pride or unwatchfulness, and that I may never forget gratitude to my great Deliverer, who snatched me from the gaping mouth of such an horrible pit. My dear Savior, let me never forget this hour and power of darkness! And never think of mine, without wondering at thine! Mine was but a drop; thine an ocean! Mine I deserved; thine was for me!

It is a most mournful proof of the dead hardness of the impenitent heart of man when he can smile while deliverance from wrath remains an uncertainty. It is no less wonderful to think that the redeemed of the Lord are not always filled with rapturous triumph while on earth. O the patience, the kindness, the love, and the forbearance of the Almighty! What plagues hath sin introduced into the world! What glorious grace hath God manifested! I have to praise the Lord this day, that life and reason were both preserved.

I just now recollect, that in the midst of my anguish of soul, I thought I should be under the necessity of applying to spiritous liquors for relief from my tormented mind. But this I was preserved from putting in execution, excepting one time, about midnight, being so tormented that I feared my bowels would rend me with the burning and boiling of the fired conscience. I rose, and took one glass of spirits; but, ah! This was but a poor relief. It had no effect, but rather sharpened my anguish. I then lighted a candle, and pored, with extreme horror, upon Psalm lxxxviii. from v. 14. I perceived my case worded

there; but my hour being not yet come, it afforded no alleviation. This to me was, indeed, the hour and power of darkness. All the invention of popish tormentors could not have caused such an agony as I then felt. I thought I should be looked for in heaven by many of my friends, and not found; this thought also stung me to the quick. I believed God would make me the butt of his vengeance. When I felt the smallest impediment in a single breath, I trembled, as if the harbinger of death had appeared. The fidelity of God in the execution of his threatening was a tremendous truth. This moment my flesh shrinks, on identifying to my mind my then amazing horror.

I had as strong impressions of the felicity of heaven in the midst of this distress, as ever I had. This deepened and enlarged my wound. I beheld the glories of heaven, as Dives may be supposed to have viewed the happiness of Lazarus, from the centre of hell.

The state of infants, and such as had not lived long enough to reject the gospel, appeared happiness. There was a possibility of their being recovered and pardoned, but all this was over with me.

I thought that I believed the Bible a true revelation from God, but I soberly believed it the highest presumption for me to receive any comfort from the truths recorded in it; because, having tasted of the powers of the world to come, and afterwards fed upon sin in a way as if preferring it to the chief good, I called this atrocious, and so it was. But ah! that I should have admitted the thought, that it overtopped the merit of the Mediator's righteousness; but I was led captive by, and bound under the sin of unbelief.

I believed Christ was once very friendly to me in months *past*, but this friendship I had disregarded and neglected; that now he would make me an example of his vengeance, and vindicate his injured goodness, by making me, in the judgment day, a spectacle of horror, shame, and dismay. To express the inward gnawing anguish, which uniformly succeeded these dismal apprehensions, is beyond the power of a human pen. I rejoice I now relate it as a past event.

Fierce as my chastisement was, it was short and slight, compared with what I justly merited. Three months was about the length of its *sharpest* continuance, and, even during that period, I had often intervals of quiet through the day; but, in general, I trembled when darkness overspread the heavens. The return of the evening, sweet to the husbandman, was like the shock of an earthquake to me. A person who never waded these deep waters, can have no more conception of them, than of the glory of the third heavens. No wonder that the multitude of the heavenly hosts made the air resound with their songs at the incarnation of the great DELIVERER of sinners from all this wrath. They felt for man! But the natural man pities not himself; saints are mourning for him, when he is laughing at them. May I ever recoil at the thought of offending such a God, such a Savior! May I ever possess a deep sense of the magnitude of divine mercy!

Let us now turn the leaf, and contemplate the dawning of a glorious day; the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing under his wings.

Upon the evening of the twenty sixth day of January, 1795, the Lord appeared as my *deliverer*. He commanded,

and darkness was turned into light. The cloud, which covered the mercy seat, fled away! Jesus appeared as he is! My eyes were not turned inward, but outward! The gospel was the glass in which I beheld him. When our Lord first visited Saul upon the highway, he knew in a moment that it was the Lord; so did I! Such a change of views, feelings, and desires, suddenly took place in my mind, as none but the hand of an infinite Operator could produce. Formerly, I had a secret fear, that it was presumption in me to receive the great truths of the gospel; now there appeared no impediment! I beheld Jesus as the speaker in his word, and speaking to me. When he said, "Come," I found no difficulty in replying, "Yes, Lord! thy pardoned rebel comes." If not the grace of God, what else could effect such a marvellous change? I chiefly viewed the atonement of Jesus as of *infinite* value, as a price paid for my redemption, and cheerfully accepted by the Father. I saw love in the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, all harmonizing in pardoning and justifying me. The sight humbled and melted my soul. Looking to what I felt, was no *help* to my comfort; it came directly from God, through his word.

The following evening, about nine o'clock, while sitting before the fire, writing to a reverend friend, I had such a charming, surprising view of sovereign, pardoning, redeeming, unmerited mercy, that I was hardly able to bear it. "The great doctrines of redemption, as stated in the Bible, opened to my view in a way I never experienced before. I beheld a crucified Jesus nigh me in the word; I threw away the pen, and turned about to see this great sight! I looked steadfastly to the Lamb, suffering for me! So much was I overpowered with the magnitude of this discovery of

eternal, boundless love and grace in Christ, that I felt a difficulty in breathing."

This view of my redeeming God in Christ, completely swept away all the terrific horrors which had so long brooded over my mind, leaving not a wreck behind, but filling me with a joy and peace more than human; truly divine. I sat pensive, at one time beholding the pit from whence I was redeemed; at another, the hope to which I was raised. My soul rushed out in wonder, love, and praise, emitted in language like this: "Wonderful mercy! Why me! What is this? Thanks be to God, who *giveth* me the victory through Jesus Christ, my Lord!" Shuddering at sin, as pardoned; abhorring it; wondering that ever I could have been guilty of such transgressions, I continued sitting wrapped up in silent wonder. For long after, when I thought of my hopes, I leaped for joy; I really had a glad heart. This visitation also created an extent of mildness and complacency in my temper, that I never felt before. I felt a burning love rising in my heart to *all* the brethren in Christ; with a strong sympathy for all such as were not born of the Spirit. I earnestly breathed after their incorporation into the family of Christ.

A light shone upon the scriptures, quite new to me. Passages, which formerly appeared hard to be understood, seemed plain as the A, B, C. Earthly crowns, sceptres, and thrones, appeared quite paltry in my eyes, and not worth desiring. I felt a complete contentment with my lot in life. I trembled to think of any abatement of my faith, love, and sensibility; it required resolution to be resigned to remain long in the world. Indeed, I could scarce admit the idea of long life. I feared the trials and vicissitudes connected with it, but was completely silenced

with that noble saying of our reigning Redeemer, "My grace is sufficient for thee." I saw I was only warranted to mind the things of today, leaving the concerns of to-morrow to his wise disposal. I felt it easy to introduce spiritual conversation wherever I was, and to recommend Christ wherever I went. I saw that every thing, acceptable to God, or comfortable to ourselves, was the product of divine power. I saw the folly and criminality of being too much in company, though composed of the best people in the world. I feel nothing more conducive to eternal peace and prosperity, than a regular, meek, even walk.

I cannot close this detail without adding, that in the time of my affliction, the doctrine of election appeared irritating and confounding; now it appears marvellously glorious, and truly humbling. I pity Arminians, and every person who is offended, however secretly, with this doctrine. It is a *convincing proof* to me, that there is a great *defect* in their faith and love, and a want of submission to *plain* scripture. In my worst time, I saw it to be a *truth*; only I wished it had not been true; and often it seemed a check to every exertion. But, to deny that it is contained in the Bible, appears to be the door to downright deism.

I now stand upon a shore of comparative rest. Believing, I rejoice. When in search of comfort, I resort to the testimony of God; this is that field which contains the pearl of great price. Frames and feeling are, like other created comforts, passing away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. What unutterable source of consolation is it, that the foundation of our faith and hope is ever, immutably, the same! The sacrifice of Jesus as acceptable and pleasing to the Father as it ever was! To this sacri-

face I desire ever to direct my eye, especially at the first approach of any gloom or mental change.

After my deliverance, my ideas of many things were much altered, especially about faith. I perceive that this principle in the mind arises from no exertion in man. The Spirit takes the things of Christ, and discovers their reality and glory in such a manner to the mind of man, that it is not in his power to refuse his belief. It is no mighty matter, nor is it any way meritorious, to believe the sun is shining, when your eyes are dazzled with the beams.

The internal evidence of the truth of revelation had ten thousand times more effect upon my mind, than all its external evidence. There is a divineness, a glory, and excellence in the scriptures, perceived by enlightened minds, which they cannot so describe as to make it intelligible to an unregenerate person.

Formerly, the major part of my thoughts centered either upon the darkness I felt, or the light I enjoyed; now they are mainly directed to Jesus, what he hath done, suffered, and promised; and I do find, when the eye is thus single, my whole frame is full of light.

Formerly I felt a constant propensity to talk of my doubts, fears, darkness, &c. now I feel a similar inclination to hint my enjoyments, faith, love, triumph, &c. Formerly I had a certain kind of pleasure in hearing people complaining, talking of their bondage, &c. now it tries my patience; the foundation of faith and hope appears so immoveably firm; at the same time, I hope, I possess tender sympathy for all such, and my prayer is, that Jesus may loose their bonds, and set them free.

I plainly perceive the truth of what you have more than once told me, that a name among men is a *poor thing*! It can give no relief in temptation, nor in a dying hour.

I never, till now, saw occasion for that divine exhortation, "In your patience possess ye your souls!" Luke xxi. 19. But, after taking a survey of eternal felicity, I see much need of patience to *wait* till my appointed moment arrive.

Formerly, when a friend, or a minister, especially the latter, said a certain feeling was an evidence of grace, I snatched at it, and took comfort; now, nothing of this kind affects me, unless I perceive that it is evidently founded upon scripture.

While remarkable visitations continue, I believe the subject of them will be remarkably humbled; but, after they are past, such is human depravity, that he is apt to be proud, and boast of these very things which ought to operate in an opposite manner. Witness the case of Paul, who got a counterpoise to his rapturous discoveries, Cor. xii. 1. &c. Of this you kindly cautioned me some months ago, when I did not so well understand it.

My mind is wonderfully led out to gaze at the admirable skill of the divine Operator, in his works of creation. I perceive a fund of wisdom displayed in the formation of a pile of grass, or a solitary weed on the road side.

As for his works of Providence, they appear a second revelation, only not written.

Now, my dear sir, to finish this long letter, I solemnly declare, I had no more hand in my deliverance from my dismal situation, than the child unborn; my attention was invisibly, instantaneously, and powerfully drawn to the truth. I saw it to be truth, God's truth, and truth to me!

I now hold communion with God as my Father, Jesus as my Savior, the Holy Spirit as my continual helper and sanctifier, with confirmed angels and men as my brethren. I value the communion of saints below. All is the doing of the Lord, and shall eternally be wondrous in my eyes.

I am, reverend and dear sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

Closet, July 1, 1795.

HEMAN.

AN AFFECTIONATE ADDRESS TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

[Every sincere lover of Christ must feel a peculiar pleasure in observing serious appearances among young persons. Mindful, however of the difficulties under which the lambs of Christ's flock, usually labor, he wishes to give them every assistance of which he is capable. Such is the design of the following address, which is dictated, not in the spirit of pride and self importance, but from the warmest sentiments of love and affection.]

Your present profession of adherence to Christ, my dear young friend, arises not, I trust, from transient emotions of religion only; you are, in some degree, convinced of its truth and excellence, and are determined, by grace, to follow Jesus through every opposition. Your eyes have been opened to discern your natural, guilty, and depraved state. Sensible that you can do nothing to recover yourself, you place all your confidence in the atonement, righteousness, and grace of Christ, for complete redemption; and, are desirous of living as an eternal debtor to his free grace, glorifying him in your soul and in your body, which are his. If this be your character, I hope you will listen with attention to the advice of a stranger, who is unfeignedly solicitous of your spiritual comfort and improvement.

As it is by the word of God that we at first are made spiritually alive, so our progress in the divine life is pro-

moted by the same means. *Searching the scriptures, therefore, is a duty of great importance; nor is it possible to express the benefits derived from a judicious and comprehensive knowledge of them. The assertions of the inspired apostle are highly interesting: The holy scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Jesus Christ. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works, 2 Tim. iii. 15, 17.* Ponder seriously these words; and let your practice bear evidence that you firmly believe them. The real value of the word of God can only be known by a *practical* acquaintance with it. You cannot, therefore study your own happiness to better purpose, than by daily searching for wisdom in that inestimable treasure. If you come, in the humble spirit of a child, to God as your teacher, and, sensible of your natural inability to discern divine truth spiritually, look to him to guide you by his Spirit into all truth, you shall soon attain higher degrees of solid knowledge. Your difficulties and misconceptions shall gradually be cleared up. Nor will your understanding of the truth enable you merely to contend for it against adversaries; you shall possess that inward and invigorating power of it, which God only can give, and by which the soul is transformed into *the image*. From being a babe in Christ, feeding upon the *pure* milk of the word, you shall attain the character of a strong man, able to digest the most mysterious parts of divine truth, and shall even acquire the full assurance of understanding to the acknowl-

edgement of the mystery of God, even of the Father, and of Christ.

Intimately acquainted with the duty of searching the scriptures, is that of *maintaining the spirit of prayer*. In vain do we otherwise hope to preserve the life of religion. With our knowledge we may please and edify others; but all must be cold and dark within. Backslidings from the ways of God usually begin in the careless performance of closet devotion; and, our spiritual prosperity may be judged of by our regard or aversion to private prayer. Be advised then, my dear fellow traveller, often to retire for the purpose of enjoying sweet fellowship with your heavenly Father. Fear not that he will refuse to manifest himself unto you. Remember his promise, *Before they call, I will answer; and whilst they are yet speaking, I will hear*. All the delights of the sons of men are no compensation for the loss of even one moment's real fellowship with God. *Blessed are they who know the joyful sound; They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day, and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted*. Certainly, they bid fairest to attain the highest degrees of spiritual delight and improvement, who are men of prayer and devotion. Let not any thing, then, hinder you from this high enjoyment; and endeavor to acquire a habit of lifting up your soul to God by pious ejaculations. Thus you shall go on your way rejoicing.

But, while I urge the propriety of conscientiously observing *secret* duties, *public* ordinances are no less useful and necessary. They have a mutual influence on each other. A lover of Christ loves also his tabernacles. His soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord.

Young Christians, however, seldom need to be urged upon this head. It is more reasonable to remind them, that they must be careful of the spirit in which they attend ordinances. From my own feeling, and that of many others, I would humbly warn you, my dear reader, to beware of placing too much confidence in means. Your soul will flourish under the gospel in proportion as you attend simply upon the Lord himself. Sitting thus at the feet of Jesus, and receiving the truth from his mouth, it will ever be new, savoury, and refreshing to you. Sensible that the richest variety of means are ineffectual in themselves, you will look to Jesus for his presence and blessing. Thus ordinances become wells of salvation and pastures where our souls are nourished. Very different, however, must be the effects of that carnal manner of observing divine institutions, with which many are contented. Higher degrees of speculative knowledge they may attain indeed, but must remain strangers to its vital power and influence. Their ignorant admiration of men will probably be succeeded by disaffection and disgust; and their apparent love of ordinances converted into contempt, even into the form of godliness; so dangerous is it to rest satisfied with the means without enjoying the power of religion!

Sometimes you are perplexed, as is usual with young converts, with the many distinctions, which maintain among professing Christians. Let not this, however, in the smallest degree discourage you. You will soon learn, that a perfect agreement in lesser external matters, is incompatible with our present imperfect state. When our knowledge of the word of God is enlarged, you will discern no such differences among real Christians, as at first you imagined. Only be patient, humble, and teachable, and

God will guide you through every difficulty. You shall be directed to associate with that body of his people, where he hath determined to prepare you for glory; and shall, I trust, enjoy so much of the Spirit of Christ, as will determine you to love his members, however they may be distinguished from each other by names or parties.

Unexperienced, as you still must be, in the *ways of Providence*, permit me to suggest a few thoughts on that delightful subject. Settle it as an indubitable maxim, that the Lord hath appointed all your steps through this wilderness; and that it is, therefore your duty simply to follow him as he is pleased to lead you. Perhaps, in nothing does the true spirit of Christianity discover itself more evidently than in this. We are naturally selfwilled and hasty. Grace, as it gains the ascendancy, subdues this propensity. Tired by numberless disappointments, the fruit of our unwarrantable forwardness, we at length become willing to submit ourselves implicitly to divine wisdom. My young reader, I hope, hath taken the Lord as his guide, and given himself up to his direction. O, let the reality of your having done so, appear in your whole deportment! Pray that the Lord may check the impetuosity of your temper, and make you able to distrust yourself. However men, wise in their own conceits, may judge, such a frame of spirit is an inestimable blessing. If you acknowledge the Lord in all your ways, you discover the truest wisdom, and shall undoubtedly find that he directeth your steps. Follow this plan, especially when proposing any change in your lot, and you shall not be suffered to stumble. Let all your affairs be conducted by prayer, and by laying yourself open to the direction of God in his word. Comforts enjoyed in this way acquire a double relish; and, even crosses and

difficulties are comparatively easy and pleasant. Thus you shall advance in solid religion. Freed from much pain and anxiety, you will possess your soul in patience, satisfied in the Lord, as the portion of your inheritance, and the maintainer of your lot.

With regard to your social intercourse, let your conduct be marked by *modesty* and *meekness*. How essential are these graces in the Christian character, and how comely when eminently possessed by a young Christian! The Spirit of Jesus is inconsistent with every appearance of supercilious or conceited behavior. Humility and self-denial, notwithstanding the highest increase in knowledge and gifts, are its leading features. What pity when young Christians give occasion for such reflections as these: "He seems to be zealous and lively, and his conduct is, upon the whole, changed; but, there is something so imprudent and offensive in his manner, that it always pains me to observe him." Far be it from me to discourage honest zeal and affection; nor do I expect to find in a babe what I look for in a young man, or in a father; I only wish to give the friendly hint, and hope it will be seriously attended to. Every species of self-seeking is below the dignity of a Christian. Nothing tends more directly to offend our brethren, or to mar our own comfort, than this base corruption. If we walk as in the sight of God, we shall be afraid of yielding to it, even in the most secret manner.

I hope you are concerned to maintain the utmost *integrity* of character. Simplicity and godly sincerity are the peculiar ornaments of Christianity. Dissimulation of any kind is a flat contradiction to the profession of the gospel. The smallest departure from strict veracity must wound

your conscience, and detract from your respectability. Above all, it brings a reproach upon that worthy name by which you are called. In this matter, the eye of the world is particularly watchful; and every failure is urged as an argument against the truth. Any thing gained by dissimulation, is a poor recompense, indeed, for what is lost by it. Fair and open uprightness of conduct recommends our profession as amiable and inviting. If we behave otherwise, we belie the truth.

What has been said on the necessity of maintaining the spirit of religion, is, by no means, intended to slacken your attention to your occupation. This were to exhibit a very limited view of our holy profession. That we serve the Lord Christ by diligence in business, as well as by fervency of spirit, is a comfortable reflection. Be it your study to act consistently in both. Negligence in either marks an unfinished character. He is the most advanced Christian, who approves himself faithful in whatever Providence calls him to do; and, it is a noble testimony to religion, when his neighbors are forced to acknowledge, that now he acts with a propriety and regularity to which he was formerly a stranger. Your affections, my dear young friend, are now warm and lively in divine things, and satan may tempt you to slight relative duties. Be not ignorant, however, of this device. Your lawful business is an important part of your religion. If you neglect it, you reproach your profession, and open the mouths of the profane. Regular habits of industry are beneficial to soul and body.

These hints are thrown out on the supposition that you are acquainted, in some measure, with the nature of living

by faith upon Christ, as your *strength* for the performance of duty, as well as your righteousness for the *justification* of your person. To speak of *forcing* one to a holy life, is the greatest absurdity. We are *created in Christ Jesus* unto good works, and holiness can only be maintained by vital union with him. In this and every other necessary truth, may the Lord himself, by his word and Spirit, fully instruct you! May he preserve you from the numerous temptations to which you are exposed! May your path be as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day! Amidst the reproaches of the world, and the other discouragements which you must lay your account to meet with, may the Lord strengthen, settle, and comfort you! Having endured to the end, useful in your generation, may you finish your course with peaceful cheerfulness, and enter into the joy of your Lord!

CONVERSION OF A FARMER,

BY A CIRCUMSTANCE RATHER UNCOMMON.

JOHN D....., a farmer, in, was long a stranger to the inexhaustible riches of grace. He paid no regard to the sacred ordinances of the gospel; or, if ever on the Lord's day he entered the church, it was more from a desire of ridiculing, that profiting by what he heard. The word preached did not profit *him*, not being mixed with faith. In this dreadful situation was he, when, on the 10th, of March, 1790, his wife died, after bringing into the world an infant daughter. The good providence of that gracious God, who calleth the weak things of this world to confound the strong, had ordained that the nurse of this child should be a woman of exemplary faith, who "walked in

the Spirit, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost." "The carnal mind of the father still continued at enmity with God;" but, he was, ere long, to be brought to a full conviction of his own unworthiness, and a delightful experience of the riches of redeeming love. The child being now about twenty months old, and beginning to prattle a few words, was one day sent for by the father, who was sitting after dinner with some of his profane acquaintance. To his great astonishment, the child repeated two or three times, in its infant tones, "O the grace of God!" These words made a deep impression upon the father. He began to reflect upon his sins, and the power of that grace, "which cleanseth from sin," so long the subject of his impious ridicule. The Holy Ghost "had opened his heart," and now brought him like a sheep that had been astray, into the fold of divine love. Since that time he has ever walked as becometh one "called in the Lord, bringing forth fruits meet for repentance." The words which, through the grace of God, became the happy instrument of his conversion, were the customary ejaculations of the pious nurse, and had thus been learned by the infant; so truly was the scripture verified, that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings the Lord hath perfected praise."

FENELON.

LORD Peterborough, when on a visit to Fenelon, at Cambray, was so charmed with the virtues and talents of the archbishop, that he exclaimed, at parting, "If I stay here any longer I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

MASSILLON.

A CIRCUMSTANCE, which happened some time after the death of Massillon, calculated to affect every heart of sensibility, proves how dear the memory of this great and good man is, not only to the poor, whose tears he wiped away, but to all who knew him. A traveller, passing through Clermont, wished to see the country house in which the prelate used to spend the greatest part of the year; and he applied to an old vicar, who, since the death of the bishop, had never ventured to return to that country house, where he who inhabited it, was no longer to be found. He consented, however, to gratify the desire of the traveller, notwithstanding the profound grief he expected to suffer in revisiting a place so dear to his remembrance. They accordingly set out together; and the vicar pointed out every particular place to the stranger. "There," said he, with tears in his eyes, "is the alley in which the prelate used to walk with us; there is the arbor in which he used to sit and read; this is the garden he took pleasure in cultivating with his own hands." Then they entered the house; and when they came to the room where Massillon died, "This," said the vicar, "is the place where we lost him;" and, as he pronounced these words, he fainted.

The ashes of Titus, or of Marcus Aurelius, might have envied such a tribute of regard and affection.

RELIGION.

RELIGION's solace sooths the troubled mind;
And on this prop a sure support we find,
When ills assault us, and when troubles vex,
When foes disturb us, and when harms perplex;
If on this never failing rock we rest,
Our God will send us what he thinks is best.

SINGULAR CONVERSION.

EVENTS of the last importance often arise from causes apparently insignificant. The links of the chain of Providence are wondrously connected. An infidel ridicules; a believer admires and adores.

The following is a story that can be authenticated by the evidence of many who have heard it from the person who is the subject of it, but now gone safe to God and glory.

When the Rev. Mr. went to his living in the country, a very great audience collected from the neighboring towns and villages; in one of which lived an old innkeeper, who, having made free with his own tap, had well carbuncled his nose and face, which bore the visible marks of his profession. He had heard the report of the concourse at this church, as many went from his own town; but he always stoutly swore he would never be found among the fools who were running to turn Methodists. Indeed, it was equally contradictory to his practice as well as profession to be found among those who followed the gospel of Christ; but, on hearing the particularly pleasing mode of singing at church, which was much spoken of, his curiosity was excited, and he said, he did not know but when next P.....n feast came, which was half way, he might go, and hear the singing; but, with some imprecation, that he would never hear a word of the sermon.

He lived about six miles distant; and, when P.....n feast came, after dining with a party, instead of sitting to drink, he came to the afternoon service, merely to hear the singing at the church, with a full resolution of keeping his vow, and excluding every word of the sermon.

He was a large fat man, and, as it was a hot summer day, he came in sweating and wiping; and, having with difficulty found admission into a narrow open pew, with a lid, as soon as the hymn before sermon was sung, which he heard with great attention, he leaned forward; and, fixing his elbows on the lid, secured both his ears against the sermon with his fore fingers. He had not been in this position many minutes before the prayer finished, and the sermon commenced, with an awful appeal to the consciences of the hearers, of the necessity of attending to the things which made for their everlasting peace; and the minister addressing them solemnly, "*He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.*" Just the moment before the words were pronounced, a fly had fastened on the carbuncled nose of the innkeeper, and, stinging him sharply, he snatched one of his fingers from his ear, and struck off the painful visitant; at that very moment, the words, "*He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,*" pronounced with great solemnity, entered the ear that was opened, as a clap of thunder. It struck him with irresistible force; he kept his hand from returning to his ear; and, feeling an impression he had never known before, he presently withdrew the other finger, and hearkened with deep attention to the discourse which followed.

That day was the beginning of days to him; from that moment, a change was produced upon him, which could not but be noticed by all his former companions. He never from that day, returned to any of his former practices, never afterwards was seen, liquor, or heard to swear; began to pray, and hear God's word; for many years walked all weathers six miles to the church where he received the first knowledge of a dying Redeemer, and salvation

through his name; and, after about eighteen years faithful and close walk with God, he died in the rejoicing of hope, and blessed Him who sent the meanest of his creatures to open his ears to instruction.

MERCY AND JUDGMENT.

IN the last century, a Scots gentleman, of the name of Wastraw, was remarked by all for his profaneness; but, particularly, for a sanguinary disposition, it being his study and delight to excite quarrels, which ended in bloodshed. Having succeeded in forcing a neighboring gentleman to kill another, and finding him greatly troubled on account of it, he gave him this horrid advice, namely, to practise it more as the best cure; for, that he himself had killed six men; that, on the first occasion he was rendered uneasy; but, by a repetition of such deeds, he became quiet.

As Mr. W. was one day riding to a place where two persons had engaged to decide a quarrel by a duel, his horse stumbled on the side of a steep rock and threw him down it a considerable depth, his sword falling out before him, *yet without any hurt!* His mind was greatly affected by this peculiar deliverance. The Lord broke in upon his conscience with great convictions of sin. Detesting the object of his journey, he immediately returned home; where a gracious change was long evidenced by deep repentance and tenderness of heart. He spent much time in private mourning on account of his sin. On the day of his death, which was not expected by any, he was overheard to be wrestling in prayer for a long time; at length, the family, after waiting for him, and knocking much at his chamber door in vain, were constrained to break it

open; when to their great surprise, he was found dead on his knees, a vast quantity of blood having issued from every passage of his body, and swimming about the floor;* an awful proof to the world, that though God will pardon the sins of his people, yet he will not suffer some sins to pass without a visible mark of his anger, and taking vengeance on their inventions.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

METHINKS I hear the solemn knell
Of some departed soul!
That bids this empty world farewell,
And flies beyond the pole.

The feeble wings of sense must stay,
And tarry far behind;
Nor thought pursue the hidden way,
Nor trace *her* unconfin'd.

Quick as the light that brings the day,
She mounts to yonder sky;
O, could she come, and softly say
What 'tis for man to die!

But ah! no tongue can e'er unfold,
What *souls* departing feel;
Or sure some friend e're now had told
What yet they all conceal.

But stay, my soul, no farther pry
Where God will not reveal;
For thou *shalt* know what 'tis to die,
And what the dead conceal.

* Charles IX. of France, the author of that dreadful massacre, whereby the blood of so many thousand Protestants, at Paris, was shed, died by an extraordinary effusion of blood from all the passages of his body.

Mail, happy hour! some, glorious day!
When I shall take my flight,
Then shall I wing that unknown way,
To yonder realms of light.

THE SEALING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

[In a letter to the Editor of the Evangelical Magazine.]

SOME months passed over, after my late restoration to the knowledge, love, and powerful experience of the truth, before I was led to consider what may be meant by being sealed with the Holy Spirit. Perhaps this sealing may consist of two parts, which necessarily go together. Our comfortable persuasion of God's knowing us as his children and an abiding faith; or, if you will, assurance that he is our reconciled, loving Father in Christ, both arising from, and founded upon the word of God. No wonder we cry Abba, Father, when the Lord enlargeth our hearts with the invigorating rays of his glory, with the energetic constraints of his love, and the indisputable feeling of his presence. But to have no doubt of his love, of the validity of his promise to us, when beat down with a consciousness of guilt; when deprived of the felt effects of his gospel; when unbegged for praying, &c. is quite a different thing. Yet, I believe this state of mind, or rather, strength of faith, is gifted to some, perhaps to thousands of the Lord's dear people in the present world. Indeed, I enjoy, at present, something of this nature. The Lord hath so stamped upon my mind the immutability of his character, the unchangeableness of his record, that I have met with nothing, for months past, to make me doubt of his love. I hate sin; I would depart from all iniquity if I could. I know sin

hath crept into the hearts of God's dearest servants in every age; that a body of sin will accompany the best to their graves; that God hath reserved perfect freedom from a depraved nature to the heavenly Jerusalem; that he has promised certain deliverance in the end; that he will never leave nor forsake me; and a number of such truths so dwell upon my mind, even when I am melancholy through the prevalence of iniquity, that I have no doubt of the continuance of God's love, and of the evidence I shall by and by have of its reality to my sinful soul. Some may call this presumption, others fanaticism; but, as for me, I consider it the result of redeeming love; a temper as far above my power to produce, as to change myself into an archangel. Dare I boast of it? No; pride and every sin so far mars it, but not so as to extinguish it.

Some might say surely he has no fear of death! I know not how I would be affected, were he this moment to appear; but, I feel no tormenting or distressing fear of him. I am enabled to commit that important crisis to the care of my great Savior. His honor and faithfulness, as well as my safety and comfort, are concerned in that matter. It is mine to hold fast the beginning of my confidence firm unto the end; it is his to be faithful to the word upon which he hath caused my soul to hope. I know well about the terrors of death; few have drank deeper into the cup. My deliverance from them was neither a human nor angelic work, but the doing of the Lord, which is still fresh upon my mind, and wondrous in mine eyes. Praise the Lord, O my soul! Hosanna in the highest.

I find the witnessing of the Spirit is to and by the word. He removes every cloud from it; gives a peculiar kind of perception of the truth contained in it; draws the man

to take the comfort it contains, freely, and without reserve. The Spirit gives such a knowledge of, and delight in the law of God, as makes him hate unbelief, consider faith not only a duty, but a pleasant privilege. He is led, from discoveries of God in the word, to abhor, and aim at abstaining from, every thought derogatory to the divine glory. Sinful thoughts ruffle and distress him, no less than sinful words and actions. He loves God; he desires to obey him. He knows that with the mind he must serve him; that God is offended if he does not. He knows, from experience, if his heart be not watched, his peace and comfort are injured, and that he proportionably becomes indisposed to upright walking.

Daily foils and failures concur with scripture, in demonstrating the need I have to give up the government of my mind to Jesus. Sin being admitted, my confidence in God is marred. The persuasion of having formerly received many marks of the divine favor, does not always reinstate my joy; nor am I much advantaged by strong efforts against rising corruption, nor by peremptory resolutions. Upon scrutiny, I find a degree of self interwoven with all these plans. The query now is, How then do I obtain relief? Suppose my complaint to be an ungovernable mind; I turn up the Bible, and read what assurances or promises the Lord has made about keeping the minds of his people, of living, walking, and reigning in them. I recollect the character of Christ, that he uniformly acts in correspondence with his word; that it is my duty to believe what he says, and I do assure you I find it my interest.

Again; I have sinned, and do deserve to be punished. I must not attempt to extenuate my guilt. To atone is

not required, nor can I do it. Now the wisdom, the love, the glory of God's plan of redemption, is manifest; it assumes a brilliancy of lustre, nobly adapted to my case. Without the intervention of such a Savior as the gospel exhibits, I must have been utterly undone. The Bible tells me my sins were laid upon him, he bore them on the tree, and in the grave; but God raised him from the dead, and gave him glory, signifying thereby he was satisfied; putting his love beyond a doubt, that our faith and hope might freely and firmly terminate in him. The faith of these things constrains me to consider God as love, and loving me in Christ. I see the whole glory of salvation concentrating in God, by this charming; most gracious, most benevolent constitution of his. It is by faith, that it might be by grace. Believing is the spring of action; it sets all the wheels in motion. We are confounded at seeing ourselves so surrounded with grace. Jehovah redeems, calls, enlightens, sanctifies, defends, and glorifies his people. He works in them both to will and to do. When I can survey all to be of God, then doubts, fears, discouragements, &c. are completely banished; then I can run without wearying; I can walk without fainting.

I find much to be contained in the triumphant language of the church, Mic. vii. 8. "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! When I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." The faith of the certainty of such events frees the mind from despondency, fills it with hope, and frustrates the attempts of our enemies. But, some might say, Is not all this presumption? Where is your repentance? Your sorrow for sin? Sorrow and regret are less or more attached to the majority of sins

committed by the children of God. The stronger their faith, the more pungent their grief, because of transgression. True, their sorrow worketh not unto death and despair, but to life and peace. The faith of pardoned guilt pierces them to the quick. Though God forgives them, they neither forget their sin, nor forgive themselves. The more they are instructed into the doctrine of Christ, the more clearly they perceive the sinfulness of sin, they feel more acutely for a suffering Savior. They praise him then with louder hosannas; and with greater sincerity they exclaim with Paul, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?"

The actings of a gracious mind can only be explained to the satisfaction of such as are heirs of the same grace, temples of the same Spirit. The plain simple cottager would be little wiser, were he to peruse the publication of a first rate philosopher. Philosophers soar too far above his standard. Believers and unbelievers are natives of different worlds, totally distinct from each other; their minds being more opposite than the complexion of blacks and whites. On this account it is harder to explain to a carnal mind a spiritual truth, than the nature of ice to a tropical inhabitant. Let us then who believe, praise our divine Instructor. Shall we fail in loving, or faint in serving him? No! While we have a being, which shall be eternally, we shall praise and publish his mighty and wondrous acts.

I have no doubt but the sun shall rise tomorrow morning. Are the fulfilment of God's promises less certain? No, they are not. Why then should I question their accomplishment. He *shall* lead the blind by a way that

they know not. He *shall* be with them through life, and at death. He *shall* raise them up at the last day. He *shall* be glorified in his saints, and admired in all who believe. After passing sentence upon the unrighteous, thus closing the judgment scene, he and they shall ascend to life everlasting: Yes! to life everlasting. The glory which shall then break in upon the souls of the ransomed is now perfectly inconceivable. The thought that this felicity is eternal, will double the perfection of their bliss. Move on, hours and years, to give way to this delightful day! Would we part with such a hope for thousands of gold or silver? For ten thousand worlds? No! No! Not for all that archangels' tongues could name.

When walking in darkness, let us stay our minds on these reviving truths; waiting for the coming of the Son of man. The faith of them will sweeten and soften affliction; fortify against the inroads of temptation; banish the fear of dying; give contentment in life, and triumph at death. Even so come, Lord Jesus! Amen.

SINGULAR CONVERSION OF A WIDOW'S PROFLIGATE SON.

A MINISTER of Lady H.'s happening to be some time since at Edinburgh, was accosted very civilly by a young man in the street, with an apology for the liberty he was taking. "I think, Sir," said he, "I have heard you at Spa Fields chapel." "You probably might, sir; for I have sometimes ministered there." "Do you remember," said he, "a note put up from an afflicted widow, begging the prayers of the congregation for the conversion of an ungodly son?" "I do very well remember such a circumstance." "Sir," said he, "I am the very person; and, wonderful to tell, the

prayer was effectual." "I was going on a frolic with some other abandoned young men one Sunday through the Spa Fields, and passing by the chapel, I was struck with its appearance, and hearing it was a methodist chapel, we agreed to mingle with the crowd, and stop a few minutes to laugh and mock at the preacher and people. We were but just entered the chapel, when you, sir, read the note, requesting the prayers of the congregation for an afflicted widow's prodigate son. I heard it with a sensation I cannot express. I was struck to the heart; and though I had no idea that I was the very individual meant, I felt the bitterness expressed of a widow's heart who had a child so wicked as I knew myself to be.

"My mind was instantly solemnized. I could not laugh; my attention was rivetted on the preacher. I heard his prayer and sermon with an impression very different from what had carried me into the chapel. From that moment the gospel truths penetrated my heart; I joined the congregation; cried to God in Christ for mercy, and found peace in believing; became my mother's comfort, as I had long been her heavy cross, and through grace, have ever since continued in the good ways of the Lord. An opening having lately been made for an advantageous settlement in my own country, I came hither with my excellent mother, and, for some time past, have endeavored to dry up the widow's tears, which I had so often caused to flow, and to be the comfort and support of her age; as I had been the torment and affliction of her former days. We live together in the enjoyment of every mercy, happy and thankful; and every day I acknowledge the kind hand of my Lord that ever led me to the Spa Fields Chapel."

CONJUGAL AFFECTION IN AN INHABITANT OF
OTAHEITE.

AMONG the intelligence received in the various inquiries made respecting the South Sea Islands and its inhabitants, various anecdotes have been related, but one of a very peculiarly affecting kind, will, I doubt not, be read with pleasure.

The captain of the *Dedalus*, during his stay at the island, observed one day a native woman, with a child, who appeared a perfect European, and evidently bore the stamp of his parentage. He was a beautiful boy, and attracted his notice; on inquiry he learned the following melancholy story. Mr. Stewart, one of the officers who joined the unhappy Christian in seizing the ship *Bounty* from captain Bligh, had returned with Christian from *Taboua*, as related in the trial of the mutineers, and when Christian left *Otaheite* with the vessel, and that part of the crew which chose to cleave to him, Mr. Stewart, with the rest, determined to fix their abode at the island, where they met the most cordial reception. He soon attached himself to one of the beautiful natives and giving her his name, lived with her as his *Peggy Stewart*, in a state of the tenderest endearment. One child had been the fruit of their union, when the *Pandora* arrived, seized the mutineers, and, among the rest, the unhappy Stewart. He was carried on board a prisoner, and the vengeance which awaited him was soon spread through the circles of *Otaheite*. Anguish and horror seized on the heart of the disconsolate *Peggy*; a prey to grief that refused to be comforted, and overwhelmed with despair at the loss of her esteemed husband. Her health gave way to the acuteness of her

feelings; she pined away from day to day, caressing the unfortunate infant, and fell a sacrifice to the fidelity of her affection. She languished a few months, and literally died of a broken heart, leaving the dear and helpless infant to a sister, who had cherished and brought him up with maternal affection.

More polished regions will hardly afford instances of greater sensibility, or present us with amiability of manners more interesting and more endearing. From such as these we have little to fear; we have every thing to hope in the pursuit of the mission.

**FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES RECOMMENDED, AND THE
RELIGION OF THE KORAN AND THE BIBLE
CONTRASTED.**

It is well known that the Koran of Mahomet contains many passages copied from both the Old and New Testaments; among others, the Arabian prophet has given a place to those precepts of Jesus which recommend forgiveness of injuries, and overcoming evil with good. One day the caliph Hassan, son of Hali, being at table, a slave unfortunately let fall a dish of meat, reeking hot, which scalded him severely. The slave fell on his knees, rehearsing those words of the Koran, "Paradise is for those who restrain their anger." "I am not angry with thee," answered the caliph. "And for those who forgive offences against them," continues the slave. "I forgive thee thine," replies the caliph. "But, above all, for those who return good for evil," adds the slave." "I set thee at liberty," rejoined the caliph; "and I give thee ten dinars." Will not

this Mahometan rise up in judgment, and condemn many who call themselves the followers of the merciful Jesus?

Notwithstanding, the above and many other excellent passages are to be found in the Koran, the following anecdote, abridged from Maraccius, will afford a juster notion of the real character of that composition, as well as display the superior excellency of the Christian Scriptures.

During the Moorish government in Spain, a certain youth of Cordova, who had been educated a Mahometan, was solicited by a Christian aunt to embrace Christianity. This being discovered by his other relatives, in order to disappoint the hopes of this pious woman, they resolved to have him well instructed in the Arabic language; that, being enabled to read the Koran, he might thereby improve his acquaintance with the religion of Mahomet, and be confirmed in his attachment to it. The youth, possessing a ready genius, made such proficiency in his studies, that his relatives soon thought him qualified to read the Koran, and immediately put it into his hands, not doubting, but that it would determine him to remain a disciple of their prophet.

Having heard the Koran highly extolled, both for its matter and style, and having acquired a taste for the elegancies of the Arabian tongue, he greedily seized the book, and diligently set himself to peruse it; but, to his great disappointment, he found, that though the style was pleasing, the book was so far from possessing substantial merit, that it was full of confusion and obscurity; what was asserted in one chapter, he saw recalled in another, and sometimes in the same. He perceived the volume abounded in contradiction, absurdity, and fable; that it placed the felicity of paradise merely in sensual delights

and lewd indulgences; that it represented the great God, at one time as perjured; at another as profusely swearing on the most frivolous matters by things the most unworthy; exciting his own prophet Mahomet to uncleanness, adultery, theft, and perjury; that the prophet himself was wholly addicted to lust, gluttony, robbery, and slaughter; and that the Koran contained little beside what was designed to secure some advantage to him; that he was constantly devising some unjust war, under the mask of religion, in order to obtain the wealth of the conquered; contriving means to dishonor virtuous women, and to be at all times furnished with new revelations, either to justify his own enormities, or to revenge himself on any of his kindred who had offended him, by destroying their reputation. In fine, that this whole book from beginning to end, treated of matters lewd, trifling, cruel, or superstitious; a few good things only here and there, probably stolen from the Christian Scriptures, and repeated a hundred times.

The mussulmen not only boast that the Koran is of divine authority, but that it abides in the essence of God, and is preserved by his throne; and that its equal has never yet existed, nor ever will exist; but no sooner had the discerning youth examined its contents for himself, than he was convinced that it was impossible for such a production to be of divine inspiration, and it owed its origin either to some wicked man, or some infernal spirit; but at the same time recollecting what he had heard of the dignity and purity of the Christian religion, he began to compare the Koran with the gospel, Mahomet with Christ, the religion of the one with the religion of the other; nor was it long before he was so satisfied of the vanity and falsehood of Mahometanism, and the truth of Christianity,

that he resolved to become a Christian; and, having been baptized, he openly abjured both the Koran and its author, and readily and uniformly avowed his resolution to continue a disciple of the Son of God.

The Moors, especially his relations, were astonished at this sudden conversion; and at first endeavored, with soft and soothing words, to shake his resolution, and recal him to the superstition of his ancestors; but when they beheld his unshaken constancy, they changed their tone, and threatened him with tortures and death; and as neither by promises nor threatenings they could divert him from his purpose, they became mad with rage, and revenged the injury done to their prophet by barbarously murdering the innocent youth, whose pure and happy spirit immediately fled to take a celestial seat among the choirs of the martyrs.

We are never well informed of the truth, till we are conformed to the truth.

TWO SINGULAR CONVERSIONS, OCCASIONED BY A STRIKING PROVIDENCE.

SOME few years past, in a certain town in New England, there was a young lady, of a gay and sprightly turn of mind, who had occasion to go upon business to the neighboring town of N....., where she had frequently been before. On the borders of N..... there is a large stream of water, which is fordable only at certain times when it is low. This young lady took another, for company, who was younger than herself, and who had never been from home. They came to the river, which the young lady had no apprehension of attempting at that time to ford, on account

of the depth. Nevertheless, in the gaiety of her heart, thinking to try the courage of her companion, she ventured into the stream. Observing that the other followed her without hesitation, she determined to proceed, thinking it possible that they might get safely through. Soon, as she herself related, her head began to swim; and, instead of guiding her horse rather up the stream, which she ought to have done, she turned him the other way. Not far from the opposite shore, her horse, in passing a rock which was under water, plunged her into the stream. She recollected that she struck the bottom with her feet, and by a strong exertion raised her head once above water and took breath; but her clothes being wet and heavy, she immediately sunk again, and was carried gently down the stream, under water. The distress of strangling was soon over; but she yet remained in full possession of her reason. She felt herself to be now drowning; and supposed that a few moments more would put a final period to her state of trial, and transport her into the eternal world. Upon this, all the horrors of death, and of the judgment which is to follow, crowded into her distracted mind; and she felt to use her own expression, that she was *going immediately to hell*. As she was carried along under water, she for a little while clearly discerned the light, but soon it seemed to her that a cloud came over her eyes, and she presently lost her sight. Here she lost all sense and recollection; and here we must leave her to relate some peculiar circumstances in divine Providence, which concurred to her deliverance.

On the same day, in another town, there was a young man who, taking a little airing in the morning upon his farm, felt his mind struck with the thought of going that

day to N..... He inquired of himself, whether he had any business of sufficient importance to call him thither. He found he had not. The impulse upon his mind was, however so strong, that he determined to yield to it, and accordingly mounted his horse and set out. He had not rode far, before, as he was passing the house of a neighbor, the owner came out, and also mounted his horse. He asked him where he was going; and was told it was to N..... They travelled on together, until they came in sight of the river. He who first set out, then asked the other what his business was at N..... The other replied, that he could, indeed, hardly tell; he had none of much importance; but feeling a strong inclination, he could hardly tell why, to visit N..... that day, he determined to indulge it. They found the water so high, that they had no expectation of fording the stream. They came to the fording place, just after the young women had entered the stream, concluding that if these females were able to ride through, they certainly could; they set in after them, and were spectators of all that happened.

By the time the young lady was thrown from her horse, they had almost reached the opposite shore. He who was farthest from the shore, on seeing her fall, immediately turned his horse and rode down the stream, hoping to overtake, and, if possible, rescue her from death. No sooner did he overtake the drowning person, who was carried down by the current, than her hand involuntarily clinched the hind legs of his horse; and although the horse as the owner affirmed, was remarkably shy and skittish, on this occasion he shewed not the least sign of fright, but stood entirely still. The man reached his hand and caught the other hand of the drowning young woman,

and raised her head out of the water. His companion, who had reached the shore, immediately left his horse and followed down on the shore, that he might, if possible, afford some assistance. Seeing that the other needed help, he plunged into the stream, seized the body, and brought it on shore. Anxious to save the perishing young creature, they soon imagined that they discerned symptoms of life. Carrying her into a house which was near the water side, they committed her to the care of one of her own sex; by whose prudent exertions she was soon restored to life, and recovered her senses. The men, who, under God, were her deliverers, tarried till she was so far restored as to be able to converse. They then related to her those rather unusual circumstances which concurred to bring them to that place in the critical moment when their assistance was most needed. This done, one of them then said to the other, "We know now what our business to N..... was to day; we have done it; let us therefore return." Accordingly they mounted their horses and went directly home; satisfied with the reflection that they had been the instruments of preserving the life of one of their fellow creatures.

In due time the young lady, being sufficiently recovered, returned also to her own house. In the same town lived a young gentleman, till now as thoughtless and unprepared for another world as she had been; with whom she had often spent hours in vain, light, and useless conversation. Hearing of what had befallen her, he soon went to visit her; and, addressing her with the same light air as he had been wont to do before, said, "So, Miss....., I perceive you have met with a misfortune." She very gravely replied, *I have experienced a very remarkable*

providence of God. So unusual an observation from the mouth of one who perhaps had never before uttered a serious reflection, together with the grave and serious air with which it was made, immediately struck his mind into uncommon solemnity. She then proceeded, and gave him a narrative of the several circumstances which have been above related.

The remarkable scenes through which this young lady had passed, through the power of that invisible and glorious Being, who had wrought so surprising a deliverance for her, made an impression on her mind too deep ever to be effaced. The distress of mind she felt when under water, and apprehending herself to be just sinking into hell, never left her till, through the mighty power of sovereign grace, she was brought to embrace divine mercy, and welcome into her heart that glorious Redeemer, who alone rescues from the pit of destruction.

As to the young gentleman, he relates that the above narrative from the young lady herself, together with the grave and solemn manner with which it was first made, and her sober reflections upon the remarkable interposition of Providence, produced the first serious impression upon his mind which he could never shake off. His attention to eternal things was awakened; his conscience aroused; and, from that time, stung with reflections upon his past vain life; and, haunted with the fear of what was to come, he had little peace till, through the power of divine grace, he trusts, he was brought to take "sanctuary in the name of the Lord."

From the mouth of this gentleman, who is now a faithful minister, and servant of the Lord Jesus, the writer of this short, but interesting narrative, had the foregoing account.

Thus these several unusual steps of divine Providence led to important and very happy events; soon, apparently, issuing in the saving conversion of two sinners. Truly, God is wonderful in counsel, as well as excellent in working! What a variety of incidents, unnoticed at present by men, are made to concur, in divine Providence, to the bringing home of God's elect! How many surprising scenes of remarkable coincidents of circumstances will open upon the minds of God's people at that happy period when all the mysteries of divine Providence shall be unfolded, that day must declare! Doubtless, they will then see the concurrence of a great variety of circumstances and things, before altogether unobserved; each of which was an essential link in that chain of events which issued in their happy deliverance and complete salvation. Each of these will raise their wonder and delight, and shed new glories on the character of the great Savior of men; each giving a fragrance to the name of Jesus, which shall occasion his praise to dwell with greater delight upon their tongues to all eternity.

THE TESTIMONY OF A LEARNED RABBI, THAT JESUS IS THE TRUE MESSIAH.

A LEARNED Rabbi of the Jews at Aleppo, being dangerously ill, called his friends together, and desired them seriously to consider the various former captivities endured by their nation, as a punishment for the hardness of their hearts, and the present captivity which has continued sixteen hundred years, "The occasion of which," said he, "is doubtless, our unbelief. We have long looked for the Messiah; and the Christians have believed in one Jesus,

of our nation, who was of the seed of Abraham and David, and born in Bethlehem, and, for ought we know, may be the true Messiah; and we may have suffered this long captivity because we have rejected him. Therefore, my advice is, as my last words, that if the Messiah, which we expect, do not come at or about the year 1650, reckoning from the birth of their Christ, then you may know and believe that this Jesus is the Christ, and you shall have no other."

THE CHRISTIAN'S COUNTRY.

"NOW THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY; THAT IS AN
HEAVENLY ONE." HEB. XI. 16.

ONCE Anaxagoras, an honest sage,
Who sought for truth in a benighted age,
Who oft would mount with philosophic flight,
To count the stars, and rove in worlds of light,
Was sharp reprov'd by those he left behind,
For his abstracted, elevated mind;
As one regardless of his country's weal,
Cold to the glow of patriotic zeal.
"Ah, no," said he, and pointed to the skies,
"My country yonder I devoutly prize!"
Are Christians blam'd whose conduct seems to prove
Earth has not much their care nor much their love!
Let the world know...their country is above!

MESSIAH SHALL BRUISE THE HEAD OF THE SERPENT.

THE late eminent Mr. Bradbury, when preaching upon the divinity of Christ, was hissed at by several who were present. The good man's friends were much affected

with such daring insolence, and afterwards expressed their sorrow to Mr. B. To which he very ingenuously replied, "I have been bruising the head of the old serpent, and no wonder you heard the hisses of the generation of vipers." It is well, when wit can be employed in the service of religion.

JUDICIOUS REPROOF.

Dr. Gifford, as he was one day shewing the British Museum to strangers, was very much vexed by the profane conversation of a young gentleman, who was present. The doctor, taking an ancient copy of the Septuagint, and shewing it him, "O!" said the gentleman, "I can read this." "Well," said the doctor, "read that passage;" pointing to the third commandment. Here the gentleman was so struck, that he immediately desisted from swearing. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." And, "a word spoken in due season, how good is it."

THE SKATER.

An Oxford doctor once, 'tis said,
While skating, on his back was laid;
"How now, good doctor?" one exclaim'd,
"I thought, in skating you were fam'd."
"Yes, sir, I know the *theory* well;
For want of *practice* 'twas I fell."

Kind reader, does the doctor's case
Stir up the muscles of thy face?
The censure may belong to all,
For *life*, like skating, has its fall;
In *theory* we, like him, are wise,
But excellence in *practice* lies.

GOD'S PATERNAL CARE OVER HIS CHILDREN.

JOHN BAKKER, the subject of this narrative, travelled in the year 1762, the very first time in his life that he had taken a long journey, quite alone, from Zeyst near Utrecht, to New Wied upon the Rhine, and was now upon his way from Cleves to Cologne. He had with him, besides many letters, a considerable sum of money in gold, and some watches and jewels. His road led him through a wood, about four English miles in length, which at that time was infested by French marauders, who, the very day before, had murdered a travelling tailor, of which, however, he had not heard any thing. Having proceeded in this wood for about half an hour, in unusual anxiety, of which he at last had rid himself, by engaging his mind in meditation on a text of holy writ, he perceived a man behind him, who asked him what o'clock it was? While he gave him for answer, that it was near eleven, in the forenoon, there stepped forth from a thicket on one side of the road, three other men, who immediately demanded his money. He declared to them that though he wanted it for his journey yet he was ready to deliver it up to them. He actually produced his purse, which contained about four rix dollars worth about thirteen shillings and surrendered it into their hands. But now the villians, laying hold on him, tore his coat and waistcoat with violence from his body, and seized upon his smallclothes, in which he had his gold concealed, abusing him withal in the most cruel manner. He instantly intreated them to spare his life, or, at least, to allow him a few minutes to commit his soul into the hands of God. But the robbers, who, amidst dreadful imprecations and barbarous treatment, were tearing off his smallclothes

at last agreed with each other to drag him from the road into the thick wood.

You may easily conceive the deadly anguish he endured while in their merciless hands. But while the robbers, regardless of his groans and intreaties, were engaged in dragging him away, there came two men on horseback full gallop behind him along the road, whom he could not see, but at the appearance of whom the robbers immediately threw away his clothes, and escaped with his purse only, into the wood. The horsemen approaching, found him almost fainting, and taking his clothes to them on their horses, encouraged him to run, as fast as he was able, along with them, in order to bring again into circulation his blood, congealed and stagnated through the anguish of death. He did it as well as he could, laying hold of the tail of one of the horses, and was conducted by his deliverers into the next village adjoining the wood, where they took him to the bailiff of that district. This gentleman, immediately on seeing him, and having received from the men a brief information of what had happened to him, cried out, with great emotion of mind, "My friend! You must needs be a Christian indeed, and God must have a special regard for you." He then related to him how he, going that morning into his garden to weed, on a sudden felt an impulse to despatch his men into the wood, in order to try whether any trace of the robbers, who had murdered the tailor the day before, could be discovered; and that thinking it might as well be put off for the forenoon, he had suffered such anxiety and perturbation of his mind, as rendered his eyes so dim that he could not see a single plant in his garden. On which account he, straight returning into his house, in

all haste, despatched the two men on horseback into the wood; and thereupon immediately recovered his peace of mind.

You may, my dear friend, easily conceive the sensations of the heart of our traveller, who had been so mercifully delivered, at this relation of the bailiff; who, in addition to his having proved the means of saving his life, took the most kind and liberal care of him, and lodged him that day and the ensuing night at his own house. Directly after this, measures were taken to search after the robbers; and divine justice caused them to be discovered and apprehended, when they received their deserved reward.

Methinks this event is a most affecting instance of the Lord's looking down upon his own in mercy and favor, and of his knowing how to deliver and preserve them in a most wonderful manner. O! That we might ever trust in him, resigning ourselves, and all our concerns, with filial confidence and faith, unto his holy will and providential care!

MINISTERIAL ACCOUNTS AT THE GREAT DAY.

AN EXTRACT.

A DIVINE, in the former part of the last age, was preaching before an association of ministers, and, in order to quicken their regard to the principle, end, and motive from which they acted, pointed to them the last and awful day of judgment; and, having brought in Christ the judge, as taking his place on the throne, he then, by an elegant *prosopoeia*, represented him as calling his *ministers* to an account, examining how they had preached, and with what views they had undertaken and discharged the work of the ministry. "*What did you preach for?*" "I preached,

Lord, that I might keep a good living, that was left me by my father, of one hundred and fifty, or two hundred pounds per ann. which, if I had not entered into orders, had been wholly lost as to me and my numerous family." Christ says to him, "*Stand by, thou hast had thy reward.*" The question is put to another, "*And what did you preach for?*" He answered, "Lord, I was applauded as a learned man, and I preached to keep up the reputation of an excellent orator, and an ingenious preacher." Christ's answer to him, likewise, was, "*Stand thou by, thou also hast had thy reward.*" The judge puts the question to a third, "*And what did you preach for?*" "Lord," says he, "I neither aimed at the great things of this world, though I was thankful for the conveniences of life, which thou gavest me; nor did I preach that I might gain the character of a wit, or of a man of parts, or of a fine scholar; but, I preached in compassion to souls, and to please and honor thee; my design in preaching was, Lord, that I might win souls to thy blessed majesty." Upon this, the judge called out, "Room, men; room, angels! Let this man come and sit with me on my throne, as I am set down with my Father on his throne; he has owned and honored me on earth, and I will own and honor him through all the ages of eternity."

The result of all then was, that the ministers went home much affected, resolving that, through the help of God, they would mind the work of the ministry more, and look better to their aims and ends than ever.

CICERO complains of Homer, that "he taught the gods to live like men;" but grace teaches men to live like gods.

SIGNS OF A LIVING OR GROWING CHRISTIAN.

The righteous shall flourish like a Palm tree; he shall grow like a Cedar in Lebanon.—Psalm xcii. 12.

SIGN 1. When your chief delight is with the saints, especially them that excel in virtue. Psalm xvi. 3.

2. When the smittings of the righteous are not a burden to you, and you can hear of your faults with affectionate attention. Psalm cxli. 5.

3. When Jesus Christ, in the midst of temptation, is more to you than all the world. Phil. iii. 8.

4. When reproach for Christ makes you not ashamed of Christ. Mark viii. 38. Heb. xi. 26.

5. When wandering thoughts, in time of duty, find less entertainment than formerly. Psalm cxxxix. 23. 1 Cor. xiii. 11.

6. When length of standing in the profession of Christianity works increase of hatred to all sin. Psalm cxix. 104....113.

7. When you carry about with you a constant jealousy over your own heart, that it turn not aside from God and goodness. Prov. xxviii. 14.

8. When every known new mercy begets new thankfulness, and that with delight. Psalm cxlv. 2.

9. When known calamity in God's house begets deep sorrow in your heart. Neh. i. 4.

10. When God's afflicting you for your sins makes you love God the better. Psalm cxix. 75.

11. When the same care and travail you at first labored in to get Christ, is as much, if not more, labored in to keep Christ. Heb. vi. 11, 12.

12. When a feeling sense of the peace and edification of the church of God lies so near your heart, that you can

prefer it above your chief concerns. Psalm cxxxvii. 6.
Rom. xiv. 19. 2 Cor. xi. 9.

13. When, under deep distress or languishing, the word of God is precious to you. Psalm cxix. 92.

14. When any condition, though in itself mean, as it comes from God; is most welcome. Job i. 21. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

15. When the peace of Christ's house begets chief joy in your heart. Psalm cxxii. 7, 8, 9.

16. When chief care to avoid all sin is as truly occasioned through fear of dishonoring God, and in incurring his present displeasure, as *wrath to come*. Neh. v. 15. Gen. xxxix. 9.

17. When the least apprehension of God's withdrawing makes you seek him more earnestly, in such ways wherein he will be found. Psalm lxiii. 1.

18. When every company is burdensome to you, that is not designing your Father's glory, but derogating therefrom. Psalm cxx. 5. 2 Pet. ii. 7, 8.

19. When the sins of others come so near your heart, that you walk sadly to see such persons transgress God's commandments. Psalm cxix. 136.

20. When the light of your understanding grows more strong to your making judgment of spiritual things, according to God's word. Eph. i. 18.

21. When bitter things become sweet to you, as they are squared by, and founded on, the will of God. Matt. xxvi. 38, 39. Acts xxi. 14.

22. When the path of the humble is so delightful, that you had rather be with them, than in the tents of the ungodly. Acts xx. 19. Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

23. When your pity is such to perishing people, that you cannot but weep at the thoughts of their ruin. Luke xix. 41. Jer. ix. 1. Phil. iii. 18, 19.

24. When the yoke of selfdenial, as imposed by Christ Jesus, is not grievous, but pleasant, to you. Matt. xi. 29, 30. Mark x. 28.

25. When the force of the resurrection and judgment to come, lies so close at your heart, that it makes you answer every call of Christ to do or suffer cheerfully. 2 Cor. v. 9, 10. Acts xxiv. 15, 16.

26. When *increase* of time in Christ's acquaintance, works *increase* of delight in communion with Christ. Psalm xcii. 12, 13, 14.

27. When in the walk of faith you are more frequent, and less depend upon walking by sense. 2 Cor. v. 7. Gal. ii. 20.

28. When the majesty of the great God, considering how visible you are in his sight, hath an awful prevalence upon your heart. Job xxxi. 4.

29. When you are at open war and constant hostility with *bosom sin*, as displeasing to God, and forbidden by his law. Psalm xviii. 23.

30. When you have a thirsting care to get the power of godliness in your heart, rather than the form of godliness in the head, or outward profession. 2 Cor. i. 12.

31. When the worship of God, agreeable to his word, is highly prized, and faithfully practised, in the worst of times. Mal. iii. 14, 15, 16.

32. When the soul is more hungry for the word of God, than the body is for temporal food. Job xxiii. 12. Psalm cxix. 72, 162.

SIGNS OF A DYING, OR DECAYING CHRISTIAN.

1. WHEN you are so indifferent to assemble, or frequent the church of God, that you can come, or you cannot come, at your own pleasure.
2. When, in your most solemn worship, you are quickly weary, without warrantable cause.
3. When few sermons will please you; either you like not the *matter*, or *manner*, or *man*, or *place*.
4. When you think you know enough.
5. When a small occasion will keep you from Christ's table, or communion with the church of God.
6. When you have usually no great mind to prayer.
7. When reading the holy scriptures is more burthensome than delightful.
8. When you are mighty inquisitive after novelties or new things, rather than wholesome doctrine.
9. When you are so little prepared for the solemn assemblies, that they come before you think of them, or long for them.
10. When you come to the assembly more for fear of the brethren's eye, than Christ's omniscient and all piercing eye.
11. When you will rather betray the name of Christ Jesus, and the credit of his gospel, by your silence; than appear for it to your own suffering and disparagement.
12. When, at a small offence, you are usually so impatient, that you commit great sin.
13. When you are more careful to get the words of Christ's people, than the spirit of Christ's people; the *form* than the *power*.

14. When you are not much 'troubled at your own miscarriages, while they are kept from *public view*.

15. When you love *least* those Christians that deal most faithfully with you, in the opening your sores, and tendering you remedies.

16. When you pray more for afflictions being removed than sanctified.

17. When under God's calamity, you can neither find necessity nor excellency, to humble yourselves by fasting and prayer.

18. When the thought of your bosom lust, or any other sin, is more prevalent with you, than pleasing God.

19. When you are mighty curious about the lesser matters of God's law, and mighty careless about the weightier.

20. When the Holy Spirit's help to the great work of mortification, seems not of absolute necessity to you.

21. When you are so ignorant of your spiritual standing, that you know not whether you grow or decay.

22. When increase of time in Christ's acquaintance, worketh decrease of affection to Christ's company.

23. When great sins seem smaller, and small sins seem none at all.

24. When your tongue is frequent in complaining of lesser miseries, and silent in praising for greater mercies.

25. When your sense of the great worth of time is so small, that you are turned prodigal.

26. When a watchful care of a godly life, and Christian conversation, is more accidental than habitual.

27. When care for your body is usually most pleasant, and care for your soul usually most irksome.

28. When you are much a stranger to the practical part of meditation on the word and works of God.

29. When the thoughts of a dying Jesus, for your sins, little dissuade you from an unchristian conversation.

30. When you can remember past sins committed, rather with liking than loathing.

31. When you can see spectacles of mortality carrying to their long home, and be as practically unconcerned, as though yourselves were exempted from the like state of mortality.

32. When you find greater satisfaction in the company of the world, than with the people of God.

SOLEMN ADMONITION TO MINISTERS.

THE Rev. Mr. D. one of the ministers of Edinburgh, during the reign of Charles the second, was one of those pious and faithful men, whose labors were blessed, and with whom was the secret of the Lord; so near did he live unto God, and so much was his mind impressed with the importance of his work, that he seldom or never was troubled in choosing a subject of discourse. His gracious and kind Lord always prevented that anxiety of mind with which few are unacquainted, by forcibly impressing on his heart the texts of scripture from which he was to preach. Thus he was never in any uneasiness for a subject of discourse; for He whom he served, laid furniture and supply to his hand, when the season of duty required. One remarkable instance of this, and a proof that the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, happened in the end of 1650 and the beginning of 1651, being appointed to preach at Scoon, in Scotland, at the coronation of Charles the second there, and when he swore the covenants

engrossed in the standard books of the church of Scotland, which was on Jan. 1, 1651; he, as usual, had his mind deeply impressed with a text of scripture, as the subject of the sermon he was to preach, which, from the Lord, was one of the plainest and most applicable predictions of the person to be crowned that could have been found in the scriptures. The text was as follows, Jer. xxii. 30. "Thus saith the Lord, Write ye this man childless, a man that shall not prosper in his days; for no man of his seed shall prosper, sitting upon the throne of David, and ruling any more in Judah." On receiving this text in his usual way, as from the Lord, the good man was much troubled what to do; to preach from it would certainly bring down the vengeance of the court; to reject it, would perhaps expose him to divine chastisements; after much anxious and painful deliberation, with the above text rolling in his heart, and almost ringing in his ears, he resolves to pitch on another as much suited to the occasion as possible; the one he made choice of, and preached from, was 2 Kings xi. 12, 17. "And he brought forth the king's son, and put the crown upon him, and gave him the testimony, and they made him king, and anointed him, and they clapt their hands and said, God save the king. And Jehoiada made a covenant between the Lord and the king and the people, that they should be the Lord's people; between the king also and the people." No passage could be more applicable to the exercise of the day, and the selection of it shews, that that good man was well acquainted with the scriptures, and knew how to use them; but, alas! He found he was following his own inclination, and not the mind of God. For after this circumstance, in that he had rejected the counsel of God, and followed his own devices, the Lord in that particular thing left him

during the remainder of his life, and he was often in great trouble of mind for a subject to preach on; was left ever after to choose and search for himself, when formerly the Lord, whom he served, laid plentifully to his hand at every season. There he had been found to strive against God, and studied to please man. A useful lesson to all the ministering servants of Christ, to preach and declare the whole counsel of God, and to wait on him, that he may direct their steps, lest haply, in following their own devices, they may be found to strive against God.

THE UNKNOWN GOD WONDERFULLY REVEALING HIMSELF TO A POOR PAGAN.

PAMMEHANUIT, an Indian of the first eminence in Martha's Vineyard, and his wife, buried their first five children successively, within ten days after the birth of each, notwithstanding all the efforts of *powaws* and the use of medicines for their preservation. In the year 1638, which was before the English settled there, a sixth child was born. The mother, agitated with fear lest this child also should die, and utterly despairing of help from the means she had formerly tried, took the babe in her arms, and walked out into the field, that there she might freely vent her sorrows and her tears. While she was there, musing on the insufficiency of all human help, she felt it powerfully suggested to her mind, that *there is one Almighty God who is to be prayed to; that this God hath created all things that we see; and, that the God who had given being to herself and all other people, and who had given this child to her, was easily able to continue his life.*

or the Lord," to whom
 of St. Paul; "Whom,
 , Him declare I unto

SOLDIER.

SOLDIER IN AMERICA, TO
 TEN A SHORT TIME
 UNKER'S HILL.

grim death will have
 d filthy reptiles will be
 to thee. No more shalt
 e shall these eyes, now
 hold thy lovely person,
 y dear infants. Yester-
 e fight, in which I had
 I. I received a ball in
 st. I am now so weak
 hardly write these few
 exchanging to thee.
 e hours will be the ut-
 rue was the presage
 we shall never meet
 to A. I gave my-
 ng my book I was
 mankind, was
 sweet attractions
 lighten m-

impressions, "a people prepared for it. But I want
a missionary may address the work of the Lord. I want
therefore, ye ignorantly waiting. I am aware of this.
you!"

LETTER OF A DYING SOLDIER

A COPY OF A LETTER FROM A SISTER IN AMERICA
HIS WIFE IS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED
AFTER THE DEATH OF THE SISTER

My Dearest Love.

BEFORE these late years you have been
swept me off the stage of life. I have been
feeding on that form once so dear to me. No more shall
thou repose in these arms; no more shall these eyes, now
swimming in the shades of death, behold thy ivory person,
or gaze with delight on thee or my dear infant. I see
the bloody and obstinate fight, in which we had
been killed and wounded. I received one ball in
my breast. I have now no weakness of
I ran boldly with thee: I was
my arms were directed to thee.
I will be the ni-
I can
I have
I have never meet
On
America, I gave my-
the only book I was
of mankind, was
the sweet attractions
to enlighten my mind.
eral who is a methodist.

I had no knowledge of him till one night when I had been earnest in prayer to God, to guide me in the way of peace. During my sleep, I dreamt of this same man, and was directed to him by name, which was Samuel Pierce. The dream made so strong an impression on my mind, that next morning I inquired if there was such a person in the regiment, and was greatly astonished to find him. I told him my dream, with which he was much pleased. We soon contracted a strong friendship, and he was pleased to explain to me the amazing love of God in giving his son Jesus Christ to bleed and die for mankind; he unfolded to me the mysteries of salvation, the nature of the new birth, and the great necessity of holiness of heart and life; in short, he became my spiritual father, and to him, under God, I owe all the good I am acquainted with. My dear love, I wish thee to become acquainted with this blessed way of life.

Soon after we landed, God was pleased to speak peace to my soul. Oh! The bliss, the unutterable joy that I then felt, through the blood of the Lamb! How I longed to tell the whole world what Jesus had done for me! But how did I long, yea burn, to have thee, my dear love, to taste and know the love of God in Christ Jesus! I would have given the world to have been with thee, to have informed thee of the pearl of great price. My dear love, as we shall never meet more in this vale of tears, let me impose this last, this dying obligation upon thee; and, if I was ever dear to thee, let me intreat thee not to neglect the last advice of thy departing husband; which is, that thou mayest give thyself up to God, read the Bible and good books, and frequent the preaching of the people called methodists; and the Lord will guide thee in his way. And oh,

endeavor to bring up the dear little ones in the fear of God. Oh, never fix thine heart upon the vain and unsubstantial things of this world. Heaven and the love of God are the only things that demand our hearts, or are worthy of engrossing them. Thou art yet young, nor can I wish thee not to enter again into the marriage state, when I am cold and in the dust. But let me give thee some advice; marry with no one however handsome or rich he may be, unless he fears and loves God. That is the only thing needful. During the four years we cohabited together, many things occurred which I forbear mentioning; but, as I have obtained pardon of God, my awful judge, for all I have done, I most humbly beg of thee, that thou wilt pardon me wherein soever I have offended thee; and I most heartily acquit thee of any thing thou hast done to disoblige me. I have been a worthless husband to thee, and an undutiful son to my parents, and a vile rebel against my God. O God, be merciful to me a sinner! I die in peace with all the world. I die in a full assurance of eternal glory. A few moments, and my soul shall be ranged amongst the disembodied spirits in the general assembly of the church of the firstborn, who are written in heaven. Oh, my love; I beg of thee, I beseech thee, I charge thee, to meet me in the realms of glory! Oh, fly to the arms of the once bleeding Jesus! Oh, cry to him, day and night, and he will hear and bless thee!

And you, my dear infants, though you have not the perfect knowledge of your worthless father, I beg you to pray to meet me in the realms of bliss. The God who blessed Jacob and Joseph will bless you. Seek him, and he will be found of you; call upon him, and he will hear and bless you. What is the world but sin and sorrow.

The rich are oppressed with their wealth; the poor are groaning for the want of that which others are burdened with. The men of power are afflicted with holding the reins, and guiding the helm; the governed are oppressed with real or imaginary evils. The life of a soldier is blood and cruelty; that of sailor dangers and death. A city life is full of confusion and strife; a country life is loaded with toil and labor. But the greatest of all evils flows from our own sinful nature. Wherever we are, we may be happy; we carry the key of bliss in our breast. The world itself never yet made any one happy. God alone is the bliss of a reasonable soul; and he is every where present, and we have every where free access to him. Learn, then, my dear children, when you grow up, to seek for permanent happiness in God, through a crucified Redeemer.

My dear love, should the spirits of the departed have any knowledge of things here below, and at the same time any intercourse with them, though unseen, how shall I rejoice to be thy guardian angel, to attend thee, and smile to see thee combat sin, conquer the world, and subdue the flesh; but if not, how shall I smile to meet thee on the bright frontiers of heaven. These hands shall weave for thee, with joy, thy triumphant crown. I first will hail thee to thy native mansions. I first will guide thy conquering feet to the celestial city, and introduce thee to the jubilant throng who tread the streets of the New Jerusalem. I first will lead thee to the sacred throne of our God, where we will together bow, transported, at the sublime seat of the ever adorable Jesus. Then, then will we strike our melodious harps of gold, in the most

exalted strains of harmony and love. Then shall our love be consummated, refined, and eternalized.

The world recedes, it disappears;
 Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears,
 With sounds seraphic, ring:
 Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly!
 O grave, where is thy victory?
 O death, where is thy sting?

Dear love, more would I say, but life ebbs out apace. My senses cease to perform their office. Bright angels stand around the gory turf on which I lie, ready to escort me to the arms of my Jesus. Bending saints reveal my shining crown, and beckon me away. Yea, methinks, my Jesus bids me come. Adieu! Adieu! Adieu, dear love.

JOHN RANDON.

THE LAW AND GOSPEL CONTRASTED.

THE law sheweth us our sin; the gospel sheweth us our remedy. The law sheweth us our condemnation; the gospel our redemption.

The law is the word of anger; the gospel is the word of grace. The law is the word of despair; the gospel is the word of comfort. The law is the word of heaviness; the gospel is the word of peace.

The law saith, "Pay thy debt;" the gospel saith, "Christ hath paid it." The law saith, "Thou art a sinner, and shall be damned;" the gospel saith, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; be of good comfort." The law saith, "God the Father of heaven is angry with thee;" the gospel saith, "Christ hath pacified him with his blood." The

law saith, "Where is thy righteousness?" The gospel saith, "Christ is thy righteousness." The law saith, "Thou art bound to me, to satan, and to hell;" the gospel saith, "Christ hath delivered thee from them all."

In order that you may enjoy the comfort of this sweet gospel, pray for evangelical faith and repentance; and if you eat the honey and milk of the gospel from day to day, the world's May flowers cannot run away with your heart. "To them that believe he is precious."

DYING CONFESSION OF A SAINT.

THE Rev. Mr D: when asked on his death bed, how he found himself, answered, "I have taken my good deeds, and bad deeds, and thrown them together in a heap, and fled from both to Christ, and in him I have peace."

ON BEING PRESENT AT THE HAPPY DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"Tell me my soul, can this be death?"
I ask when *thus* a saint can die;
Would I, like him, resign my breath?
Like him, to Jesus I would fly.

SACRED ARITHMETIC.

PSALM XC. 12.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

GREAT Father of eternity,
 Whose lofty throne is fix'd on high,
 Thrice holy is thy name;
 Thou dost not change, nor canst decay,
 The same today as yesterday,
 And evermore the same!
 But every thing beneath the skies
 Swift as the passing meteor flies,
 That quick eludes the gaze;
 So boundest thou the years of man
 Within a narrow fleeting span,
 And numberest his days.
 Thou hast decreed our mortal date,
 But hidden in thy wisdom great,
 The period from our eye;
 That we might not on time presume;
 Nor brood with horror o'er the tomb,
 But live prepar'd to die:
 But *numb'ring* not our days aright,
 We only count them by their ight,
 And value their decline.
 Then, teach us, Lord, to *reckon* so
 Their value and their use to know,
 With scholarship divine:
 Our *added* days may we so *cast*
 As to *subtract* the number past
 And learn how few remain:
 And the *remainder* so divide,
 That wisely every part applied,
 May bring us certain *gain*;
 Instruct us how, before we die,
 In every grace to *multiply*,
 And every sin *reduce*;

To copy every sacred *rule*,
 And study well in wisdom's school
 To bring those rules to *use*.
 Thus may we every passing year
 Keep our *accounts* of conscience clear,
 And happily perceive,
 That we, as fast as time can pace,
 Are growing rich in every grace,
 Each year and day we live.

SENTENTIOUS SELECTIONS.

MAN overlooks the most instructive book in his study, if he reads not himself.

Only to think well, and not to do well; amounts to no more than to dream well.

Covetous persons resemble sponges, which greedily drink in the water, but will not return a drop of it till they are squeezed.

As the sun when he appears in the heavens, not only discovers *himself* but discloses all those objects which surround us, so when God manifests himself to the soul he not only gives the knowledge of himself, but makes us acquainted with our own hearts, and the truths revealed in his word, which are inseparably connected with salvation.

PERSPICUITY OF THE GOSPEL.

A LADY of suspected chastity, and who was tinctured with infidel principles, conversing with a minister of the gospel, objected to the scriptures, on account of their obscurity and great difficulty of understanding them.

The minister wisely and smartly replied, "Why, madam, what can be easier to understand than the seventh commandment; Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Had she not failed in the practice of what she knew, she need not have complained of what she did not know.

DEATH BED OBSERVATIONS OF MR. SHEPHERD TO YOUNG MINISTERS.

AFTER observing to them their work was great, and called for great seriousness, he told them three things. First, That the studying of every sermon cost him tears. Secondly, Before he preached any sermon, he got good by it himself. Thirdly, He always went to the pulpit, as if he were to give up his account to his Master.

ON LAYING ASIDE OUR EYES.

SENECA speaks (fabulously no doubt) of certain witches, who used their eyes only occasionally. When at home they laid them aside, and consequently were totally blind; but whenever they went abroad, they put their eyes in their heads, and saw every thing perfectly.

Just so it is with many persons, who are always blind to their failings; but abroad are sharp sighted, and can discover in every body else, abundance of faults.

"The wise man's eyes are in his head" where they should be; and there he keeps them at home and abroad.

INCONSTANCY.....A FRAGMENT.

SCARCELY had Philander entered his closet to meditate on the sermon he had just heard, when his ears were assailed by a sudden rap at the door; and he was quickly informed, that some company waited in the parlor to see him. With much reluctance, increased by the conscious impropriety of Sunday visits, he left his beloved retreat; and, upon entering the room, was saluted by the complaisance of Curioso, Mutator, and Ventosus. After the formalities of an unexpected interview were adjusted, Philander, addressing himself to Curioso, said, "Where have you been this morning?" "Why, really," replied Curioso, "I can hardly tell; for, to be honest, I have spent a great part of the time in running about." "Then, I fear," said Philander, "you have not spent the time very profitably." "Indeed you are much mistaken," answered Curioso, "for I have attended two prayer meetings, and heard three sermons, and it is not dinner time yet." "How can that be possible?" replied Philander, with an unusual degree of earnestness. "Why," said Curioso, "I heard Diligens at seven o'clock, and as soon as sermon was over, hastened to a social prayer meeting at a friend's house. After breakfast, I met with some Christian brethren in the vestry of our meeting, and spent some time in prayer before service commenced; then, after hearing our minister, I ran as hard as I could to a certain chapel, and was just in time for the text; so that you see I have made a *good* use of my time." Just as he was pronouncing the last sentence, he was interrupted by Philander, who, with a very serious air, told him, he much doubted the propriety of his last expression. "Why so?" said Curioso. "Because," replied

Philander, "I think the time could have been better spent. "Surely," answered Curioso, "it cannot be more profitably spent than in hearing the gospel." "Give me leave, friend," said Philander, "to inquire what were the particular subjects you heard insisted upon?" The most tremendous clap of thunder could not have produced a more sudden change in Curioso than did this question. He was mute; but at length, with a faltering accent, he begged that Philander would give him time to *recollect*. "That," answered Philander, "is what I wanted you to *take*. It does not appear to me that you have gained much good by your attendance, when you cannot call to mind even the general outline of the subject. Had you been satisfied, as I was, to hear *one* sermon, with a mind prepared by serious self-examination, and after that, to retire, in order to apply what you had heard, which was suitable to your case, you would not only have retained in your memory the precious truths which fell from the lips of the preacher; but might, perhaps, have been able to say, They were life and spirit to my soul." Philander perceiving that Curioso was quite embarrassed, in order to afford him time to recover himself, turned the conversation to Mutator, who, finding he was about to be addressed, was willing to be beforehand, and said, "Pray who do you think I heard this morning?" "Why," answered Philander, "as I know your attachment to Gracilis, it is but natural to suppose you have attended upon him." "Not I, indeed," rejoined Mutator, "I thought you had known that I have entirely left him." "Surprising!" exclaimed Philander, "left Gracilis! Why the last time I saw you, you were extravagant in his praises. His ideas were so original, his voice so sonorous, his action so graceful, and his manner so energetic, you pronounced him the

greatest preacher you ever heard." "I really thought so," said Mutator, "till Eugenio came to town; but he has quite altered my opinion." "Pray who is Eugenio?" inquired Philander. "I do not much wonder," replied Mutator, "that you are ignorant of him; this is the *first* time of his visiting the metropolis; but when he becomes known, he will eclipse every body else." "On what account?" said Philander. "Why," answered Mutator, "because;" "I suppose you mean," subjoined Philander, "because he is a different person, a new face, that great *gospel magnet* of these wondering days." "Surely," said Mutator, "you are not serious in talking thus; you mean to banter me." "Not I, truly," replied Philander; "if you could learn the impropriety of such a changeable disposition, and act accordingly, it would much more adorn the profession of the truth than does a zealous, but *transient* attachment to a preacher; not because he is really more eminent than others, but because he is of more recent appearance." "What, then," exclaimed Ventosus, who had hitherto been silent, "I suppose you wish us always to hear one minister. This would be lifeless work indeed. Variety and change are essential to improvement." "That I much question," said Philander. "Such a practice may gratify a fickle mind, and may, in some cases, be attended with advantage; but it is not calculated to increase knowledge, or establish the mind. Excuse me for adverting to your case, Curioso," continued he, "it gives birth to the error with which I think you are chargeable, and, perhaps, to several others." Here Ventosus interrupted him by saying, "Really, Philander, I think you are very bigotted. You should remember every person does not think as you do, and therefore give them the same latitude you take for

yourself." "This I will most cheerfully do," said Philander, "and the evil will be cured at once. I embrace the liberty of the gospel, and wish to extend it to others. Thence I learn that it is *a good thing for the heart to be established with grace*. Now I conceive you pursue methods, which have no tendency to promote this object. You gain no benefit from a minister unless he is popular. If he declines in this respect, you imagine his preaching is dry, insipid, and perhaps *legal*; and concur in the censure of others, that such a person, once a favorite with the public, is not what he used to be. This clearly proves, either that *he* is changed, or that *you* are mistaken; if *he* is altered, it must be either for the better or the worse. In the former case, you are not justified in leaving him; and even in the latter, you may be mistaken in your judgment; and if so, you carelessly, though inadvertently, leave *him*, under whom you once profited, and are hereby guilty of a contempt of one of God's messengers. I believe it seldom happens, according to the common course of things, that a minister is the worse for advancing in years. If his knowledge and experience increase, this ought to endear him to the people; whereas, in common, his continuance with them is the ostensible reason for departing from him."

Philander was now assailed by all his visitors, and charged with making unfriendly strictures upon their conduct. "I can only say," replied he, with much coolness, "that what I have advanced on this subject is consistent with reason and fact. Let me appeal to your experience." "But stop," said Ventosus, "here comes Mnason; we will have his opinion." Upon being introduced, he apologized for his intrusion, which he said he seldom had occasion to do

on that day, in which he never paid any idle visits; but he had been to see a sick brother, and finding himself weary, had called in for some refreshment. Philander told him that apologies were needless in his circumstances, at the same time that he perceived the confusion of his other guests at this undesigned, but poignant reproof, which had dropped from Mnason. "We have," said Ventosus, addressing himself so Mnason, "for some time been conversing on a subject, which we will now refer to you. Philander condemns the practice of many persons, in following different popular preachers, and thinks we ought to confine ourselves *chiefly* to a stated ministry." "In that," answered Mnason, "I think he is perfectly right. You see I am now old; I have stood for many years a tree planted, I hope, by the Lord's right hand; and though not so fruitful as I could wish, yet I trust not altogether barren. I have for many years sat under the truly venerable Judicator, and find more instruction, and as much satisfaction in him as ever. With him I began my Christian race, and with or shortly after him, I hope to end it." "I am sure," said Mutator, "the case is very different with us; we have been but a few years in the good old way, yet, and" subjoined Philander, "have had as many favorites as moons." This sudden interruption quite disconcerted them; and though at first they intended to spend the afternoon with Philander, and the evening at some lecture, they now began to prepare for a departure. When Philander perceived this, he told them that he did not judge it a breach of true hospitality, to reject such visits as these, "and," added he, "as I never expect, so I never prepare for them; but if you will take such fare as we have, you shall be welcome, and after dinner we will accompany

Mnason to hear Judicator." They accepted the offer, and amongst other things which were mentioned in conversation, Mnason particularly requested them to remember, that there were relative duties between a minister and his people, which ought most conscientiously to be regarded. On the minister's part, by watching for the souls of his hearers; and on the people's part, by holding up, and strengthening the hands of their minister. "These duties," continued he, "must be neglected by a conformity to that practice for which you have been contending against Philander." There seemed a general acquiescence in this observation, and the time being come to go to the place of worship, they went accordingly, and were all of them properly seated before the commencement of the service; for it was a maxim with Mnason and Philander never to disturb public worship by a late attendance, which they considered both as *indecent* and *criminal*. They accompanied Judicator in his address to the Throne of Grace; but were not a little surprized to hear him read for his text the benediction of David, *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be still praising thee.** From which he took occasion to shew the privilege they enjoyed in having public ordinances to resort to. The duty of such as have this mercy, as consisting in a constant, steadfast, and persevering regard to them. The peculiar advantage which resulted from DWELLING in the house of God; great cause for praise, and a disposition corresponding to it. When the assembly were dismissed, they departed from the courts of God, acknowledging the benefit they had received from the discourse, and resolving, in the strength of Divine Grace, to be, in future, more *steadfast, and always to abound in the work of the Lord, which shall not be in vain.*

* Psalm lxxiv. 4.

KEY TO THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE Old Testament is a treasure locked up, of which Christ alone has the key; without him the Bible is like the earth without the sun; it has beauties, but they are all invisible.

FOR A LADY'S SAMPLER.

JESUS, permit thy gracious name to stand,
 As the first efforts of an infant's hand;
 And while her fingers o'er this canvas move,
 Engage her tender heart to seek thy love;
 With thy dear children let her share a part,
 And write thy name, thyself, upon her heart.

ON THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

As late amongst the flow'ry tribes,
 I stray'd with tranquil breast,
 A serious monitor at length
 My musing mind address'd.

A tender plant, preserved with care
 Beneath a sunny shed,
 Receded from the touch I gave,
 And quickly bow'd its head.*

In reason's ear it seemed to say,
 "Mortal behold in me
 An emblem of the righteous Plant
 Expos'd to death for thee.

"Humble and meek thy Master came
 To suffer rude disdain,
 And, though by thankless men revil'd,
 Resisted not again.

* See *Hervey's Reflections on a Flower Garden*.

"Thou, too, art plac'd where many a foe
Thy fall would gladly see;
With cautious care avoid their wiles,
As I withdraw from thee.

"Deign to be taught, though blooming now,
Soon thou wilt bow thine head!
A chilling hand will touch thy frame,
And lay thee with the dead."

"Thanks, gentle moralist," I cried,
"Still to my thoughts be nigh,
Each day the solemn truth repeat;
Remember thou must die."

But souls by Jesus lov'd, shall live
When winds and storms are o'er,
Where no base hand, or cruel blast,
Shall e'er assault them more.

THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

MIDST *Alexander's* hosts was found,
A coward with his hero's name;
An *Alexander* but in sound,
He never won a warrior's fame.

"Fight well, or else my name disown,"
The *Macedonian* hero cries;
"By noblest valor make it known,
An *Alexander* never flies."

Their Captain's name thus Christians hear;
His soldiers too should seek for fame;
Then boldly wage Faith's glorious war,
Or never boast the *Christian* name.

THE BENEFIT OF RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

It is observable of many houses in a great city, that they have such weak walls, and are of such a slender and slight building, that, were they set *alone* in the fields, probably they would not stand one hour; which, now ranged into streets, *receive* support in themselves, and mutually *return* it to others. Such is the danger of *solitude*, and the great benefit of *society*, with good and godly company. Such as want skill or boldness to begin or set a psalm, may competently follow tune in *concert* with others; and such are the blessed fruits of *good society*, that a person may not only be *preserved* from much mischief, but also be *strengthened* and *confirmed* in many spiritual exercises, which he could not perform of himself alone. "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together."*

SATAN'S CHARGE, AND THE SINNER'S DISCHARGE.

AN old author mentions a story of the devil's appearing to a dying man, and shewing him a parchment roll, which was very long, wherein were written on every side the sins of the poor sick man, very many in number. There were written the *idle words* he had spoken, which made up three quarters of the words he had spoken in his life; together with the *false words*, the *unchaste words*, and *angry words*; afterwards came in rank his *vain and ungodly words*; and lastly his *actions*, digested according to the commandments; whereupon satan said, "See here, thy virtues; see here what thy examination must be;" but the poor man an-

* Psalm cxii. 3.

swered, "It is true, satan, but thou hast not set down all; for thou shouldest have added, and set down here below, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sins;" and this also should not have been forgotten, "That whosoever believeth in him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life;" whereupon the devil vanished.

Thus, if the devil should muster up all our sins, and set them in order before us, yet, let but Christ be named in a *believing* way, and he will yield, and flee from us with the greatest speed. The Captain of salvation overcame the tempter, by saying, "It is thus and thus written;" and his soldiers may still "overcome the accuser of the brethren, by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony."

THE LOSS OF THE SOUL IRRECOVERABLE.

St. Chrysostome hath well observed with the anatomists, *Omnia Deus dedit duplicia*, God hath, in the frame of man's body, given him *two eyes, two ears, two hands, two feet*, and the like, that the failing of the *one* might be supplied by the other: *Animam vero unam*. Yet he hath given him, saith he, but *one soul*; so that if that be *lost*, there is no supply to be had. Nebuchadnezzar may lose his kingdom, and it may be restored. Job, his health and wealth, and they may be recovered. Lazarus, his life, and he may be revived. But, for the *loss of the soul*, no means can repair it; no price can redeem it; all the world cannot recompense it; being once lost, it is lost irrecoverably.

WE WOULD SEE JESUS....A FRAGMENT.

I would see Jesus in prosperity, that her fascinating light may not lead me to a dreadful precipice; but, that his good Spirit may whisper to my heart the noble inducements Christians have to devise liberal things; that I may ever be saying, "What am I, O Lord, that thou shouldest put into my heart to do these things, when the earth is thine and the fulness thereof? It is but thine own which I return unto thee."

I would see Jesus in adversity, because he is a friend born for such a state; because, when all the fallacious props of happiness give way, his single name alone supports the building. I would see Jesus in adversity, that I might order my cause before him, for he has all power in heaven and on earth, and easily can arrange future events, so as to throw lustre on the darkest circumstances.

I would see Jesus in health, that I may turn at his gentlest reproof; that I may not be full and forget God, but be devoted, body as well as soul, to his praise.

I would see Jesus in sickness, because he healeth all my diseases; he alone dispenses the balm of Gilead; he alone is the Physician there.

I would see Jesus in ordinances; for what are ordinances destitute of him? As the body without the spirit is dead, so are ordinances without Christ. He shews himself through the lattices, he appears in his beauty, he is as the dew unto Israel, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; his people sit under his shade with great delight; his fruit is pleasant to their taste. They say continually in ordinances, "Make haste, O my beloved; be thou like a young hart upon the mountains."

I would see Jesus in social intercourse. For what are the charms of friendship? What the refinements of taste? What the pleasures of conversation? Are they not all unsatisfying and delusive, unless sanctified by the grace of this Redeemer?

I would see Jesus in my own heart, as Lord of its affections, of its purposes, of its pleasures; as the grand mover of its hopes and fears; the author of its existence and happiness.

I would see Jesus in death, as the Sun of Righteousness, whose beams, in the darkest moments, can spread light and healing. I would listen to his voice, saying, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." "Fear not, I have the keys of hell and death." Arise, O thou wearied follower of thy crucified Lord, and enter into thy rest.

I would see Jesus in glory; for, what is heaven itself without him? But when we shall see him as he is, *then shall we be like him,* and be for ever happy in his presence.

DR. GUISE.

DR. G. lost his eyesight in the pulpit during the prayer before sermon; and was thereby incapacitated from making use of his notes. After service, as he was led out, bitterly bewailing his loss, a good old lady overhearing him, cried, "God be praised, your sight is gone! I never heard you preach such a sermon in my life. I wish the Lord had taken it away twenty years ago!" Thus the Lord often makes the deprivation of our personal comforts advantageous to our fellow Christians.

DR. GILL.

THIS learned divine once preaching on human inability a gentleman present was much offended, and took him to task for degrading human nature. "Pray, sir," said the doctor, "what do you think men can contribute to their own conversion?" He enumerated a variety of particulars. "And have you done all this?" said the doctor. "Why, no; I can't say I have yet; but I hope I shall begin soon." "If you have these things in your power, and have not done them, you deserve to be doubly damned; and are but ill qualified to be an advocate for free will, which has done you so little good."

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

A VISION.

As I was lately travelling in a waste howling wilderness, where every step was attended with difficulty and danger, I retired to a shady covert to seek that repose which the fatigues of my journey had rendered desirable; and no sooner had sleep, with its refreshing influences, closed my eyes, than fancy, ever on the wing, again conducted me to the scenes in which I had so lately toiled.

Me thought I saw two travellers, both in the full glow of youth and vigor, just entering upon a vast desert, in which three several paths presented themselves to their choice. For a time, they kept company together, and each of them was busily employed in communicating to the other the projects he had formed respecting the progress, the success, and final end of the journey. It was not long, however, before their views and desires began considerably

to vary; and, finding themselves unsuitable companions, they mutually agreed to separate, and severally to follow that path which appeared to each most likely to lead to the object of their pursuit, viz. happiness.

The first took a winding path, which was every where adorned with the most beautiful flowers, at once charming the eye with the variety of their tints, and regaling the smell with the richness of their perfume. Here he was at no loss for companions; a prodigious multitude of people being collected, who were all walking in the same path, and engaged in the same pursuits. At one time, they amused themselves by forming nosegays of the finest flowers to decorate their bosoms, or adorn their brows; at another, they lay reclined in the enchanting arbors, which art had formed; and, in all the indulgence of the most effeminate indolence, listened to the warblings of the birds, who carolled in the surrounding trees. Here you might see a party of nymphs and swains, who danced in concert to the softest music; and there a group, who were pampering their appetites with all the delicacies they could invent. I could not, however, help observing, that our traveller and his gay friends were frequently surprised in the midst of their delights, with an unexpected misfortune; sometimes, while they were encircling their temples with chaplets of the finest roses, the thorns which environed them would pierce their flesh, and occasion the most agonizing smart; at others, dangerous serpents, who lay concealed among the flowery meadows, would fix their envenomed stings in the most vital parts, and cause excruciating tortures, and, sometimes, instant death.

These disastrous events at length made our adventurer grow weary of scenes which exposed him to such painful

accidents; and he turned aside, about the middle of the desert, into another path, which, though not so pleasant as that he had forsaken, was nearly as much thronged with passengers as the former; but they appeared, in general, farther advanced in years, and of a graver cast than his late associates. Here he employed himself, in common with his new friends, in collecting together immense quantities of shining dust, or curious pebbles; and, strange to tell, each seemed to value himself in proportion to the load of these encumbering trifles which he carried with him; though, as their strength continually decreased as they advanced towards the end of their journey, they were often ready to sink under the weight of their burdens. I perceived too, that this path was every where covered with two noxious weeds called Care and Suspicion, which spread a pestilential vapor through the air, and soon injured the strongest constitution.

Here I left him for a while, and turned to take a view of the youth with whom he at first set out. I observed, that he was walking in a very narrow path, which he had entered by a small gate, which, though at intervals it presented a few flowers, was so overrun with briars and thorns, that his progress was rendered extremely difficult and inconvenient; there were likewise several bogs and sloughs, into which he was in great danger of falling; dark clouds often intercepted the rays of the sun, so as to occasion almost total darkness; and the distress and perplexity occasioned by all these circumstances, received no small addition from the scorn and contemptuous usage of those who were walking in the pleasant paths before described; who, being within sight and hearing, would frequently ridicule him in the most cruel and insulting terms, for what they called his

folly and madness in choosing a road so beset with hazard and inconvenience. It is true, he met with some companions, who endeavored to encourage him in his arduous undertaking; but these were very few, when opposed to the multitudes who were travelling the other roads; and, as they were all exposed to the same trials as himself, they could do little more than sympathize and condole with each other. Notwithstanding these discouragements, our traveller continued to advance; and, though he met with frequent trips from the roughness and unevenness of the way, he speedily rose again, and pursued his journey. At first, I was astonished at his perseverance; but I soon perceived that a hand, which before I had not seen, was constantly reached from above to support him in all his trials; when he met with an accidental fall, this hand quickly lifted him up; when he slackened his pace, it urged him forward; and when, as was sometimes the case, he was so worn out by the fatigues he had to encounter, as to be ready to turn aside, it instantly caught his arm, and kept him in the right path. I saw, likewise, that he had a map of the country to which he was going, which he often considered with great delight; and he eagerly embraced every mean in his power, of improving himself in the language spoken by its inhabitants. The desert, too, was not wholly destitute of enjoyments; and I observed that these appeared more abundant the farther he advanced. He frequently met with streams of the purest water, at which he would drink, with a satisfaction that seemed infinitely to exceed that of the travellers in the other paths, even when they were rioting in all the profusion of luxurious indulgence. Sometimes, the very briars, contrary to nature would pro-

duce the most exquisite fruits; and I particularly remarked, that when a little group of these scattered pilgrims happened to meet, they conversed together with such affection, and described the land to which they were travelling with such transports, that all their troubles were forgotten; and those very persons who derided them, could not help envying the happiness which was depicted on their countenances.

In this manner our traveller continued to proceed till he came within sight of the farther side of the desert, which was bounded by a river, whose tide was amazingly rapid; when he arrived here, I looked to see whether there was any bridge, but found none; and was quickly informed, that every person, when they reached this side of the desert, were under an unavoidable necessity of fording the river. Our traveller accordingly prepared to enter it; but I could plainly see that the courage he had manifested by the way, began here to fail, and he hesitated as irresolute; when instantly a form, more lovely than any of the sons of men, appeared on the other side of the river; and, casting on him a look of divine benignity, said, "Fear not, for where I am, there shall you be also." Animated by this sweet promise, he looked upwards with tranquil smile; and, instantly plunging into the water, the same supernatural hand that had guided him in his journey, held him fast till he had got quite through the river. How great now was my astonishment at the change which appeared in him the moment he set his foot on the opposite shore! His countenance shone with angelic lustre, his garments were whiter than snow, and more glorious than the beams of the meridian sun; millions of heavenly forms came to welcome his arrival; and the light which emanated from their

refulgent glory was so dazzling, that I was no longer capable of supporting the sight. I therefore turned my eyes back to the desert, and saw the man who had originally been the companion of the happy spirit I had been considering, drawing near the banks of the river. He had accumulated such a weighty burden of dust and stones, that he was scarcely able to crawl under it; and, instead of advancing willingly towards the river, he tried by every possible means to get back into the wilderness. While I looked, a meagre and terrific form caught him by the hand and, in spite of all his resistance, plunged him in the waters. Stunned by the violence of the motion, he fell headlong in; but, alas! no shining form appeared for his assistance, no hand was sent to his support; he shrieked in wild despair, and was immediately borne away by the violence of the stream; his screams still reiterated in my ears, and I awoke. Reader, thou hast followed our adventurers to the end of their journey, hast thou considered the consequences that ensue? The desert is the wilderness of life, the paths are called Pleasure, Riches, and Religion. You and I are among the number of the travellers; and the application nearly concerns us; if all our time is spent in either of the former paths, the end will be misery and endless ruin; if the latter is our choice, we shall meet with trials by the way, but it will conduct us to the shores of immortality, from whence, by a gentle ascent, we shall reach the Paradise of God.

CELESTIAL PROSPECTS.

SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes;
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies.

All hail! Ye fair celestial shores!

Ye lands of endless day!

Swift on my view your prospect pours,

And drives my griefs away.

'Tis a delightful clearness now,

Each pierceless cloud is gone;

Fled is my former darkness too,

My fears are all withdrawn.

Short is the passage.....short the space

Between my home and me:

There! There! Behold the radiant place!

How near the mansions be!

Immortal wonders! Boundless things!

In those dear worlds appear;

Uriel, bear me on thy wings,

And mount my spirit there.

NECESSITY OF SENDING THE GOSPEL TO THE HEATHEN.

SOME of the Africans, regarding the *tiger* as god of the woods, and others, the *shark* as a kind of Neptune, or god of the seas, pay divine honors to these creatures respectively. The king of Dahomy worships the shark. When one of these fish is taken on that part of the coast which lies the nearest to his territory, it is immediately conveyed in a vehicle, somewhat resembling the palanquin of the east, to a temple near the king's residence, dedicated to this animal. There the shark's flesh is eaten by the king and his attendants; and, on every such occasion, a number of slaves are invariably sacrificed in honor of their god. The heads of the victims are piled up in the temples, and there

are already collected two immense heaps of them, which are increased with every fresh shark brought from the coast.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SEND THE GOSPEL TO THE HEATHENS.

A YOUNG catechist under Mr. Shwartz, a Christian missionary at Tiruchinapally, hearing that a relation of his at a distance had died in heathenism, discovered much distress of heart, and begged permission to go and preach Christ to the surviving members of the family; which having obtained, he set out the next day, in company with some other natives on his journey. On the way, they were attacked by a party of robbers, who stripped them of all their clothes, food, money, and whatever else they had about them. With much intreaty, the catechist obtained from one of the thieves, who appeared to be an apostate papist, his books, and a rag to bind round his middle; and thus he went to the next town. His companions had relations there, who provided them with necessaries on their arrival; whilst the poor catechist was left standing naked in the street, with his books on his arm, having no resource but in the providence of God. At length, a goldsmith of the place accosted him, and inquired who he was, where he lived, and whither he was going. The catechist told him that he lived with the preacher of the true gospel, at Tiruchinapally; that he was going to carry the good tidings to his relations at Uttama-paleiam; but that the Lord had tried him on the way, by suffering him to fall into the hands of the Kallur, or thieves. The goldsmith then in-

vited him to his house, and desired him to read to him out of the Christian books he had brought with him; which having done, his host very kindly entertained him for the night, and when he left him in the morning, gave him an old garment, and three measures of rice; in return for which, the catechist left with him a little book, and pursued his journey. The next day he came to another town, where he was equally unknown; but here the Lord opened the heart of a brazier, who cheerfully entertained him, and paid great attention to the doctrine of the gospel. On the morrow, the bailiff, who had also requested at his lips, instruction from the word of God, furnished him with more rice, and gave him a good garment, instead of the old one presented by the goldsmith. When he came within one day's journey of his relations, he found he had to pass through a tract abounding with dangers; but here also the Lord raised him up a friend, in an old school fellow, with whom he accidentally met, and who lent a serious ear whilst the catechist shewed him the way of salvation. This man furnished him with a guard of ten persons, in whose company he arrived safely at the place of destination. Here he was the happy instrument of bringing to the knowledge of Jesus the widow of his deceased relative, a youth of the place, a Serwikaren, or centurion, and a Roman Catholic catechist, the latter of whom received a New Testament with his face on the ground, in token of his gratitude for the book, and his reverence for its author. From the centurion he received a turban, which completed his dress; and by means of the convert from popery, a guard of thirty men to attend him home; where he returned, after an absence of thirty days, greatly strengthen-

ed in his faith, and more than ever devoted to the service of Him, who, when he was hungry, had provided him with food, and when naked, with raiment; secured him from all danger on his return, and so graciously helped him to accomplish the object of his journey.

LOVE OF CHRIST.

I LOVE thee, Lord; but ah! how small
Is my weak love for thee,
To that unbounded love of thine,
For such a worm as me!

I love thee, Lord, in all thy ways,
I love thy might and power;
I love, but ah! how small the love!
Lord, make me love thee more!

I fain would love thee, Lord, but I
Forgetful am of thee;
O, could I love thee as I ought,
Or love as God loves me!

A SEASONABLE HINT TO MANY!

Dr. Johnson once reproved the Rev. Dr. M. for saying grace in his presence, without mentioning the name of the *Lord Jesus Christ*; and hoped, in future, he would be more mindful of the apostolical injunction. Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

**VERSES; COMPOSED FOR A COMPANY OF SINGERS, AT
AN ANNUAL FEAST.**

BEFORE MEAT.

THY love, dear Jesus, doth appear,
In sparing us from year to year;
Thy matchless goodness we adore,
And future favors join t' implore.
Let thy rich blessing crown our feast,
And condescend to be a guest.

AFTER MEAT.

Accept, O Lord, our thankful songs
For ev'ry good thy hand bestows;
To thee our highest praise belongs;
From thee each temporal blessing flows;
O feed our souls with heavenly food,
The purchase of Immanuel's blood!

THE ASTONISHED ATHEIST.

AN atheist, being asked by a professor of Christianity, How he could quiet his conscience in so desperate a state? replied, "As much am I astonished at yourself, that, believing the Christian religion to be true, you can quiet your conscience in living so much-like the world; did I believe what you profess, I should think no care, no diligence, no zeal enough." Alas! that there should still, by Christians, be so much cause given for the astonishment of atheists!

AFFECTING INSTANCE OF PRIDE.

AN ancient father, being invited to dine with a person of rank, learnt, when he came to the house, that the lady

had spent three hours in dressing herself. It so affected him, that when she entered the room, the venerable man was dissolved in tears. Inquiring the cause, he turned to her, and seriously replied, "I weep that you have spent more hours in gratifying your pride, and ruining your soul, than ever I spent together in saving mine."

RETIREMENT.

RETIR'D from noise, my silent thoughts
On things celestial muse;
Reflection calmly looks behind,
While faith the future views.

Here all is rest, and sweet repose,
Here all my sorrows cease;
For Jesus meets my spirit here,
And kindly whispers peace.

GREAT DIFFERENCE IN PREACHERS.

A GENTLEMAN in Scotland, having been to hear the late Mr. Whitefield preach in the open air, was met, in his way home, by an eminent minister, under whom he usually sat, and who expressed great surprise that he should go to hear *such* a man. The gentleman gave him this answer; "Sir," said he, "when I hear you, I am planting trees all the time; but, during the whole of Mr. W.'s sermon, I never got time to plant one."

EVIDENCES BY WHICH TRUE AND FALSE IMPRESSIONS UPON THE MIND MAY BE DISTINGUISHED.

SATAN quoted scripture in order to corrupt the mind of Christ, and draw him from the path of duty. Some carnal professors do the same; and wrest the scriptures to their own destruction. The way in which the Holy Spirit impresses the mind, is *not by making a new revelation*; but by a suitable application of the truths already revealed, according to our state and circumstances. Though some persons may be deceived by sudden impressions, for want of a due inquiry from whence they come; yet the *suddenness itself* is no proof that they are false. The Lord can, and many times in distressing cases, does help speedily, and even instantaneously. He who called to Abraham at the very instant when he was about to sacrifice his son, can, if he please, instantly relieve the mind by a suitable word, when in the greatest distress.

But, seeing the mind is capable of receiving false impressions from satan, inordinate self-love, &c. to distinguish the true from the false, is a matter of the greatest importance. For example: Suppose the mind should be impressed with this scripture; "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." Before a person can conclude that this impression is from God, he should seriously ask himself such questions as the following.

1. Do I possess that spirit to which the general tenor of scripture promises forgiveness? Before David received a sense of divine mercy, he earnestly sued for it, and confessed the depravity of his nature, and the transgressions of his life. Nor did he merely plead for pardon, but also for renewing grace; "Create in me a clean heart, O God;

and renew a right spirit within me." Under the gospel dispensation, we are directed to seek mercy in the name of Christ; pleading his blood and mediation, through whom God hath promised forgiveness; for, "Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." What is my character with respect to these things?

2. What effect has a sense of the forgiving mercy of God produced in my mind? Do I possess a holy love to God, who hath magnified his mercy, and to Christ, through whom I enjoy the invaluable blessing? She who had "much forgiven, loved much."*

3. Am I influenced by the love of God, to devote my soul and body to him, that I may be his servant for ever? "Now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."† If such be my spirit and character, I may be assured that the blessing contained in the passage of scripture thus impressed belongs to me. The concurrence of the things impressed with the general sense of scripture, and with the holy effects produced in the heart and life, are, in all cases, a criterion by which we may distinguish the operations of the Holy Spirit from all false impressions. The latter, whether proceeding from satan, or from human depravity, though accomplished by means of some passage of scripture; yet, the intention being to corrupt and misapply that passage, they are condemned by the general voice of scripture; and, if acceded to, will be productive of nothing but error and sin.

Satan frequently suggests to wicked men that God is merciful. This is a glorious truth; and its proper effect

* Luke vii. 47.

† Rom. vi. 22.

is to encourage a returning sinner to hope for mercy. But as it is here suggested, its tendency is to lull the sinner asleep in security, persuading him, that though he continue in sin, yet it shall be well with him at last. Again; satan sometimes suggests to a carnal professor, that the sheep of Christ shall never perish. This is true; but the design of satan is, to persuade him that he shall get to heaven, though he hate the path which leads to it. It seems as if satan could have access to the human mind in sleep; for some persons have a misrepresentation of their state in dreams, whereby they are strangely infatuated. Yet God sometimes speaks this way, but always agreeably to his written word.

Once more; satan frequently suggests to a person under convictions, that he is the chief of sinners. But his design is, to drive him to despair, and to persuade him that his sins are too great to be forgiven; whereas, the tendency of the like suggestion from the Spirit of God is to lead the sinner to apply earnestly for mercy.

SAYING AND DOING ARE TWO THINGS.

MR. Erskine, in one of his excellent sermons, mentions a little anecdote, which, however trifling in itself, may afford a very useful hint, of a practical kind, to every hearer of the gospel.

A person who had been to public worship, having returned home, perhaps somewhat sooner than usual, was asked by another of the family who had not been there, "Is all done?" "No," replied he, all is *said*; but all is not *done*."

No, indeed! *saying* and *doing* are two things. How little is commonly done of all that is said; however *well* said!

Nevertheless; "Blessed are they who hear the word of God, and *keep it*." And, "if ye know these things, happy are ye if ye *do them*."

MARRIAGE.

[The following was put into the hands of the wife of a minister, by her father, on the morning of her marriage.]

MARRIAGE is a divine institution of a wise and gracious God; and when two persons are united together in the fear and love of God, they will, under him, as far as possible, support one another in the path of life, and in the road to heaven. From the double tie of love and duty, they will watch over one another for good, bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

I had rather, my dear daughter, give you to a man of this description, even if he was destitute of a penny, than to one possessed of thousands a year, and a stranger to vital godliness. How grateful, then, is it to me, and what a prospect of benefit to you, when I see you not only united to a Christian, but to one, who for several years, even from the age of fourteen, has been called to the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ, which is eternal life; and whom God has honored with a commission to preach the gospel, and that with success. Esteem him, my dear daughter, very highly in love for his work's sake.

Would you have an honorable man? It is granted you; a servant of the most high God, and an ambassador of Jesus Christ. Would you have a man possessed of riches? It is granted; he has found the pearl of great price, and is employed by *Him*, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; who himself hath put into that earth-

en vessel hidden treasures, gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, and hath given him power to bring out of those treasures things new and old. Is a man of good connexion desirable? He belongs to the family of heaven, and the church of the firstborn, and is connected with a people whom the king delights to honor.

I trust, my dear child, with so many privileges, you will advance in divine knowledge, and that I shall see the answer of many prayers which have been offered up in your behalf; some before "your infant thoughts had learned to form themselves in prayer." Yes, my dear, I bless God you are the child of many prayers, not only of your parents, but also of the ministers of the gospel who have been received under our roof, some of whom are resting from their labors. Our united requests are in part answered; and the rest are *on the file*, to be fulfilled in due season. I well remember some of the petitions which a man of God offered up for you; "God bless the child thou hast given thy servants; preserve her to maturity if it be thy will; make her an ornament to her sex, an useful member of society and the church, a promoter of good, and a receiver of the prophets of the Lord." As I then said, so I now repeat, "Amen, Lord grant it!" Let me advise you, my child, to improve time and opportunity. You will have much leisure, and many means of grace; be careful to improve them. Read the Bible much; it is the best book. Be frequent in prayer, and, above all, hearken to the teachings of *Him*, who hath said, *learn of me*; then there will be no need for me to say much of the duty of your new connexion, for the Lord will incline you to love, honor, and obey, and you will value the gift for the giver's sake.

To you, dear sir, I have given *an only child*, who is now your wife, and a more near relation to you than to me. I rejoice that I can say, you know your duty better than I can inform you. Let me remind you, however, of that strong expression of the apostle's, that a man is to love his wife *as Christ loved the church*. Consider it; and under our divine Head, endeavor to enrich her soul, that I may say, "Lord, thou hast answered the prayer of thy unworthy servant." And now, my dear children, I commend you to God and the word of his grace; may you love one another with a pure affection, reserving the chief place for the Lord.

Let us not grieve at parting; we hope to meet again. Yes, I hope to meet you at least twice a day at the throne of grace, and I charge you to meet me there. And will not our heavenly Father smile upon us, while I say, "*Here I am, and the children thou hast given me; give unto us according to thy gracious promises, defend us by thy power, instruct us by thy wisdom, and possess us by thy Spirit?*" And while you are praying, "Lord, here is my father; thou hast been the God of his youth, be the staff of his old age;" may we not expect our God will say, "I will bless you all; taste my love and be happy; forget not the sufficiency there is in my Son Jesus; come often, and receive much of my grace; live by faith, and you are safe, and in my own time I will take you both to myself in glory?"

REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

THE Rev. Mr. M'D...., after preaching last summer in the neighborhood of Fort Augustus, fell into conversa-

tion with the storekeeper of that place, who had been one of his hearers. In the conversation, Mr. M'D.... mentioned that the Rev. R. H. was then preaching at Edinburgh. On hearing which, the old gentleman discovered the greatest emotions of joy, and cried out, "If ever I was brought to know any thing of the power of real religion, he was the instrument God employed in the work." This induced the minister to make further inquiry; and, in reply, the old gentleman gave the following account:

"Some years ago I was in England with a recruiting party, and was informed, in a town through which I passed, that a man was coming there to fight the devil. This appeared to me an extraordinary circumstance, and I resolved to see in what manner he would engage him. At the appointed time I went, and who should be the pugilist but the Rev. R. H. After singing and prayer, he took his text; and, while he was preaching, a man came up behind him, and threw a dead cat upon his shoulders, round his neck. He took no notice, but continued preaching, as though no insult had been offered him. Well, thought I, this is an extraordinary man. I could not have borne such usage without resenting it. I am sure, he must be a different man to what I am. He must have something in him that I have not in me.

"These sentiments deeply impressed my mind, and at length proved the means, in the hands of the Spirit of God, of leading me to a knowledge of divine things. To this circumstance I am indebted as a mean for my conversion; and what would I give if I could see the honored instrument once more in this world! If I should be denied this favor, I trust we shall meet in heaven.

THE BODIES OF BELIEVERS INTERESTED IN CHRIST.

BEING lately on a journey in Scotland, I spent part of a day with a worthy clergyman, who has labored even to old age, with peculiar liveliness, in the work of Christ. While we were employed in looking at his church and burial ground, reading inscriptions, and gratifying our curiosity with whatever might appear new and interesting, the following anecdote was related to me, which I thought worthy of preservation. A man who lived in his parish had, some years since, buried his wife and several children in this churchyard. By the side of the burial place, next the road, stands a low wall; over this, the man mentioned above, stood leaning and gazing on the spot where he had deposited all that was dear to him in this world. One, observing his thoughtful attitude and profound attention, asked him, what occupied his mind? "I am looking," says he, "at the dust that lies there; and wondering at the indissoluble union betwixt it and the Lord Jesus Christ, who is in glory."

What an encouraging reflection is this to a believer's soul! What support does it afford under the loss of others; and what resignation should it inspire us with to the will of God respecting our own dissolution! Let us remember, that we have the word of eternal truth to assure us, that the bodies of all believers in Christ are his property, the purchase of his blood, and the subjects of his salvation, as well as their souls. "This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one who seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day." "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "Them that sleep in Jesus will

God bring with him." Let our views of the salvation by Christ, and our gratitude for it be greatly enlarged. Let us look forward to the resurrection day, as to the completion of his plan of grace. And in the interval, both while living and when dying, let us commit our bodies to his disposal and care.

VICARIVS FILII DEI.

THE number of the beast in the Revelation of John the Divine, which the Spirit of God declares to be six hundred three score and six, has long engaged the thoughts of wise and good-men. Some remarkable coincidences have been found out, especially with respect to the words *Lateinos*, in Greek, and *Ludovicus*, in Latin. The following explanation I do not recollect to have met with in print; and the circumstance which led to the discovery is curious. Some time ago, an English officer, happening to be at Rome, observed on the front of the mitre, which the pope wore at one of the solemnities of their worship, this inscription: VICARIVS FILII DEI. It instantly struck him....perhaps this is the number of the beast. He set to work, and when he had selected all the numerals, and summed them up, he found, to his great astonishment, that the whole amounted precisely to six hundred threescore and six. What stress is to be laid on this, I shall not say. The subject is recommended to the serious consideration of the reader.

VICARIVS.

V	5
I	1
C	100
I	1
V	5
<hr/>	
	112

FILII.

I	1
L	50
I	1
I	1
<hr/>	
	53

DEI.

D	500
I	1
<hr/>	
	501
	53
	112
<hr/>	
	666

VANITY OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A REMARKABLE instance of the unsatisfactory nature of all worldly prosperity, and a confirmation of Solomon's maxim, Eccl. ch. ii. is afforded by the emperor Septimus Severus. "Omnia fui, et nihil expedit." "I have been all things, and all is of little value," was his declaration after having been raised from an humble station to the imperial throne of Rome, and the sovereignty of the world.

ΑΥΤΟΣ ΕΦΗ.....IPSE DIXIT.

"THUS spake Pythagoras"....his scholars said;
And all his laws were constantly obey'd.
"Thus saith the Lord".....should Christ's disciples say,
And, loving his far better laws.....obey.

POETS AND CHRISTIANS.

POETS are such by *birth*, 'tis said;
Nor can by rules of art be made.
But not by birth do *Christians* shine,
They are *new made* by grace divine.

HINTS ON PRAYER.

PRAYER is the sweet and strong breathing of the newborn soul, toward a covenant God in Christ; ever wishing to draw in the life supporting air of heaven, and to live in its own proper element. No hunted hart ever panted more after the water brooks, than a believing soul will pant after communion with God, through the blessed Jesus.

The beloved object of prayer is a reconciled Father, whose heart is full of tenderness to the complaints and miseries of his dear children; his promises are the declarations of his pure love; a dependence of his fulfilling them, does him honor, and is sure always to bring down the blessing.

The Holy Spirit teacheth the children of God how to pray in faith. He helpeth their infirmities in prayer, strengthens their graces, and bestows on them all their comforts. He enables them to come with boldness, and have access with confidence.

Whatever their Father has freely promised to give them in Jesus, they ask in faith, nothing wavering, for they know his promises cannot fail; and as they find them daily fulfilled, their holy familiarity with him increases. He draws near to them, and they drew near to him.

This mutual intercourse is the source of much joy, and makes the house and ordinances of the Lord a delight; for there he is always disposed to hear, and will fulfil his promise to his children; "I will make them joyful," says he, "in my house of prayer."

GOD WILL HAVE HIS OWN.

THE late Rev. Mr. Tennent, of America, an intimate friend of Mr. Whitefield's, had in the neighborhood of his abode, a young man of amiable morals; but, like many other strict moralists, a stranger and an enemy to the power of religion, particularly the *new lights*, as the godly were then called in New England. For the salvation of this young person Mr. Tennent felt an ardent desire, and often poured out his heart in prayer that it would please his

divine Master to make him instrumental in the conversion of his soul to God; nor did he cease from this labor of love, until he had an answer from above. In the warmth of his heart, Mr. Tennent communicated this circumstance to a religious friend, and by some means it reached the ears of the young man, who took all possible care to avoid Mr. Tennent, lest he should become religious overmuch; but, *a chosen vessel must not be lost.*

One morning, the good minister taking an early walk to the house of a planter at some distance from his own, the youth unexpectedly came in with his fowling piece, and some birds which he had shot; on seeing Mr. Tennent, he would fain have retired, but as the good man had placed himself between him and the door, he could not pass him. Mr. Tennent, with great good humor, entered into conversation with him, examined his gun, and told the youth that he had been a sportsman in the earlier time of his life, and though he thought the piece which his young friend had was a good one, that which he had at home was still better, and pressed him to go home with him and look at it. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and his former determination never to enter Mr. Tennent's door was entirely forgotten; and the more so when he had examined, and was begged to accept, his friend's fowling piece. Wishing to bring him by degrees to an attention to better things, Mr. Tennent engaged his promise to breakfast with him, and proposed, as was his usual custom, to read a chapter, and go to prayer with his family; though the youth did not greatly relish the proposal, good manners forbade him to oppose it; and after reading a portion of scripture, they knelt down. In the solemn exercise of

prayer Mr. Tennent was greatly enlarged, and particularly for the soul of his young guest. Pride and prejudice fell before the power of the Holy Spirit, and then *was the time of love*. From that day the young man became a convert to Jesus, and lived and died an ornament to the gospel. "Such power belongeth unto God."

THE WORK OF THE LORD.

It was about the year 1770, on the Sabbath morning, that Mr. Neale opened his Bible to mark the passage he had studied through the week, and from which he was to deliver a discourse that day. He looked again and again, but could not find the passage. He then endeavored to recollect the words, but to his great surprise and embarrassment, neither words nor text could he recollect. He endeavored afterwards to fix his mind on some part of the sermon he had committed to memory, but all was gone. In this dilemma he lifted up his cry to God, and entreated that he would recal the subject to his recollection, lest he should be a terror to himself and congregation. At this instant that scripture recorded, Rom. viii. 28, darted into his mind with peculiar energy; "My soul," said he, "fed upon the precious truth."

But now the time drew nigh, when he must proceed to meeting. He again endeavored to recollect the subject which he had previously studied; but to no purpose. The above cited passage, pressed itself upon his thoughts. "When," said he, "I went into the pulpit, I was in the greatest distress and confusion, and said to God, I never served thee with nought." In public prayer he felt an uncommon degree of the divine influence. While the

congregation were employed in singing the praises of God, he was in a consternation, better to be conceived than expressed. The hymn being ended; and having no other alternative, he read the text. He had not spoken many minutes, when he observed a well dressed person, a stranger, apparently in the clerical habit, enter the place. This man, thought he, must have come to hear what the babbler has to say. In this fear he was soon confirmed; for the stranger, reclining his head upon the front of the pew, and his body appearing to be agitated, Mr. Neale apprehended he must be talking some nonsense, and that the man was laughing at him. At length he perceived him pull out his handkerchief to wipe his face, that seemed to be bathed in tears. Mr. Neale now began to be relieved from his embarrassment. "Ah!" says he, "this is the work of God. He has given me a text for this gentleman. He has suggested a word in season." So he proceeded in his sermon, and never had he more liberty in delivering a discourse. Through the whole of the service the stranger never raised his head; but seemed to feed upon the message of grace that was delivered.

In the evening he called upon Mr. Neale, and wished for a copy of the discourse he that day delivered; he took him in his arms; said his purse was at his service for the sermon; and added, "Two or three years ago I heard you, in such a place, preach upon such a subject, and ever since I have been under the spirit of conviction and bondage. This day I took my horse and rode to hear you; and, blessed be God, he has now given me to see him as my reconciled God and Father in Christ Jesus, and has given me to enjoy that liberty wherewith he makes his people free." This and more did he say, before Mr. Neale could speak a

word to him. He then informed him how he had been circumstanced, relative to that text. He also assured him, that were he to give him the whole world, he could not commit the sermon to writing; for he had delivered it, just as it had occurred to his thoughts in the pulpit. "We both by this time," continued Mr. Neale, "begun to see the good hand of God in this matter; and his good Providence in determining me, in such a remarkable manner, to preach upon a subject I had never before prepared, and which he had accompanied with such a powerful efficacy, as to be made an immediate message from himself. This stranger to come fourteen miles to hear me preach that day! To me, it was one of my best days, and one which, both by him and me, will be remembered through a long and joyful eternity."

THE CHANGE.

I WANT a *change* to feel,
 A *change* that God will own;
 A *change* that saves from sin and hell,
 In Jesus found alone.

Oh! *change* this heart of stone,
 Almighty Power divine!
 For none but sovereign grace alone,
 Can such a heart refine.

And when this *change* takes place,
 Before thy feet I'll wait,
 That I, by thy *unchanging* grace,
 All *changing* scenes may hate.

This *change* will shew the love
 That Jesus bears to me;
 This *change* will lead to joys above,
 Where no more *change* will be.

"A GOOD BOOK IS NEVER LOST."

THE truth of this common adage has been often exemplified, but seldom in a more extraordinary way than by the following fact. There lived in the town of C....., a person of the name of Johnson, by profession a painter, and much esteemed in that line of business. Notwithstanding he had been privileged with a religious education, his connexions in the world led him into the company of some persons of a deistical turn, by whom his mind was much injured, though he was not without occasional checks of conscience, and slavish fears of death. From this miserable state it pleased the God of all grace to deliver him, in the year 1796, in the following singular manner. His wife, in passing along the streets, picked up, and brought home, three or four books, which had been lost by one of the members of a book society in the town, among them was the four missionary sermons, with the portrait of Capt. Wilson; being a painter by profession, the picture first engaged his attention, and after dipping a little into the book, he resolved, as illness confined him at home the following Sabbath, that he would read over the four sermons; the blessed consequence was, that the Holy Spirit set home the truths contained in them on his heart, and from that day he was a new man. For some time he attended the ministry of Mr. D. with much profit, and at length died full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost. Thus we see that circumstances, very trivial in themselves, may, by the application of the divine Spirit, be made effectual to the conversion of sinners; and even the loss of a book may prove, through his blessing, the finding of a soul.

The circumstance above related, suggested an hint to our minds, which we beg leave to propose to the serious reader. May we not hope that much good might be done, if those to whom the Lord hath given ability, were to purchase small tracts, upon spiritual subjects, and, by dropping them as they walk, slipping them into the pocket of a stage coach, or leaving them at an inn on the road as they travel, induce some, from motives of mere curiosity, to look into these kind of books, which, otherwise, they would disregard? "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

AS THY DAYS THY STRENGTH SHALL BE.

UNDER the reign of paganism, a Christian, notwithstanding her pregnancy, was condemned to die for her profession. The day before her execution she fell into labor, and crying out in her pangs, the jailor insulted her, saying, "If you make a noise today, how will you endure a violent death tomorrow?" To this she replied, "Today I suffer what is ordinary, and have only ordinary assistance; tomorrow I am to suffer what is more than ordinary, and shall have, I believe, more than ordinary assistance." Oh! woman, great was thy faith!

THE PIOUS SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER was lately brought under concern for his soul, and becoming visibly religious, met with no little railing both from his comrades and officers. He was the servant of one of the latter. At length his master asked him, "Richard, what good has your religion done you?" The soldier made this discreet answer; "Sir, before I

was religious, I used to get drunk; now I am sober. I used to neglect your business; now I perform it diligently." The officer was silenced, and seemed to be satisfied. *For, so is the will of God, that with WELL DOING ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men,* 1 Pet. ii. 15.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

THE Lord has various means to bring about his own gracious purposes, and sometimes condescends to make use of incidents, apparently trifling, to accomplish his most important designs. The truth of this remark may be exemplified in the following fact. A young gentleman of high connexions, and great respectability, was induced by gay acquaintance to accompany them to a ball. Arrived at the scene of dissipation, the festive company proceeded to their amusement. The music struck up, and he, among the rest, was highly delighted with the diversion. In the midst of their enjoyment, as though a messenger had been sent immediately from heaven, *the clock struck one*. That striking passage of Dr. Young's instantly rushed upon his mind;

"The bell strikes one.....we take no note of Time
But from its loss.....to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound; if heard aright
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch.
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down.....on what? A fathomless abyss,
A dread eternity."

Conviction seized the youth, and alarmed and terrified, he instantly left the dissipated throng, and retired to his closet. The result was a saving change, and he is now a Christian indeed, in whom is no guile.

Reader, art thou an admirer of the fashionable follies of the age? Remember they lead to the chambers of eternal death. Leave then, oh leave these deluding phantoms of an hour, and employ the uncertain moments left thee, in seeking for those realities, unfading pleasures and eternal joys.

AWFUL DEATH OF A PROFANE SWEARER.*

SOME years ago T. G. who lived in the parish of *Sedgley*, near *Wolverhampton*, having lost a considerable sum by a match at cock fighting, to which practice he was notoriously addicted, swore, in the most horrid manner, that he would never fight another cock as long as he lived; frequently calling upon God to damn his soul to all eternity if he did; and, with dreadful imprecations, wishing the devil might fetch him if ever he made another bet.

It is not to be wondered at, if resolutions so impiously formed should be broken; for a while, however, they were observed; but he continued to indulge himself in every other abomination to which his depraved heart inclined him. But, about two years afterwards, satan, whose willing servant he was, inspired him with a violent desire to attend a cocking at *Wolverhampton*, and he complied with

* Communicated to me by a pious person, who wrote it from the mouth of her father, a late minister of the gospel, near *Wolverhampton*, and who well knew, and often repeated, this terrible fact. G. B.

the temptation. When he came to the place he stood up, as in defiance of heaven, and cried, "I hold four to three on such a cock." "Four what?" said one of his companions in iniquity. "Four shillings," replied he. "I'll lay," said the other. Upon which they confirmed the wager, and as his custom was, he threw down his hat, and put his hand in his pocket for the money, when, awful to relate, he instantly fell a ghastly corpse to the ground. Terrified at his sudden death, some who were present for ever after desisted from this infamous sport; but others, hardened in iniquity proceeded in the barbarous diversion, as soon as the dead body was removed from the spot.

This melancholy circumstance happened on a Thursday. On the Sabbath following, when a number of his relations and neighbors were conveying his body to the grave, a dog that belonged to one of the company happened to run under the coffin, which was carried I suppose underhand by napkins, or on a bier; the dog was struck, to all appearance, dead; but, being again recovered and let loose, ran a second time under the coffin, and was taken up actually dead, to the great astonishment of the company. Those who conveyed the corpse were so terrified that they durst not for the present proceed to the church yard, but proposed to leave the body on the spot; at length, however, resuming their courage, they conveyed him to the grave.

'The fear of the wicked shall come upon him;' and, *'Whoever hardened himself against God, and prospered?'* By such signal interpositions of divine providence the Lord shows he hath not forsaken the earth. May, "many," who read or "hear" these lines, "fear; and turn to the Lord."

THE SWEARER REPROVED.

A FEW days ago two gentlemen having called at a coffee house in the city, and drank a bottle together; when about to part, both insisted on paying. One put a seven shilling piece on the table, and swore dreadfully that his friend should be at no expense; the other jocularly said "That seven shilling piece is a bad one;" on which he swore still faster. The master of the house hearing what passed, came forward and said, if they would allow him to examine the money, he would tell them whether or not it was good. Returning soon after, he, in the most polite manner, laid the piece before them on a card printed as follows:

A FRIENDLY HINT.

It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appeal'd to on each trifling theme;
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise;
You would not swear upon a bed of death:
Reflect! Your Maker *now* could stop your breath.

The gentlemen read it, and he who had sworn owned "he was justly and properly reprov'd, and would, in future, be more guarded in his expressions."

A SKETCH OF MODERN PREACHERS.

THERE are a sort of preachers in the present day, I am loath to call them ministers, who appear more solicitous to make their expressions good than their hearers, and had much rather hear their praises than their sighs, and that their auditors should admire their fine language, than follow their best counsel. In such sermons there is little spoken

either *from* the heart or *to* the heart; the orator and auditory agreeing together to deceive themselves. As the conversion of sinners is neither the effect nor the aim of such florid, unedifying discourses, the business is transacted on both sides, as if the preacher had done his part when he had shewn his wit; and as if the hearers thought they had done theirs when they had commended it.

ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED VOLNEY.

THE late Samuel Forrester Bancroft, Esq. accompanied Mr. Isaac Weld, jun. in his travels through North America, and the two Canadas, a very interesting narrative of which is published. As they were traversing one of the extensive lakes of the northern states in a vessel, on board of which was Volney, celebrated, or rather notorious, for his atheistical principles, which he has so often avowed, a very heavy storm came on, insomuch that the vessel, which had struck repeatedly with great force, was expected to go down every instant, the mast having gone by the board, the helm quite ungovernable, and consequently the whole scene exhibiting confusion and horror. There were many females, as well as male passengers on board, but no one exhibited such strong marks of fearful despair as Volney, throwing himself on the deck, now imploring, now imprecating the captain, and reminding him, that he had engaged to carry him safe to his destination, vainly threatening, in case any thing should happen. At last, however, as the probability of their being lost increased, this great mirror of nature, human or inhuman, began loading all the pockets of his coat, waistcoat, breeches, and every place he

could think of, with dollars to the amount of some hundreds; and thus, as he thought, was preparing to swim for his life, should the expected wreck take place. Mr. Bancroft remonstrated with him on the folly of such acts, saying, that he would sink like a piece of lead, with so great a weight on him; and at length, as he became so very noisy and unsteady as to impede the management of the ship, Mr. Bancroft pushed him down the hatchways. Volney soon came up again, having lightened himself of the dollars, and in the agony of his mind, threw himself upon the deck, exclaiming, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, "*Oh! mon Dieu, mon Dieu; qu'est-ce que je ferai, qu'est-ce que je ferai?*" "Oh! my God, my God; what shall I do? What shall I do?" This so surprised Bancroft, that, notwithstanding the moment did not very well accord with flashes of humor, yet he could not refrain from addressing him, "*Eh bien! Mons. Volney, vous avez donc un Dieu à présent.*" "Well; Mr. Volney, what; you have a God now." To which Volney replied, with the most trembling anxiety, "*Oh! oui! oui!*" "O, yes! O yes!" The ship, however, got safe, and Mr. Bancroft made every company which he went into echo with this anecdote of Volney's acknowledgment of God. Volney for a considerable time was so hurt at his weakness, as he calls it, that he was ashamed of shewing himself in company at Philadelphia, &c. but afterwards, like a modern French philosopher, said, that those words escaped him in the instant of alarm, but had no meaning, and he again utterly renounced them.

A REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

THE Rev. Andrew Duncan was minister of Craill, in Fife; and for his conscientious adherence to the truth of the gospel, was, by order of King James the Sixth, imprisoned in the castle of Blackness, and afterwards banished the kingdom.

He settled at Berwick; but having several children, and his wife near her time, they were reduced even to want the necessaries of life. For this cause also they were obliged to part with their servant maid. One night the children asked for bread; and, there being none to give them, they wept sore. Mrs. Duncan also was much depressed in spirit; but Mr. Duncan had often recourse to prayer; and in the intervals of it endeavored to cherish his wife's hope, and please the children, till at length he got them to bed. But Mrs. Duncan mourned and grieved exceedingly, on account of the dear children's sufferings, in which she shewed more of the tenderness of a mother than the confidence of a Christian. Mr. Duncan exhorted her to wait patiently upon God, who was now trying their faith and patience; but would undoubtedly provide for them in his own time and way; and added, that he was sure that the Lord would even rain down bread from heaven, but he would send them a supply. They had neither friends nor acquaintance in the place, to whom they could make their wants known. But that very night, a man brought a sackful of provisions, and went away without letting any of them know from whence he came. When Mr. Duncan opened the sack, he found a small bag with twenty pounds in it, a bag of flour, two loaves of bread, and several other

articles of provisions. Having brought the whole to his wife, he said, "See what a good master I serve!" Upon this they took their maid again. In a short time his wife was taken in labor, and was in want of every thing necessary both for herself and the child. But the good Master whom he served, knew and provided for all their wants. While she was in labor in the night, and he knew not where to find a midwife in the town, a gentlewoman rode up to the door, alighted, sent back the servant with the horses, and ordered him to return again at a certain time. She presently had access to Mrs. D. spoke very affectionately to her; presented her with an abundance of all that she or the child should want of every kind; and also performed the office of a midwife. She dressed the child, and, after having given Mr. Duncan several pieces of gold, she took an affectionate leave of them, adding, that they should never want. The horses were waiting, and she went off; but would not satisfy them who she was, nor whence she came.

N.B. They that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing; and faithful is he that has promised.

PROVIDENCE.

LORD, are ravens daily fed by thee?
And wilt thou clothe the lilies, and not me?
Begone, distrust! I shall have clothes and bread,
While lilies flourish, and the birds are fed,

THE FLOWERS.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HORNE.

THE HELIOTROPE.

THROUGH all the changes of the day,
I turn me to the *sun*;
In clear or cloudy skies I say
Alike.....*Thy will be done!*

THE VIOLET.

A lowly flower, in secret bower,
Invisible I swell;
For blessing made, without parade,
Known only by my smell.

THE LILY.

Emblem of Him, in whom no stain,
The eye of Heav'n could see;
In all their glory, monarchs vain,
Are not array'd like me.

THE ROSE.

With ravish'd heart that crimson hail,
Which in my bosom glows;
Think how the lily of the vale
Became like Sharon's rose.

THE PRIMROSE.

When Time's dark winter shall be o'er,
Its storms and tempests laid,
Like me you'll rise a fragrant flow'r,
But not, like me, to fade.

THE GARDEN.

The bow'r of innocence and bliss,
Sin caus'd to disappear;
Repent, and walk in faith and love;
You'll find an Eden here.

THE SPIRITUAL BAROMETER;

OR, A SCALE OF THE PROGRESS OF SIN AND GRACE.

- 70— GLORY.
 — Dismission from the body.
 —
 —
- 60— Desiring to depart, to be with Christ.
 — Patience in tribulation.
 — Glorifying in the cross.
 —
- 50— Ardent love to the souls of men.
 — Following hard after God.
 — Deadness to the world by the cross of Christ.
 —
- 40— Love of God shed abroad in the heart.
 — Frequent approach to the Lord's table.
 — Meetings for prayer and experience.
 —
- 30— Delight in the people of God.
 — Looking to Jesus.
 —
 —
- 20— Love of God's house and word.
 --- Vain company wholly dropped.
 --- Daily perusal of the Bible with prayer.

- 10— Evangelical light.
 --- Retirement for prayer and meditation.
 --- Concern for the soul. Alarm.

- 0— *Indifference.*
 — Family worship only on Sunday evenings.
 — Private prayer frequently omitted.
 — Family religion wholly declined.
- 10— Levity in conversation. Fashions, however expensive or
 --- indecent, adopted.

- 20----- Luxurious entertainments.
 --- Free association with carnal company.

- 30----- The theatre, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, &c.
 --- Frequent parties of pleasure. House of God forsaken.
 --- Much wine, spirits, &c.

- 40----- Love of novels, &c.
 --- Skepticism. Private prayer totally declined.
 --- Deistical company prized.

- 50----- Parties of pleasure on the Lord's day.
 --- Masquerades; Drunkenness; Adultery.
 --- Profaneness, lewd songs.

- 60----- Infidelity; jesting at religion.
 --- Sitting down in the chair of the scorner.

- 70----- Death.

PERDITION.

N.B. The reader must peruse this from the middle upwards or downwards.

ON CARD PLAYING.

"ALTHOUGH Major Cartwright has been married nearly twenty years, he has never yet possessed such a piece of furniture as a card table. His rejection of cards is not accompanied with any thing cynical, but from seeing and knowing the ill effects of habit. He was particularly pleased with a passage in a sermon of his friend George Walker, observing, that 'Cards were invented for the amusement of a royal idiot; and they bid fair to make idiots of us all.' He was also much diverted with an insane nobleman

he once sat down with to cards, in company with a relation who had the care of him. My lord played very gravely until *tired*, which happened to be in the middle of a deal; he threw down his cards, and took his walk; and this the Major frequently calls the *most rational* game of cards he ever played."

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

Mrs. S....., of Wendover, said to a lady who objected to her religious profession, "I trust, madam, I am not led by *men* as teachers, but by the Spirit of God." "Spirit of God!" Exclaimed the lady; "Oh, we should not meddle with things so deep." He who never meddles with things so deep, must needs be a *shallow* Christian. "For if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

THE ADVICE OF A FATHER DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF JESUS CHRIST.

WHEN J.... S....., a young man at Alfriston, embraced the gospel, and made open profession of it, his father, not a little offended at his conduct herein, gave him this sage advice; "James, you should *first* get yourself established in a good trade, and then think of, and determine about *religion*." "Father," replied James, "Christ advises me very differently. He says, Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and the righteousness thereof, and all these things shall be added unto you." How many fathers differ from Jesus Christ in their judgment about religion and its importance! Christ says *first*; but many say *last*.

AN UNSEARCHABLE PROVIDENCE.....DR. DODDRIDGE.

AN event of a public uncommon nature, says Mr. Orton, in which he was particularly concerned, deserves to be related as an evidence of his great benevolence, and for the sake of the useful reflections he makes upon it; "April 5th, 1741. At our assize last month, one Bryan Connell, an *Irish Papist*, was convicted of the murder of Richard Brymley, of Weedon, about two years ago. The evidence against him at his trial seemed full and strong; but it chiefly depended on the credit of an infamous woman, who owned she had lived with him in adultery some years. There were some remarkable circumstances in the course of the trial, in which I thought the *Providence of God* wonderfully appeared. The prisoner told a long story of himself: but it was so ill supported, that I imagine no one person in court believed it. I visited him after his conviction, with a compassionate view to his eternal concerns; but instead of being able, by any remonstrances, to persuade him to confess the fact, I found him fixed in a most resolute denial of it. He continued to deny it the next day with such solemn, calm, but earnest appeals to heaven, and fervent cries that God would inspire some with the belief of his innocence, that I was much impressed. As he desired to leave with me, at the time of his execution, a paper, in which he would give an account of the places where, and the persons with whom he was, when the murder was committed, I was so struck with the affair, that I obtained time of the *under sheriff* to make inquiry into the truth of what he had told me. Having sent a wise and faithful friend to Whitchurch and Chester, to examine the

evidence he appealed to, I found every circumstance which the convict had asserted, proved; and the concurrent testimony of *five* credible persons attested that he was in Cheshire when the murder was committed. These testimonies I laid before the *judge* by whom he was condemned, for the deliverance of what, in my conscience I believed, and do still believe, to be *innocent blood*. But the *judge* did not think himself warranted to reprieve him, as the evidence given against him by the wicked woman was materially confirmed by two other witnesses; and because he thought the most dangerous consequences might attend such an examination of the affair as I proposed. The *convict* was accordingly executed! I had labored with unwearied pains and zeal, both for the deliverance of his life, and the salvation of his soul. What made the case more affecting to me was, that nothing could be more tender than his expressions of gratitude, and nothing more cheerful than his hope of deliverance had been. Among other things, I remember he said, 'Every drop of my blood thanks you.' He wished he might, before he died, have leave to kneel at the threshold of my door, to pray for me and mine. 'You,' said he, 'art my *redeemer*, in one sense (a poor, impotent redeemer!) and you have a right to me. If I live, I am your *property*, and I will be a faithful subject.' The manner in which he spoke of what he promised himself from my friendship, if he had been spared, was exceedingly natural and touching. Upon the whole, I never passed through a more striking scene. I desire it may teach me the following lessons: 1st. To adore the awful *justice of God* in causing this unhappy creature thus infamously to fall by her with whom he had so scandalously

sinned, to the ruin of a very loving and virtuous wife. Thus God made his own law effectual, that the *adulterer should die*. 2dly. To acknowledge the *depths* of the divine counsels; which in this affair, when I think on all the circumstances of it, are to me impenetrable. 3dly. To continue resolute in well doing, though I should be, as in this instance I have been, reproached and reviled for it. Some have said, that I am an *Irish Papist*; others have used very contemptuous language, and thrown out base censures for my interposing in this affair; though I am in my conscience persuaded, that to have neglected that interposition, in the view I then had of things, would have been the most criminal part in my whole life. 4thly. May I not learn from it *gratitude* to Him, who hath redeemed and delivered me? In which, alas! How far short do I fall of this poor creature! How eagerly did he receive the news of a reprieve for a few days! How tenderly did he express his gratitude! That he should be mine! That I might do what I pleased with him! That I had bought him! Spoke of the delight with which he should see and serve me! That he would come once a year from one end of the kingdom to the other, to see and thank me, and should be glad never to go out of my sight! O, why do not our hearts overflow with such sentiment on an occasion infinitely greater! We are all *dead men*. Execution would soon have been done upon us; but *Christ has redeemed us to God by his blood*. We are not merely *reprieved*, but *pardoned*; not merely pardoned, but *adopted*; made heirs of eternal glory, and near the borders of it. In consequence of all this we are not *our own*, but *bought with a price*. May we glorify God in our bodies and spirits, which are his!"

LEARN TO STOOP.

[Related in a letter from Dr. Franklin to Dr. S. Mather.]

"THE last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he shewed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning toward him when he said hastily, *Stoop! Stoop!* I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, *You are young, and have the world before you; Stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.* This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people, by their carrying their heads too high."

A STRING OF COMPARISONS.

How brittle is glass, and how slipp'ry the ice!

How fleeting a shadow... a bubble how thin!

So brittle, so slippery, so fled in a trice

Are the joys of the world, and the pleasures of sin.

How glorious the sun, and how pure is the light!

How firm is the rock, and how boundless the sea!

But more full, and more firm, and more pure, and more bright,

Are the blessings, Religion, created by thee.

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

SINCE Jesus loves to hear his praise

Arise from infant tongues,

Let us not waste our youthful days

In vain and idle songs.

We can't too early serve the Lord,

Nor love his name too dear;

Nor prize too much his precious word,

Nor learn too soon his fear.

The pleasures that his children find,

Exceed the sinner's mirth;

Are food for the immortal mind,

And suit our humble birth.

ANOTHER.

LET little children learn

God's holy name to praise,

And with the eye of faith discern

The Guardian of their days.

Let morning, noon, and night,

With every act, proclaim

That God's their first, their chief delight,

And Christ their only aim.

Let love of peace and joy

The spring of life engage;

Nor let earth's vanities destroy

The hope of riper age.

A JEW.

A JEW went from Paris to Rome, in order to acquire a just idea of the Christian religion, as at the fountain head.

There he beheld simony, intrigue, and abominations of all sorts; and, after gratifying his curiosity in every particular, returned to France, where he gave a detail of his observations to a friend, by whom he had been long solicited to abjure Judaism. From such a recital, the Christian expected nothing but an obstinate perseverance in the old worship; and was struck with amazement when the Jew acquainted him with his resolution of requesting baptism upon the following grounds of conviction; that he had seen at Rome every body from the pope down to the beggar, using all their efforts to subvert the Christian faith; which, nevertheless, daily took deeper and firmer root, and must therefore be of divine institution.

THE IRREGULAR TREE.

SEEING a tree grow somewhat irregular, in a very neat orchard, says Mr. Flavel, I told the owner, it was a pity that tree should stand there; and that, if it were mine, I would root it up, and thereby reduce the orchard to an exact uniformity. He replied, "that he rather regarded the fruit than the form; and that this light inconveniency was abundantly preponderated by a more considerable advantage." "This tree," said he, "which you would root up hath yielded me more fruit than many of those trees which have nothing else to commend them but their regular situation." I could not but yield to the reason of this answer; and could wish it had been spoken so loud, that all our uniformity men had heard it; who would not stick to root up many hundreds of the best bearers in the Lord's orchard, because they stand not in exact order with other more conformable, but less beneficial, trees, who do, *per-*

dere substantiam propter accidentia, destroy the fruits to preserve the form.

THE BEST ELECTION.

A FRAGMENT OF AN ELECTION CONVERSATION, BETWEEN
A CANDIDATE AND HIS CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

Candidate. MY dear sir, can you inform me how I may secure my election?

Friend. Yes, sir; by diligence. You must *give all diligence* to make it *sure*.

Cand. That I have already done, sir; I have spared, I assure you, neither trouble nor expense. I have opened houses for entertainment; I have canvassed personally; I have employed agents to collect voters; I have set the printer to work on broadsides and handbills; and, to let you into a secret, I have got a clever fellow from London to draw them up; one who is used to write for the newspapers, and can draw up an advertisement with spirit, and a little smart abuse of my antagonists.

Fr. Alas! Sir, that a gentleman and a Christian, as you no doubt profess to be, should stoop to such arts, to influence and corrupt the minds of the people. I heartily wish you would bestow as much pains to secure your election for a better place!

Cand. A better place, sir! How do you mean? Is not this as respectable a borough as any in this part of the country?

Fr. True, sir; but I refer to a city, and even an heavenly one. The true Christian, sir, is "a citizen of no mean city." My advice is, to "give all diligence to make your election sure" in the New Jerusalem.

Cand. O ho! I understand you now. But gentlemen of your sentiments, I believe, consider that business as already settled? Do not you, sir, consider your election already fixed and unalterable?

Fr. Not more, sir, than the business in which you are engaged.

Cand. How so? I wish my election were as sure as you represent.

Fr. And do you not think the event is known to God?

Cand. Certainly.

Fr. Then the event is sure to him.

Cand. No doubt of it.

Fr. And must infallibly correspond with his foreknowledge.

Cand. That it is certainly foreknown to the Supreme Being I have no doubt; but that does not make it sure to me.

Fr. I admit that, and therefore your anxiety to make it sure to you. But why not employ the same diligence in a case of infinitely more importance?

Cand. O, sir, if I am to be saved, I shall be saved; and if not, you know I cannot help it.

Fr. And if you are to be elected for this borough, you will be elected; why then all this trouble and expense?

Cand. Ah, sir! If I do not use the means, I know that I shall not be chosen.

Fr. And what reason have you to suppose you shall be saved without means?

Cand. That subject we will defer, if you please, to a "more convenient season." I must wait on my electors.

Fr. Alas! sir; so said Felix, the Roman governor, when Paul "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and

judgment to come;" but that season never came; and I much fear it may be so with you. The world will always find you an excuse for neglecting religion; and the enemy of souls will represent every thing as more important than the *one thing needful*. The Lord awaken you from the delusion.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY, strictly taken, is the peculiar attribute of Deity. Creatures may be immortal, and exist for ever; but it is God alone who knows no beginning. In this view, however, it is in vain to attempt a distinct or accurate idea. "God is great, and we know him not." The most acute philosophers dispute in vain of his existence; nor can the genius of an Aristotle, or a Cicero; of a Bacon, a Newton, or a Locke, penetrate the clouds of mystery which surround his throne; or even, as Watts expresses it,

"Stretch out a thought half way to God."

But, applying the term, in its more restricted sense, to creatures, we begin to comprehend it. We can conceive existence without end, because we cannot conceive an end to all existence. In this view, eternity gives perfection to happiness, and extremity to misery. With this attribute, the enjoyment of a worm would exceed the temporary pleasures of a man; and the sting of a fly become more intolerable, by its perpetuity, than the torture of the stone. Human ingenuity has been exhausted, as the wisdom of an angel might be, in attempting to delineate existence without end. The days of eternity have been compared to the leaves of the forest, and to the blades of the

meadow; to the drops of the ocean, and to the sands upon its shores; to the stars of the sky, and to the beams of the sun; but ~~what~~ are leaves and blades, and drops and sands, and stars and sunbeams, to eternity? Add the whole, and multiply them by each other, subtract the mighty sum, and it would diminish nothing from the ages of immortality; from the duration of a *soul*!

It is this idea which gives importance to human life. Considered in itself, "What is our life? It is a vapor." But consider it in connexion with a future state, and it is of infinite importance. The vapor ascends, and loses itself in the atmosphere, till, by and by, the whole horizon is covered, and the heavens are clothed in blackness. Thus time expands into eternity; and human life, vain and transient as it is, acquires the character of infinity.

Characters for eternity are formed in time. The blossom is set, and the fruit must correspond. Heaven and hell are begun on earth.

Here the *affections* choose their object, which eternity will not change. The heart naturally embraces sinful pleasures, and, while in a state of unregeneracy, will seek no higher enjoyment; but, if renewed by grace, these things will become rather objects of aversion, and the affections will aspire to purer and sublimer objects; that is, to the enjoyment of eternity.

Here a *taste* is formed which we shall carry with us to the eternal state. If this taste be spiritual, it will prepare us for the spiritual and divine enjoyments of the heavenly world; for communion with saints and angels, with God and the Lamb; but, if "earthly, sensual, and devilish," it is an awful preparation for the burning lake.

In short, this subject, ETERNITY, has a twofold aspect, like that of the miraculous cloud in the wilderness, which, while it afforded light and guidance to the chosen race of Israel, exhibited to the Egyptians nothing but gloom, horror, and the "blackness of darkness;" an awful type of that which is for ever.

God of eternity! Open to our minds such a view of this infinitely important subject, as may, while it diminishes all the little concerns of mortality, fix our attention and our hearts upon the sublime and celestial glories of the eternal world!

Gently flows the stream of life
Soft along the flow'ry vale;
Or, impetuous down the cliff,
Rushing roars when storms assail.

'Tis an ever vary'd flood,
Always rolling to its sea;
Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude,
Tending to eternity.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR MINISTERS.

Good Mr. W. used to say he considered three things when he preached. 1. I have immortal souls to deal with. 2. There is a full and free salvation for such. 3. All the blessings of that gospel are treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is desirable that every minister would consider well the same things.

A LAY COMMENTATOR.

At the time when the late Mr. Lacy was pastor of the Baptist church at Portsea, some of the brethren, chiefly

those of the dockyard, constantly ushered in the morning of the Lord's day, at six o'clock, by meeting in the vestry for social prayer, exhortation, and conference on some portion of scripture alternately.* At one of these conference meetings, the text led to charity; all spoke in their turn, if they chose, when it rested with Charles Benjamin, who was a waterman, and lived between Portsmouth and Gosport. His comment on the text was as follows; "I shall say nothing more than this; we have been talking of charity; it would be good to put it in exercise; here is our brother, Ephraim F'orth, goes to dock every morning this cold weather, without a great coat; and here is my shilling towards buying him one." The good men took the hint; and Ephraim was enabled to purchase the necessary next day, and went to dock, † "warmed, if not quite filled." Query.... Can the laity expound scripture?

THE PRAYING SOLDIER.

DURING the late unhappy commotions in Ireland, a private soldier in the army of Lord Cornwallis was daily observed to be absent from his quarters, and from the company of his fellow soldiers. He began to be suspected of withdrawing himself for the purpose of holding intercourse with the rebels; and on this suspicion, probably increased by the malice of his wicked comrades, he was tried by a court martial, and condemned to die. The marquis hearing of this, wished to examine the minutes of the trial; and, not being satisfied, sent for the man to converse

* This laudable custom, I find, is still continued there, and has been without intermission, for more than half a century.

† James ii. 16.

with him. Upon being interrogated, the prisoner solemnly disavowed every treasonable practice or intention, declared his sincere attachment to his sovereign, and his readiness to live and die in his service; he affirmed, that the real cause of his frequent absence was, that he might obtain a place of retirement for the purpose of private prayer; for which his lordship knew he had no opportunity among his profane comrades, who had become his enemies merely on account of his profession of religion. He said, he had made this defence on his trial; but the officers thought it so improbable, that they paid no attention to it. The marquis, in order to satisfy himself as to the truth of his defence, observed, that if so, he must have acquired some considerable aptness in this exercise. The poor man replied, that as to ability, he had nothing to boast of. The marquis then insisted on his kneeling down and praying aloud before him; which he did, and poured forth his soul before God with such copiousness, fluency, and ardor, that the marquis took him by the hand, and said, he was satisfied that no man could pray in that manner who did not live in the habit of intercourse with his God. He not only revoked the sentence, but received him into his peculiar favor, placing him among his personal attendants; where, it is said, he still continues in the way to promotion.

On reading the above, every serious mind will be led to reflect on the remarkable intervention of Providence in behalf of this man of prayer; for this is the most prominent feature in the Christian character. He could not live without prayer, though he thereby exposed himself to the suspicion and hatred of his associates, and even endangered his life; but the God whom, like Daniel, he served, knew how to deliver him in the perilous hour; and not only

heard his prayers, but made the exercise of this duty itself the mean of his deliverance. O how does this reproach those who live without prayer, though they have every opportunity for retirement, unseen and unsuspected!

This anecdote also does equal honor to the character of the illustrious marquis, and to the British nation; who can boast of commanders warmly attached to that religion and piety, which so many, in the present day, treat with contemptuous scorn.

THE REV. MR. HERVEY AND THE PLOUGHMAN.

IN the parish where Mr. Hervey preached, when of Arminian sentiments, there resided a ploughman, who usually attended the ministry of the late Dr. Doddridge. Mr. Hervey being advised by his physician, for the benefit of his health, to follow the plough, in order to smell the fresh earth, frequently accompanied the ploughman in his rural avocation. One morning the following conversation passed:

Mr. Hervey. My friend, I understand you can speak the language of Canaan.

Ploughman. A little, sir.

Mr. H. Then I will propose you a question; What do you think is the hardest thing in religion?

Plough. I am a poor illiterate man, and you, sir, are a minister; I beg leave to return the question.

Mr. H. Then, I conceive the hardest thing in religion is to renounce *sinful flesh*.

Plough. I do not think so, sir.

Mr. H. Then, will you give me your opinion?

Plough. Why, sir, the hardest thing in religion is, to deny *righteous self*. You know I do not come to hear you preach; but go every sabbath with my family to Northampton, to hear Dr. Doddridge. We rise early in the morning, and have prayer before we set out; in which I find pleasure. Walking there and back, I find pleasure; under the sermon I find pleasure; when at the Lord's table, I find pleasure; we read a portion of scripture, and go to prayer in the evening, in which I find pleasure; but, to this moment, I find it the hardest thing to deny *righteous self*.

The simple recital of the poor man so affected Mr. Herve, that it proved a blessing to his soul; and the ploughman henceforth became his bosom friend.

IT IS NECESSARY TO MAKE PREPARATION FOR A JOURNEY.

It is written of a gentleman who died very suddenly, that his jester ran to the other servants, and having told them that their master was dead, he, with much gravity, added, "There! And where is he gone?" The servants replied, "Why, he is gone to heaven, to be sure." "No," said the jester; "he is not gone to heaven, I am certain." The servants with much warmth, asked, how he knew that his master was not gone to heaven? The jester then replied, "Because heaven is a great way off, and I never knew my master take a long journey in my life, but he always talked of it some time before hand, and also made preparation for it; but I never heard him talk about heaven, nor ever saw him make preparation for death; and, therefore, I am sure he has not gone to heaven."

SKETCH OF A DIALOGUE AMONG THE BLESSED.

Ministring Spirit. ANGELS and saints rejoice! I bring you a trophy of sovereign grace from that land of idols, Bengal. To your happy company I introduce the spirit of a converted Hindoo.

Heavenly Host. Glory be to God in the highest! All heaven shall resound with the songs of his redeemed; and let the whole earth be filled with his praises.

Syam Dass. Brethren, I greet you all. Behold one, who, in sin, having grown old, was already sinking into endless perdition; yet my soul has been snatched as a brand from the burning; my former idols forsaking, of sin repenting, the true Savior embracing, I have tasted the sweetness of his love.

Brunsdon. What, are you one of the first fruits of India? Did you come hither from Serampore?

Syam Dass. Yes; there for many years I lived, following the vain customs of the heathen, and the way of life not knowing. There also I heard the word of truth, and found pardon through the blood of Jesus.

Brunsdon. How were you induced to obey the call of the gospel, and made willing to reject your cast, for the love of the Savior.

Syam Dass. I cannot say that I lost my cast for the love of Christ; I had long ago been drawn, by a far meaner passion, to make that sacrifice; for, without any sort of marriage, I have lived above thirty years with a *Feringhee* woman.

Brunsdon. How then was you delivered from that ensnaring connexion, which, while it prevented the pride of cast from operating on your mind, would yet form a strong

objection, though of a different kind, to your embracing a holy gospel?

Syam Dass. As I confined myself entirely to this woman, I did not see, at my first conviction of sin, the evil of thus living with her; but as light increased, I was grieved at my having done all things during my state of heathenism, in an unholy manner. Then, consulting the missionary brethren, I determined, according to their advice, to be married before many witnesses. This was done at the mission house, not after the form of the Hindoos, but with prayer and exhortation, as becometh saints, who perform all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Brunsdon. O! brother Fountain, here is a saved Hindoo! Though we were not permitted to gather in much of our Lord's harvest, yet the work of the Savior is going on in Bengal.

Fountain. - I know it already; for brother Powell also is just arrived, who has been telling me news which rejoices all my soul. The knowledge of our Redeemer is beginning to spread up the country, in a more remarkable manner than ever we witnessed. Many scores have broken the chain of the *cast*; and numbers are studying the scriptures, and have resolved to avow themselves the disciples of Christ. I suppose this is the spirit of Syam Dass, the first martyr of India.

Syam Dass. Very unworthy was I of such an honor; yet I confess, to the praise of our beloved Jesus, that I lost my life in endeavoring to subserve his cause.

Fountain. Has any revolution in that sinful world which you have left, given power to the Brahmans of persecuting the followers of Christ? Surely, neither the Danish nor the British government would sanction such a deed.

Syam Dass. No, brother; the state of outward things remains unchanged; and both governments are more and more convinced of the integrity of the missionary brethren. By a lawless mob was I murdered, returning from the country to Serampore.

Powell. Brother Dass, I rejoice to see you; and to meet you also, dear Brunsdon, in this blessed world! I have been telling brother Thomas how the Lord enabled our Hindoo brother to seal his testimony with his blood. He will communicate the news to Grant; indeed, it will spread swifter than lightning through these realms of bliss. All heaven rejoices in your salvation, and admires the grace which made you faithful unto death.

Thomas. Saved Hindoo! We have brought brother Stephen, the first martyr in the days of the apostles, to congratulate thee on the honor which Christ has conferred upon thee.

Syam Dass. Venerable Stephen, for thy history I thank my dear Savior, and holy brother Luke, who recorded it. Of thee I thought when I was dying, and endeavored, like thee, to pray for my murderers.

Stephen. Our Lord is the same yesterday, today, and for ever. He is conqueror over death and hell, who alone gave us the victory. I rejoice in thee as a monument of his unchanging grace. Let us for ever celebrate his praise.

Syam Dass. Not unto us, not unto us, but unto his glorious name is all the glory due! Once I hardly dared have thought of calling thee, who was so early employed in the work of the Lord, my brother; but I now feel that we are all one in Christ Jesus. All pride is removed from my heart, while I am also freed from all fear, and every kind of painful sensation. I perceive in you, my honored

brother, the most perfect humility and benevolence; and I enjoy your holy love with the warmest return of gratitude and complacency.

Grant. O beloved Hindoe! I rejoice greatly to behold thee in this state of bliss. In all the triumphs of grace do I exult; but to see one of the natives of that country, where I once hoped to have been employed for my blessed Savior, affords me peculiar pleasure. My spiritual father Marshman, I find, is happily succeeded in the work of the Lord.

Syam Dass. Yes; he has lately been up the country with Peetumber, Mitter, and Bharat, to visit a number of Hindoos, who had for some time been convinced of the fallacy of the old religions of the country; among whom God seemed to have been preparing his way, almost as he prepared the friends of Cornelius for the visit of Peter. Many now appear to be earnestly seeking the true way of life, and are determined to own the name of Christ.

Grant. Welcome, dear brother, welcome to the skies! But tell us how you finished your course, and experienced the power of our Lord to support you, when suffering death by the hands of violence.

Syam Dass. Brother Bharat had been sent up the country, to the new inquirers after the gospel, with letters from the missionaries, and returned in safety. I also was willing to carry a written message, to inform my countrymen of the Friend of sinners. There were many Hindoos, at another place, nearer to Serampore, who, despising the *Debtaks*, and not believing Mahomet to be divinely commissioned, owned that there was one God; but knew not how he would be served, nor how sinners could be saved.

To them I carried a loving invitation, to call them to that Savior who came to save the lost and unworthy. They, seeming more inclined to cast off all religion than to embrace the holy gospel, did not pay great attention to the representation of our brethren. Yet they received me civilly; and many of them took our papers, and some copies of God's word, which they promised to read. Thus they dismissed me, with a letter to the missionaries. But as I was returning, many Hindoos were mad upon their idols, being also stirred up by the Brahmans, who feared the progress of the gospel, and, besetting me round, murdered me.

Thomas. How was your mind affected when you perceived their murderous intentions?

Syam Dass. Fear for a moment prevailing, I strove to make my escape; but finding that impossible, and thinking of the love of Christ, who laid down his life for me, I felt willing, if such should be his pleasure, to lay my life down for him. If the great and glorious Savior died for poor unworthy sinners, why should not a saved sinner die for his gracious Savior? A transient thought of my wife, and her son Neeloe, occurred to my mind; fearing lest my death should make them more averse to embracing the gospel; and I knew it would greatly grieve my brethren and teachers; but I gave them all up to our wise and loving Lord. Calling on him to receive my spirit; it soon left the body. Then at once my powers seemed lost in a calm rapture; love, confidence, and joy, filling all my mind; while I perceived an holy angel joining me in songs of praise, who speedily conducted me to these blest abodes.

Pearce. Hindoo brother! Though I never saw the plains of Bengal, yet have I in yonder world poured out in-

cessant prayers for the success of the mission. I think it the greatest honor our Lord put upon me on earth, that he stirred me up to be one of the first who promoted the plan; and, had he seen fit to have employed me, I would most gladly have become myself a missionary. My dear countrymen, who were so soon called away from their work in India, when the fields first seemed ripe for harvest, have given me great joy, by the information they brought, that several of your countrymen had become obedient to the faith; but your arrival here affords me still higher pleasure.

Syam Dass. Are you that charming Pearce, whose memoirs were sent to our brethren? Felix once translated to me some of your letters, and the sweet account of your death. How will our nation for ever bless your gracious Lord, for filling your heart, and the hearts of your brethren in England, with such tender concern for our salvation!

Pearce. I am that saved sinner. O what a debtor to grace am I! So indeed are we all. Heaven is full of insolvent debtors, who never, never can repay our exalted Immanuel for the love which passes knowledge! How could we taste it on earth, and not be constrained to greater activity!

Syam Dass. O happy English, who have enriched Bengal with the knowledge of such a Savior!

Pearce. Here is the blessed Erskine, from Scotland, which is the northern part of Britain, who helped our little society with his prayers, from its very commencement. He was, on earth, a generous lover of all good men, of whatever denomination. If they did but love Jesus Christ in sincerity, he loved them with a pure heart fervently.

Syam Dass. Why, could any one, whose heart was purified by faith in Christ, do otherwise?

Erskine. Ah, Syam! You never knew how the Christians of Europe are divided into a variety of sects; and though the things in which they agree are far more numerous and more important than those on which they differ, yet they find many impediments to their union, arising from the evils of their hearts, and the craft of satan, who makes use of these differences to check their love. I bless God that I habitually felt a strong affection for all the friends of free grace and true holiness; and now that which was lacking in my love below, is perfectly supplied. I rejoice exceedingly that the labors of my Baptist brethren have been crowned with success; and I am persuaded, brother Dass, that your blood will be, as it were, the seed of the church.

Syam Dass. I feel perfectly assured that our Lord will overrule all for the good of his own cause. He will care for my brethren, and comfort their hearts; and, perhaps, my widow and her son may be brought also to know his name.

Erskine. My brother Edwards, who was lately president of Schenectady college, in America, to whose correspondence I introduced some of your English friends, has brought his dear father with him, to congratulate you on your arrival.

Edwards, junior. The saved of all countries and all ages meet here, with the most cordial affection, and exult in each other's happiness; but it affords a peculiar gratification to see the first fruits of a country so long overrun with false religion and idolatry.

Syam Dass. Surely, no country on earth can be sunk lower in ignorance, vice, and cruel superstition, than mine! Yet there, our Lord having begun to triumph, will doubtless prevail over all opposition. I remember how brother Poetumbes once exulted in the thought; "There is," said he, "an irrevocable decree, that Christ Jesus shall be manifested to Bengal."

Edwards, senior. Who can doubt it, that has any acquaintance with the most sure words of prophecy, contained in the scriptures of truth? The zeal of the Lord of hosts is pledged for their accomplishment. I remember that when I lived upon earth, "My heart was much set on the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world. When I read the history of past ages, the pleasantest thing in all my reading was, the promotion of the cause of Christ. Whenever I expected, in a course of reading, to come to any accounts of this sort, I reckoned upon it all the way I read; and my mind was then delighted with the prophecies of the future triumphs of the Redeemer." The accounts which my dear son, and others, who have lately come to this upper world, have given me, respecting the societies formed in Britain and America, for the propagation of the gospel, have afforded me unutterable pleasure.

Grant. In my last illness I felt somewhat dejected at the prospect of being removed before I could do any thing for God, or had seen the brethren who went before us to India. But, as soon as death tore the veil from my eyes, I saw cause for nothing but satisfaction and gratitude. God made brother Marshman the chief instrument of saving me from infidelity and error; and then employed me as the means of turning his mind to missionary work. I am re-

ceived into this heavenly state; while he continues with dear brother Ward, and with the excellent Carey, whom I never saw on earth, to labor with diligence and increasing success. My widow also is serviceable in the concerns of the family; and my children are training up, I trust, for future usefulness. All is well; all has been ordered by infallible wisdom.

Edwards, jun. Your brethren must have been greatly tried by the successive removals of their fellow laborers. But what they know not now they shall fully understand in futurity. Brother Dass's death, no doubt, afflicts them exceedingly; but still it is counterbalanced by their success up the country. Greater opposition must be expected, as satan feels his kingdom shaken. All others that are engaged in missionary attempts must expect like trials, though they may differ in various circumstances. But this Hindoo brother is like the sheaf of the first fruits which was ordered to be waved before the Lord. The harvest shall follow in Bengal, and in all nations. They that go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall in due time reap, not fainting.

Stephen. Let us attend our brother to the throne of the slaughtered Lamb; in whose book of life it now appears, his name was written before the world began.

Saints. Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne; and unto the Lamb, who hath redeemed our souls with his blood!

Angels. Amen! Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever! Amen.

BURNING THE BIBLE.

A SOCIETY of gentlemen, most of whom had enjoyed a liberal education, and were persons of polished manners, but had, unhappily, imbibed infidel principles, used to assemble at each others' houses, for the purposes of ridiculing the scriptures, and hardening one another in their unbelief. At last, they unanimously formed a resolution, solemnly to burn the Bible; and so to be troubled no more with a book which was so hostile to their principles, and disquieting to their consciences. The day fixed upon arrived; a large fire was prepared, a Bible was laid on the table, and a flowing bowl ready to drink its dirge. For the execution of their plan, they fixed upon a young gentleman of high birth, brilliant vivacity, and elegance of manners. He undertook the task; and after a few enlivening glasses, amidst the applauses of his jovial compeers, he approached the table, took up the Bible, and was walking resolutely forward to put it into the fire; but happening to give it a look, all at once he was seized with trembling; paleness overspread his countenance, and he seemed convulsed. He returned to the table, and laying down the Bible, said, with a strong asseveration, "We will not burn *that book*, till we get a *better*."

Soon after this, the same gay and lively young gentleman died; and, on his death bed, was led to true repentance; deriving unshaken hopes of forgiveness, and of future blessedness, from that book he was once going to burn.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF A POCKET BIBLE.

PRECIOUS book! Of books the best;
Dearest gift of God, but *One*;
That surpasses all the rest;
Gift of God's beloved Son.

Blessed Spirit! Heavenly Dove!
Thee I'd alight not, thee I love;
By *thy* power, and *thine alone*;
The *value* of these gifts I've known.

INFIDEL WIT REPELLED.

A GAY young spark, of a deistical turn, travelling in a stage coach to London, forced his sentiments on the company, by attempting to ridicule the scriptures; and, among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David, being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman of the denomination called Quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage. "Indeed, friend," replied he, "I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

It was an excellent reply of a friend of mine, said Mr. E. . . ., when a gentleman took him up on the leads of his house, to shew him the extent of his possessions; waving his hand about, "There," says he, "that is my estate."

Then pointing to a great distance, on one side, "Do you see that farm?" "Yes." "Well, that is mine." Pointing again to the other side, "Do you see that house?" "Yes." "That also belongs to me." Then, said my friend, "Do you see that little village out yonder?" "Yes." "Well, there lives a poor woman in that village, who can say more than all this." "Ah! What can she say?" "Why, she can say, Christ is mine." He looked confounded, and said no more.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD, AND THE CHRISTIAN.

CAPT. Machamara, who lately killed Col. Montgomery in a duel, intimated, on his trial, that he could have overlooked the conduct of his antagonist, if the public would have overlooked his in doing so. The public opinion, therefore, was his god. Religion and humanity, as he in effect acknowledged, might require him to act otherwise; but he was a gentleman, and public opinion must be obeyed!

Col. Gardiner received a challenge; but Col. Gardiner was a Christian. "I am afraid of sinning," said he; "but you know I am not afraid of fighting;" and thus declined the challenge. Query, did this answer imply that he was a coward?

AN ESTIMATE OF TIME.

TIME *was*, is past, thou canst not it recal;
 Time *is*, thou hast, employ the portion small;
 Time *future* is not, and may never be;
 Time *present* is the only time for thee.

EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSION OF A DEIST.

[Copied from the Georgia Analytical Repository, conducted by Rev. Mr. Holecombe.]

AMONG the many instances of the triumphant power of the gospel which have occurred in the now spreading revival of religion, the conversion of Dr. Porter deserves particular notice. This remarkable instance of the display of free and sovereign grace, took place at a meeting, which began on Friday, the 27th of March, 1802, at New Providence church, in Mecklenburgh county, North Carolina. The account was taken from his own mouth, four weeks after his conversion, by an intelligent and respectable gentleman of Charleston, South Carolina. The following is the doctor's wonderful narrative:

I was nearly a confirmed deist; and, though religiously educated, despised religion. At the great meeting in Mecklenburgh, I had the curiosity to attend. For nearly four days I continued on the ground, though often determined to leave it, without feeling any unusual impression, except what was occasioned by the cries of the distressed; and though I sometimes prayed to be religiously impressed, I never felt more careless and hardened in my life. On Monday evening, while I was sitting in Mr. M^rRea's tent, reflecting on the strength of my body, and the happy state of my mind, notwithstanding the fatigue and want of rest I had undergone, I was suddenly struck with an unusual sensation in the pit of my stomach, which, in a short time, pervaded my chest in general. I felt no pain; but apprehended immediate death. I endeavored to remove the impression by walking; but in vain.

Having returned to the tent, the sensation pervaded my whole body; and convulsions and involuntary gnashing of teeth ensued. Soon however, these ceased; and I became as one dead, being unable to move. While in this state, which I suppose was about two hours, I experienced a dreadful gloom, and confused horrors of mind. This resemblance of death was succeeded by other convulsions; and I again fell quiet, and, until near morning, experienced more dreadful horrors, which increased as my bodily strength returned. When the exercise of my bodily organs was tolerably recovered, my horrors ceased, without my being able to assign the particular cause of their removal. I first asked myself, how I could possibly become religious, and exhort, as others were doing? A plan to avoid professing religion was immediately suggested; which was, to attribute all I had felt to fits, and say I had been subject to them before; but this I at once detected and discarded, as a suggestion of the devil; and resolved to love God, and profess the religion of Jesus Christ, be the consequences what they might.

I then began to inquire what could be the cause of those new and sudden resolutions; for to me, it appeared scarcely possible that I, who had been one of the most abandoned sinners, could experience a change of heart without being more dreadfully humbled for my sins. I then, indeed, saw that they were great, and of a most aggravated kind, having been committed against much light and goodness; and though I could not feel humbled for them as I wished, and as I knew I ought to be; the glory, wisdom, justice, grace, and condescension of God, as displayed in the device of salvation through a Mediator, broke in upon my mind. My soul was filled with admiration at

the fulness and freeness of his grace in Christ. My heart acquiesced in this glorious method of salvation, and was drawn out in love to the holy and blessed Jesus. Never before did I know any thing of true joy; but, notwithstanding all I have felt, I am often jealous of my heart, and examine my exercises with careful attention, comparing them with the word of God, and religious experiences recorded in other books; and, if I am not greatly deceived, I can freely renounce all that is most dear to me in the world for Christ and his religion.

It is sometimes suggested to my mind that the whole may be a delusion; but, glory to God! If it should even be so, it is an incomparably sweet one. "Not mighty men that share the spoil, have joys compared to mine."

O how delightful to contemplate the character of the great Jehovah, and his infinite love to sinners, through his dear Son! May God enable me to persevere! I desire to thank him; I have been enabled today, at court, to silence near a dozen of my old deistical companions. My case evaded all their objections; and they appeared to be struck with solemnity and alarm, their leader having fallen.

THE WISER CHRISTIAN.

A PERSON meets another returning, after having heard a popular preacher, and says to him, "Well, I hope you have been highly gratified." "Indeed I have," replied the other. "I wish I could have prevailed on you to hear him; I am sure you would never have relished any other preacher afterwards." "Then," returned the wiser Christian, "I am determined I never will hear him; for I wish to hear such a preacher as will give me so high a

relish and esteem for the word of God, that I shall receive it with greater eagerness and delight whenever it is delivered.

THE MISERABLE INFIDEL.

[Taken from the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR, It has often been observed, that the greatest degree of error and stupidity concerning moral obligation and duty, and a state of retribution in the world to come, is found in certain persons who have been the subjects of serious impressions, and by long resisting their own consciences, and the striving of God's Spirit, have provoked him to leave them to their own blindness and lust. As a warning to others, I have transmitted you the following instance:

A MAN who possesses reason and sagacity above the common proportion, and about the age of thirty, fell into such a state of debility as rendered him incapable of much attention to business. Before this, he had discovered an inordinate attachment to property, and omitted neither diligence, nor art, nor parsimony, to obtain it. His state was called hypochondriac by his neighbors; for a certain recluseness of temper prevented his communicating to them the distracting feelings of his mind. When he was in this state, I accidentally passed a day in his company. After a short conversation, I discovered marks of a wounded conscience, and told him my suspicion, that his whole disorder proceeded from anxiety on spiritual accounts. Finding I had detected his feelings, he made a frank acknowledgment it was the case; but solicited that it might remain a secret with me. He told me of sundry times, in his past life, when, for short seasons, his conscience had continually accused him. He had seen him-

self to be a sinner, if there were any truth in the scriptures; and he dreaded an appearance before God, as the most awful of all events; still he could not bear to think of another kind of life, and of parting with those worldly designs which had governed his past conduct. He said he had been many months in this situation; and something continually sounded in his ears that he was a sinner, that he must die and come to judgment, and without another state of heart, must be miserable; but, added he, "I cannot part with my worldly schemes. I must again be a man of business; I have just laid a foundation for success; and if I give way to these apprehensions, there is an end of my prospects. This I own to be the cause of all my gloom, and if I could put another world and my own preparations for it out of sight, I should again be a happy man."

I immediately perceived, that although he felt some conviction of truth, he was contending with one who will prevail. I set before him the danger of resisting such impressions; the folly of preferring an avaricious life of gain to the immortal interest of his soul; and the superior wisdom of subordinating all our worldly labors, views, and hopes, to our eternal well being. I endeavored to shew him his true state, his need of another heart, the danger of his being left to a most ruinous blindness, and to eternal misery. After much solemn conversation, we parted.

Nearly a year from this time, we had another opportunity for free discourse. It was sought by himself, with an evident design to confront and reproach me, for the exhortation I had given him with the most friendly intention. I instantly saw that his seriousness was departed, and his

conscience seared. By his own account, he continued several months longer in that state of apprehension and resistance to the truth, which has been described; when he came to the rash opinion, that the whole of his past feelings were but an hypochondriac gloom; and supported himself by the following argument; "You know that hypochondriacism is a false imagination of the mind; and within one week after I detected my folly in being so anxious for another world, I became well and happy, and have so continued." He further added, I now think that all the notions I have had concerning the holiness of God, and the rewards of another world, are false. As to sin, it is evident there can be no such thing; nor shall I any more exist after this body dies, than those trees before us will exist hereafter, and be happy or miserable." "But," replied I, "is it not a gloomy thought, that your existence will cease when your body dies?" "As for that," he answered, "I cannot help it; and we must make the most of what we have." I perceived him determined not to think, lest it should make him unhappy; and on my solicitously urging him to review the momentous subject, he became peevish, and said I was trying to give myself importance in the world, by all I said concerning religion.

His life, for several years after this, was such as might be expected from his principles. Riches were his idol. His parsimony preserved him from licentious excess. Honest men detested the principles by which they saw him to be governed. His unprincipled associates were afraid of falling under his power. There was something in his countenance indescribable, that marked him for another Cain; and while many, through necessity, resorted to him for assistance, there was not a man on earth

that loved him. Passing over several parts of his conduct, which evidently proceeded from an endeavor to erase from his mind a sense of moral obligation, of sin, and a state where impenitent sinners shall receive a reward according to their deeds, I shall now come to his death-bed. A just Providence forbade him a long state of decay, as a season of admonition and preparation for eternity. He had his call before, and it was rejected. An awful accident in a moment placed him in a hopeless state, and within two days of his exit from this world. This accident, though fatal, did not immediately affect his head; and the powers of reason were in full strength.

Now, behold, the man who exploded moral obligation, denied the existence of sin, determined there was no future life, and consequently no punishment for him; and all this for the sake of gaining and enjoying this world without the molestations of his own conscience. True it is, that, in this awful moment, he was left to a great degree of judicial blindness concerning another world, the nature of hopeful preparation for death, and the just and eternal reward of sin; but misery and dismay rose upon him from a quarter he did not expect. His beloved scheme of ceasing to exist at death, became his terror. "And have I now," said he, "done with existence? Shall I presently cease to think, to see, to feel? Am I to exist but a few moments—filled with pain, and then lie down to be nothing for ever? I am pained for the fruits of my labor; I have labored for nothing; I cannot bid farewell to the earnings of so many years."

On being told, by one who had not known his previous opinions, that he certainly should exist; and that the future being of men was indicated by nature, and made

sure by scriptural evidence, an aspect of still greater horror settled on his countenance; and, after a pause of a minute, he replied, "If those scriptures are true, eternity will be more dreadful to me than the loss of being. I will not believe them; yet, how dreadful the idea of sinking into eternal thoughtless night!" This struggle of feeling lasted but a few minutes before this miserable man opened his eyes in an eternity to him most dreadful!

Such are the dying comforts of impiety and infidelity. Thus, at last, will the excuses and pleas of irreligion torment those who adopt them in their lives to quiet an accusing conscience, and resist the warnings of the Holy Spirit, who strives with men. This is a fearful example of that blindness into which many are left judicially to fall, through grieving the Spirit of grace.

To this striking narrative, we beg leave to add the following impressive passage from a sermon, on 2 Pet. ii. 11, delivered by the Rev. Mr. Mason, of New York, when in London, and communicated by a friend who heard it:

".....But there are men who set up for *wise men*; they have discovered the imposture, they have found out the cheat; they wish to unshackle you; they would release you from your thralldom. From your thralldom! What, from a thralldom of a *hope of the everlasting kingdom*? Do you wish to be released from *such* thralldom? God have mercy on you if you do! Have they aught to give in compromise? Can they tell us what awaits beyond that grave? No; if they think at all, it is darkness, uncertainty, and dread conjecture. The laugh of a fool is a miserable exchange for an eternal hope. Why, cruel

philosopher, would you take away the joy of my heart? Why would you remit me to the melancholy thought of no paternal Providence, no redeeming love? Enjoy your guilt alone; breathe out your complaints to the woods, and to the rocks; curse not *me* with your discoveries, nor kill me with *your* truths. Oh, comfortless heaven! Oh, melancholy earth! Oh, gloomy world! Oh, wretched nature! Without the prospect of an entrance into the Master's kingdom. How loud the winds howl! How loud the waves roar! How cruel the storm! Tossed hither and thither by the tempest, directed by no pilot, but where Lethe flows, where the black river of oblivion rolls! Oh! No, no, no; not upon such terms. Keep your discoveries; we won't give up our hope of 'an entrance into the kingdom;' and we will press closer to our hearts the precious volume which reveals it to us. 'This is the anchor of our souls.'

THE YOUNG CONVERT'S PRAYER.

My youth, my youth, O Lord, secure
From ev'ry lurking foe;
Teach me to flee each tempting lure,
That seeks my overthrow.

For oh, what floods of lust and pride
Unite their subtle force
To court and draw my heart aside;
But thou canst stay their course.

Direct my inexperience'd feet,
That they shall stray no more;
'Thou know'st their proneness to repeat
The steps they've trod before.

Lord, send thy Spirit from above,
 To shed his rays benign,
 That I decidedly may prove
 Myself a child of thine!

O then I'll let my neighbors see
 That Jesus is my friend;
 My Savior and my refuge he,
 On whom my hopes depend.

While some may sing of beauty's charms,
 And some of pleasure vain,
 And some of wealth, and some of arms,
 I'll sing a nobler strain.

I'll sing the glories of thy grace,
 The meltings of thy love;
 And mine affections will I place
 On thee and thine above.

Yea, earth shall sink beneath my feet,
 If thou but speak the word;
 And my quick ardent pulse shall beat
 But to exalt my Lord.

ON THE DOMESTIC HAPPINESS OF A CHRISTIAN COUPLE.

How blest the pair whom Christian love unites!
 Joy smiles upon their days, and crowns their nights;
 In peace their happy moments glide away,
 Till both are welcom'd to eternal day.

SUPPORT TO APPARENTLY UNSUCCESSFUL MINISTERS.

THE late Rev. Mr. W....., of M....., a little before his
 death, was complaining to the trustees of the chapel, that

he had not been made the instrument of calling one soul to the knowledge of the truth for the last eight years of his ministry. He preached but two sermons after this, before the Lord called him to himself; and soon after his death, between twenty and thirty persons proposed themselves as church members, who had been called by grace, under Mr. W.'s two last sermons. Let not ministers think their work is done, while they can preach another sermon, or speak another word.

THE STOLEN LAMB.

Not long since, a man possessing an uncommon degree of piety, was, with his wife and several children, reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty, almost to a state of starvation. Through the influence of the enemy of souls, together with the constant solicitations of his numerous family, almost famishing for food, he was tempted one night, to take a lamb out of the flock of a respectable farmer in his neighborhood. The lamb was brought home, killed, and part of it immediately dressed and brought upon the table; but when the poor tempted soul was about to ask a blessing upon it, conscience did its office, and smote him; he looked at his hungry family, and said, "How can I ask my God to bless that provision which I have feloniously taken from my neighbor? I will not partake of it, neither shall you; I will go and return the whole as it is, confessing my sin." He did so, and obtained the farmer's pardon; and a gracious and faithful God, in his kind Providence, supplied him and his family that day and ever afterwards.

CONVERSATION IN A STAGE COACH.

A. Is it your opinion, sir, that all men will be damned who do not believe in the Bible?

B. That all will be damned who hear and yet do not believe the Bible, I have no doubt, because the Bible expressly asserts it; and I believe the Bible to be a revelation from the God of heaven.

A. Do you believe Mahometans and heathens will be damned?

B. The Bible asserts, that there is no other name given under heaven among men, by which we can be saved, than Jesus. These once had the knowledge of God, as we are informed,* but they did not like to retain it, and corrupted it; for which reason, God gave them up to a reprobate mind; and they increased in wickedness. But depend on it, sir, the punishment of heathens in eternity, will be little in comparison of your's and mine, if we perish. Hell shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, than for the inhabitants of Capernaum, said Jesus the Judge of all, who had seen his miracles and heard his instructions, yet believed not his divinity and mission.

A. If you had lived in Turkey, would not you have believed Mahomet?

B. Very probably I should; but I adore the sovereign goodness of God for appointing my lot in this land.

A. I think there is just as good evidence for the mission of Mahomet as for Christ's!

B. Did you ever read his Alcoran?

A. No.

*Romans i. 28.

B. Read it then; this is all you have to do to be fully satisfied that the whole is a base human fabrication. It contains internal evidence of its falsehood.

A. Do you believe the doctrine of election, sir?

B. I do.

A. Why?

B. Because I find it in the Bible.

A. Do you approve of it?

B. Not to approve what Infinite Wisdom has thought fit to do, would be palpable pride and presumption in a mortal worm like me. I dare not bring the mighty God to the bar of my little mind.

A. Then, sir, a man may continue in all wickedness, fold his arms and say, "If I am elected, I shall be saved; if not, I shall be damned?"

B. If you, sir, adopt this plan and continue in it, it will indeed prove you never were chosen of God; but the experiment is dangerous in the extreme; and your having done so will never satisfy your mind in hell; you will then see that God was righteous and you were wicked. You had better take alarm now, and obey God's command to believe in his Son, and you shall not perish, but have eternal life. Be assured, God shall vindicate his conduct towards men before an assembled universe; and every wicked mouth shall be stopped by the force of evidence.

A. But many of the teachers of religion are as bad as other people.

B. You are called, sir, to found your faith not on the testimony of man, but on the word of the living God, which you have in English.

COME, AND WELCOME, TO JESUS CHRIST.

SEE REV. XXII. 17. MATT. XXII. 1—4.

THOUGH all are welcome by the gospel call,
 How few will come! and none would come at all,
 Did not the Spirit's efficacious pow'r
 Their hearts constrain in his appointed hour!
 But, granted this, does want of will, I pray,
 Excuse the sin of those who keep away?

You have a servant; ask that servant, why
 With your injunctions he will not comply?
 "I have no will," methinks I hear him say,
 "Yourself to love, or your commands obey;
 I'm surely not to blame for acting so;
 For I my nature cannot change, you know."
 And will depravity afford a plea
 From ev'ry bond of duty to set free?
 The most deprav'd are then the least to blame;
 And sin must lose its nature and its name.
 Your principles, my friend, if such your creed,
 May serve to justify the foulest deed;
 For the worst crime that ever has been done
 Within the ample circuit of the sun,
 Arose, no doubt, from a depraved will,
 Averse to good, and prone to all that's ill.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

SWEET babe!

She glanc'd into our world, to see
 A sample of our misery;
 Then turn'd away her languid eye,
 To drop a tear or two, and die,

Sweet babe!

She tasted of life's bitter cup,
 Refus'd to drink the potion up;
 But turn'd her little head aside,
 Disgusted with the taste, and dy'd,
Sweet babe!

She listen'd for a while to hear
 Our mortal griefs; then turn'd her ear
 To angel harps, and songs; and cry'd,
 To join their notes celestial, sigh'd and dy'd,
Sweet babe!

Sweet babe no more, but seraph now;
 Before the throne behold her bow;
 Her soul, enlarg'd to angel size,
 Joins in the triumph of the skies;
 Adores the grace that brought her there,
 Without a wish, without a care;
 That wash'd her soul in Calv'ry's stream,
 That shorten'd life's distressing dream;
 Short pain, short grief, dear babe, was thine;
 Now joys eternal and divine!

AN EPITAPH.

BOLD infidelity, turn pale!
 Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie;
 Say, are they lost or sav'd;
 If death's by sin, they sinn'd, because they're here;
 If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear;
 Reason, ah! How depriv'd!
 Revere the Bible's sacred page, the knot's unty'd;
 They dy'd, for Adam sinn'd; they live, for Jesus died!

PRECIOUSNESS OF THE BIBLE.

ON a Saturday night, some time since, a poor man went into a bookseller's shop in Holborn. "I come," said he, "to ask what may seem very unreasonable; I am very poor, I cannot buy a Bible, nor can I leave the value of one; will you trust my honesty, and lend me one till Monday morning? I will return it faithfully." The bookseller consented; and at the appointed time it was returned, with many expressions of gratitude. He afterwards came regularly for it, and as regularly returned it. A person, who heard of the circumstance, desired the bookseller to give him a Bible, and place it to his account. When he returned to ask the usual indulgence, and found that he had a Bible of his own, the poor man was in a transport of joy, imploring many blessings upon the head of his unknown benefactor; declaring it was a treasure he never expected to possess!

Reader, how large a blessing a small pittance may communicate! Whoever is in the power of our hand to do, may it be done liberally, and with our might, remembering that a fellow creature only can the believer benefit a fellow creature!

In heaven there are no sons of need;
There all these duties are no more!

SOLILOQUY AFTER READING THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

A PARODY.

THESE are thy glorious works, Eternal Truth,
The scoff of withered age and beardless youth;

These move the censure and th' illib'ral grin
Of fools, that hate thee and delight in sin,
But these shall last when night has quench'd the pole,
And heav'n is all departed as a scroll;
And when, as justice has long since decreed,
This earth shall blaze and a new world succeed,
Then these thy glorious works, and they who share
That hope which can alone exclude despair,
Shall live exempt from weakness and decay,
The brightest wonder of an endless day.

THE CAVILLER REPROVED.

A CERTAIN man went to a dervise, and proposed three questions. First, why do they say that God is omnipresent? I do not see him in any place; shew me where he is. Secondly, why is man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God? Man has no free will, for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God; and if he had power, he would do every thing for his own good. Thirdly, how can God punish satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element; and what impression can fire make on itself?

The dervise took up a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the Cadi, and said, "I proposed three questions to such a dervise, who flung such a clod of earth at me, as has made my head ache." The Cadi having sent for the dervise, asked, "Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?" The dervise replied, the clod of earth was an answer to his speech; he says, he has a pain in his head; let him shew me where it is, and I will make God visible to him; and why does he exhibit a complaint to you against

me? Whatever I did was the act of God; I did not strike him without the will of God; and what power do I possess! And as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer pain from that element?" The man was confounded, and the Cadi highly pleased with the dervise's answer.

CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE OF A PROTESTANT PEASANT.

FORMERLY, most of the inhabitants of Kintail, in Scotland, were Roman catholics, though now it is otherwise. This poor man was tenant to a Roman catholic nobleman; and being grievously oppressed, he, in consequence, had arrears to a considerable amount with his landlord. The farmer applied to his lordship's underfactor, or steward, to intercede for him, and procure him some redress. He promised the honest man to speak to his lord in his favor; but he did no such thing. The farmer then addressed the superior factor, beseeching him to petition his lord for him; he too promised fairly, but did not perform. The man, in despair, at last took courage, appeared before the lord himself, and told him his simple tale. The lord had pity on him, and gave him a discharge in full for all he owed him; and even condescended to accompany the peasant through the great hall, on the walls of which hung the pictures of saints and martyrs. His lordship asked him, if he knew whose pictures those were? "No." "They are the representatives of saints, to whom I pray that they will intercede for me with the great Lord of all, to forgive me my sins." "But why not pray to the great Lord of all yourself?" "Oh! That would be too great a presumption; it is far better to have such mediators, as

saints, between God and man." "I do not think so, my lord; and I will prove it; I first applied to *Little Sandy*, your underfactor, to intercede with you for me; he did it not. I then addressed *Muckle Sandy*, the other factor; he too promised, but did nothing neither. Then all at once I applied to yourself, my lord, and you have forgiven me every thing."

ESTABLISHED RELIGIONS.

WHILE ruminating the other evening on the present state of religion in France, it brought to my recollection a conversation which took place between myself and Monsieur de Veine, one of the principal officers in the civil department at Boulogne, at the time I was there, commanding a cartel, soon after the late war; his reply to my remark will show how extremely ignorant he must be of the nature of true religion. Seeing their chief market held on the Sabbathday; the boys at their games in the streets; troops innumerable lounging about the town, and as many upon the heights; the houses full, where their small wines are retailed; and many other symptoms unfavorable to religion; I observed to the above respectable officer, that there appeared nothing like religion among the French people. He replied, "Nothing at all. We have no religion among us now; but the convention are about to make one; then we shall go on very well."

Ah, when will the glorious period arrive; when men shall cease manufacturing their own religions, and be brought to submit to the pure and undefiled religion of the Bible.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.

THE gospel having been sent, by lady Huntingdon's influence, to a place of public resort, it pleased God to bring nearly all the domestic servants of a noble personage under serious impressions. Their conversion was not merely to opinions; they lived under the influence of the gospel, and became distinguished for their exemplary conduct and zealous endeavors to promote the salvation of their neighbors. Their noble master being one day on the promenade, was jeered by some of the company, upon the revolution which had taken place among his servants, by a change of their religion. His lordship replied, "As to the change of their religion, or what their religious sentiments are, I cannot tell; but one thing I know, that since they have changed their religion, they have been much better servants, and shall meet with no opposition from me." How happy is it for hearers and professors of the gospel, when their good conduct puts to silence the ignorance of foolish speakers!

ON MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE the fair rose, in vernal pride,
Or like the never slumb'ring tide,
Or like the blossom, fresh and gay,
Or like the early dawn of day;
Or like the cloud, 'mid tempest high,
That floats across the stormy sky,
E'en such is man, the heir of sorrow!
Alive today, and dead tomorrow!
The blushing rose soon fades away,
His course the ocean will not stay;
The blossom fades, the tempest flies,
And man, the child of frailty, dies!

Or like a tale that soon is told,
 Or like a meadow gemm'd with gold,
 Or like a bird with plumage gay,
 Or like the dew drop pearls of May,
 Or passing hour, or fleeting span,
 E'en such, in all his pride, is man!
 The grass decays, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;
 The span is short, the hour is past,
 And his long home man seeks at last!

Or like a bubble in the brook,
 Or glass, in which vain man doth look,
 Or shuttle sent from hand to hand,
 Or letters written on the sand;
 Or like a thought, or like a dream,
 Or like an ever gliding stream;
 E'en such is man, who soon will know
 That all is vanity below!
 Bubbles our wasting lives betoken,
 The shuttle stops, the glass is broken;
 No letters traced on sand remain,
 Our dreams are brief, our thoughts are vain;
 And like the stream that passes by,
 Is man, who only lives to die!

Like Autumn's leaf, or like the snow,
 Or like the journey man doth go;
 Or like the river's flow and ebb,
 Or like the patient spider's web;
 Or like the fruit, or like the flow'r,
 Or like the short lived April show'r;
 E'en such is man, who toils to gain
 The chaff of the immortal grain!
 The leaf decays, the snow is past,
 The roughest journey ends at last;
 The web is torn, the show'r is o'er,
 The fruit delights the taste no more;
 The flower fades, the flood's suspended,
 Man's hour is come, and life is ended!

Or like an arrow through the air,
Or like the light'ning's sudden glare,
Or like the vapor of the sky,
Or like the goal for which we try,
Or like the minstrel's pleasant song,
Which we, tho' vain, would fain prolong;
E'en such is life, with all its cares,
Fast floating down the tide of years!
The arrow soon to earth declines;
The lightning but a moment shines;
He stops who doth most sweetly sing;
The cloud is ever on the wing;
The race, tho' hard, will soon be o'er,
And living man be seen no more!

If ev'ry thing above, below,
Aloud doth mortal's frailty shew;
If we, ere long, must take our flight
From this revolving day and night,
And our eternal portion be
In realms of joy or misery;
Let us no more in trifles spend
The life which must so shortly end;
But, whilst the sun salutes our eyes,
To righteousness and God arise.
Let each, who has a soul to save,
Extend his views beyond the grave;
And, while salvation still is nigh,
To Christ, the friend of sinners, fly.
So, when this fleeting state is o'er,
And time with us shall be no more;
When e'en the elements around
Shall in consuming flames be found,
Upheld by faith, we will not fear,
For our redemption draweth near.

A SPEECH, SUPPOSED TO BE MADE BY THE BIBLE.

FROM the days of Constantine, emperor of Rome, down to the present, my character in Europe has been held in high estimation. Indeed, I have been acknowledged by all, to be the only true teacher of religion. Notwithstanding this complaisance, the treatment I have received from many has been worse than unpolite. People of opposite sentiments, have not only whispered among their own circles, but proclaimed it to the world, that I support them both. Such double conduct I detest; but as few, comparatively, consulted me, many adopted all the false and ruinous tenets propagated in my name.

The Roman pontiff acquired excessive temporal power by gradual encroachments. He and his associates formed, as they said, a religion founded on my instructions; and sent out emissaries, in all directions, to compel men, by fire and faggot, to confess their inventions to be my truths.

As I had portrayed this ecclesiastical monster with great accuracy, and warned the world of his approach, they soon viewed me with a jealous eye. At length I was laid under the severest restrictions, being enjoined never to address any people in the language they understood. As no nation spoke Latin after the overthrow of the Roman empire by the northern barbarians, they assigned to me that language. However, they would not have been highly displeased, though I had spoken French in Holland, and Dutch in France.

Finding that even this barbarity did not wholly prevent me from teaching truth to the nations, they laid me under an embargo, till they had made such incisions and alterations upon my tongue, that I could hardly utter a sentence

intelligibly. Indeed, they pared my tongue with such ingenuity, that, in spite of myself, I appeared to speak in favor of superstition and absurdity. For example, when I attempted to say, "Jacob worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff," it always sounded to the hearers, as if I had said, "Jacob worshipped the top of his staff;" which made many suppose there had been an image of Enoch carved on the top, to which he paid religious honor. But as I had always been accustomed to give a distinct and certain sound, many perceived the wounds I had received in the house of my pretended friends, and likewise the effect it had on my articulation. The moment they perceived it, they condemned the cruelty and knavery of Rome; but these, my advocates, were silenced by a rod of iron; the old way of answering arguments. In a few ages, men lost the remembrance of my fair character; and Rome had the effrontery to assure the world I was become such a mystic, that no mortal but herself could understand what I said; and falsely asserted I had appointed her my sole and infallible interpreter. The world believed her, and tamely surrendered their right of judging for themselves.

In consequence of all this malice, sophistry, and treachery, I walked in the world, prophesying in sackcloth and chains; and no man dared to express a desire for my liberation. However, even in the darkest ages of Roman tyranny and superstition, I had a few familiar friends, whom God taught to understand me, and influenced to believe and love my ancient testimony. These continually cried to God to dispel the cloud with which I was covered, that I might illumine the world, as in primitive times.

The prayers of these friends came up before God in an accepted time. He heard and sent deliverance, by exposing the deceit and absurdity of the antichristian hierarchy. Calvin, Luther, and others were enlightened to discern my truth and purity; and obtained courage to publish the discovery. They inveighed against my captivity, and detailed the barbarous treatment I had experienced during its continuance; how cruelly they had increased my torture, year after year; how frequently they had published lies in my name!

Multitudes were shocked at the conduct of Rome by this exposure, and would no more acknowledge her to be their teacher. They said they had eyes and ears as well as the conclave; wherefore, in matters of everlasting moment, they would not trust to those of others. My friends then applied ointment to my wounds; by which means they were soon healed; and all the bad matter with which I had been inoculated was extracted; so that I travelled about with my pristine health and vigor. Thus was my age renewed like the eagle's; and I promoted the health and happiness of many countries. Rome raged because I was liberated, and laid many a snare to renew my captivity; but without success. To be sure, many of my admirers suffered for their friendship; but they died rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer in such a cause.

My peregrinations became so rapid and extensive, that Rome could not follow me. At length she began to tremble, lest I should remove her from her seat. Upon this she cried for help to all her friends and flatterers. One of the Henrys, king of England, wrote a little in her favor;

she styled him her *defender*; and declared that his sons, to the very latest posterity, might assume the same honorable title, even though they should never put pen to paper in her favor; so much did she consider herself obliged to this foreigner. However, in a few years this very Henry began to turn against her, and laugh at her folly; and then renounced all connexion with her. Being condemned to die a lingering death, she has long been in a declining state.

At present, many of my friends, who have had peculiar happiness in my company, and who have been taught my real worth, are liberally subscribing, for the purpose of sending me on a mission to many countries, which are as foreign to me as I am to them. These friends know, that when I am sent in my native simplicity, I never give an uncertain sound; but teach in all places the same truths I have taught them. I am also the cheapest missionary they can send; I require nothing to pay for bed or board. I say more than any man about God and godliness, and preach as willingly at midnight as midday, and with the same pleasure to one as to a thousand; to a slave as to a sovereign; nor do I fear the face of man.

My travels are the travels of truth. Where I am known, there is no night; clouds and darkness flee before me. I shall persevere in my mission to man till all shall know me, from the least unto the greatest; till the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the channel of the sea. Those who assist in bringing me forward on my journey, after a godly sort, shall do well. My God shall supply all their needs, according to his glorious riches, by Christ Jesus.

THE LATE REV. S. PEARCE.

MR. P. being one week day evening in town, and not engaged to preach, asked his friend Mr. S. where he could hear a good sermon. Mr. S. mentioned two places. "Well," said Mr. P. "tell me the character of the preachers, that I may choose." "Mr. D." said his friend, "exhibits the orator, and is much admired for his *pulpit eloquence*." "Well," said Mr. P. "and what is the other?" "Why, I hardly know what to say of Mr. C. he always throws himself in the back ground, and you see his Master only." "That's the man for me, then," said the amiable Pearce; "let us go and hear him."

MISS LIVELY; OR, THE EFFECTS OF RELIGION ON A PERSON OF STRONG FEELINGS.

Ah, what is man, when his own will prevails!
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill!
 Proud of his power, and boundless in his will!

DRYDEN.

Wisdom is a good guide to zeal, and only can preserve it from extremes. If discretion does not hold the reins, good intentions will both break their own necks and the rider's. BISHOP HALL.

THE following account of Miss Lively, was drawn up by my friend Peter Fervid. The character was taken from life, and the principal incidents may be depended on as facts. The whole exemplifies so well the effects of religion on a person of warm affections, that I hope it will be profitable to some of my readers, and interesting to all.

Miss Lively was a young lady of an amiable temper, great sincerity, and an uncommon flow of spirits; to these natural qualifications was added every accomplishment which might be expected from an affluent situation in life; her company was sought by all the young and gay of her acquaintance, and every visit seemed dull if Miss Lively was not of the party.

Her friends, however, discovered that she was suddenly become gloomy and melancholy; her company was no longer pleasant, and she, whom every one had admired and flattered, was sneered at as a methodist, and avoided as a religious enthusiast. The only kind of *enthusiasm* which worldly people uniformly condemn. A man may be an *enthusiast* in poetry, painting, music, or philosophy; that is, he may be unreasonably attached to them, and the world will admire him for that very attachment; but let him shew as great a zeal for the cause of God, and the welfare of his soul, a cause to which our attachment can never be unreasonably strong, nor our attention too eager, and every tongue will condemn him.

The following circumstance occasioned the change in Miss Lively, which rendered her so very disagreeable to her former admirers. On a Lord's day evening one of Miss Lively's friends proposed going to hear a popular minister, who was to preach in the town where she lived. As, from unexpected disappointments, they could not make up their party at cards; it was thought the dull hour might as well be passed away in the house of God, and accordingly these two ladies agreed to go. The discourse was occasioned by the death of a young person who had been suddenly called into eternity; the sermon was adapted to the event, and,

for once in her life, Miss Lively became serious. She listened, mused, wondered at the truths she heard, and in vain endeavored to conceal her flowing tears. When the service was over she went home with her companion, but not a word was spoken. Each of them carefully concealed from their friends the place where they had been; the one, because she was ashamed of what she felt; and the other, because she was angry with herself, for having been the occasion of all this anxiety and distress to her amiable friend. It was, however, soon visible enough to all, that Miss Lively was deeply affected with something; but nobody could account for it; one suspected that she was ill, another that she had been offended; they were willing to suppose any thing, rather than that their gay companion could be so weak as to be affected by any thing said in a *pulpit*. They thought of a thousand other causes, while she at an early hour retired to her chamber; but it was to weep, not to rest. The faithful warnings of the preacher still rung in her ear, and she could not sleep. Her distress continued for several days, and was increased by the attempts of her friends to remove it. Their amusements, their pleasures, their vain conversation was loathsome to her; instead of healing they aggravated the wound in her conscience; and in the whole circle of her acquaintance there was not one who could direct her to a remedy. At length it was settled, by all, that she had lost her senses; and the poor distracted girl became the subject of conversation and pity in every company. It was found out that she had been *meddling* with religion, and there was not a doubt but it had made her mad. Every expression of sympathy for her, was mingled with a caution against having too much to do with religion, and her connexions rejoiced in the persua-

sion that they had just enough to carry them to heaven, without the possibility of its causing any derangement on earth. Indeed, her distress was so great, that, had she not met with relief, it might have ended in *real* lunacy; but he, "who knoweth our infirmities, and remembereth we are but dust," administered to her strong consolation. Under hearing the same minister who had filled her mind with terror, she experienced a degree of comfort. While he was representing Christ as the able and willing Savior of the chief of sinners, her fears were dissipated, the garment of praise was given her, for the spirit of heaviness, and the oil of joy for mourning. She now became as cheerful as ever, but her happiness flowed from a different source; praise was continually in her lips; she became anxious to bring her acquaintance to the same Savior whom she had found, and fondly imagined if they would but give her a hearing, they must be convinced.

The truths of the gospel appeared to her so plain and so interesting, that she thought wherever they were heard they must be received with gladness. With these views, in all companies, she made religion the subject of her conversation; hence her carnal acquaintance soon forsook her. Miss Lively, now, laid aside her fashionable dresses, distributed her feathers, her ribands, and other gaudy articles of her wardrobe, and assumed the dress of a methodist, or a quaker. Thus she completely ruined her reputation, with her former friends; and, of all her late admirers, there was scarcely one who would speak to her. This might be wisely ordered by Providence, for her good; as in consequence of it, without any difficulty, she was freed from connexions which, on account of her vivacity, would have been to her a perpetual snare. From a natural easy

turn of mind she could well endure the frowns of the world, and smile at its contempt; but its smiles and caresses must have ruined her.

She soon acquired a new set of acquaintance, who, though inferior to her former ones in quality, in fortune, and in rank, were greatly superior to them in virtue, piety, and solid worth. Their society contributed much to her comfort and growth in grace. She had a heart peculiarly formed for the enjoyments of Christian communion, and she frequently stood in need of the counsel, and sometimes of the gentle rebukes of her judicious friends. Her inexperience in religion, and the warmth of her temper frequently led her into errors. She was always judging of her state in the sight of God, by her own frames and feelings; thus, if she was in a lively frame, she would think well of her state, but when her natural spirits sunk, she would then imagine there was no grace in her heart. The last sermon she heard was the worst, or the best she had ever heard in her life; and, if the preacher did but move the passions, however injudicious, or erroneous, if not grossly so, he was sure to have her applause. If any person appeared at all under serious impressions, Miss Lively would at once pronounce them converted, and was, sometimes, angry with the more grave and thoughtful, who wished to judge of the tree, not by its blossoms, but by its fruits. Her friends lamented her want of self government; she was somehow betrayed into levities unbecoming her profession. Being in the habit of feeling and speaking warmly, she would often make strong declarations of attachment, when, perhaps, she hardly meant half what she said; and sometimes she would make promises without consider-

ing whether she could fulfil them; not to say that she now and then forgot to fulfil them when she was able to do it.

Hasty in her decisions, she would often say and do many imprudent things, and frequently did not use the best means for attaining desirable objects; though it must be allowed, by her activity in embracing seasons of doing good, she often accomplished her end, when the more prudent and cautious Christian has lost the season in reflecting upon the most proper means of improving it. The poor often felt her benevolence, and the afflicted were often refreshed by her kind and friendly visits; her soul was disposed to sympathy; she wept with them that wept, and rejoiced with them that rejoiced. Lukewarm professors would be disposed to mark every little failing in a character whose zeal reproached their own indifference; and it is to be lamented that she so often furnished them with an opportunity. Her more intimate friends admired the excellencies, without overlooking the defects of her character, and would sometimes warn her of her danger; neither was she backward in taking reproof; but whether the warnings were not given with sufficient faithfulness, or repeated with sufficient frequency, we cannot determine; however it was, Miss Lively seemed but little benefited by them; her natural disposition got the better of every effort, and she continued the same imprudent, affectionate, changeable, amiable creature.

At length her haste and imprudence became its own cure; and the kind providence of God accomplished that by afflictions, which the concern of her friends had in vain attempted. A few months after Miss Lively's conversion, her relatives became so far reconciled as to behave towards

her with civility, and she visited them occasionally. At first her visits were short, and she was always upon her guard, and was generally accompanied by some Christian friend. But, one day unhappily she made one among a large party, composed of carnal and worldly persons. Miss Lively was determined to shew them she was not ashamed of her religion; indeed, pride under the disguise of zeal, was her principal motive for making this visit; accordingly she took the first opportunity of introducing her favorite subject; none of the company seemed disposed to listen to her, excepting a military gentleman, who was too polite not to attend to a lady. Miss Lively delighted that at length she had obtained a hearing, went on most fluently, began to fancy she was doing great good, and at last could not help exclaiming, "Dear captain D.... how I long for your conversion!" The captain replied, with his accustomed politeness, "I should be happy, Miss Lively, to be converted by you, would you favor me with another interview?" This was agreed to without a moment's thought. From that time they became intimate. The captain left off swearing, and other outward immoralities, attended Miss Lively with the utmost assiduity to the house of God, admired all that she admired, and so completely won her affections, that he very soon possessed himself of her fortune, and her person, by a precipitate marriage. It was in vain that her friends argued with her on the propriety of waiting to see if there was really a change in the heart of the person to whom she was about to attach herself for life. She was too proud of her convert to doubt a moment of the reality of the change. All remonstrances were useless; she declared that the finger of Providence was so evident in the whole affair, that nothing

should restrain her. As soon as captain D.... had gained the object, he was not very ceremonious in throwing off the mask, which Miss Lively had given him the trouble of wearing but for a short time; at first he laughed at all religion as fit only for women and fools, and, at length, he openly and violently persecuted his amiable wife.

It is unnecessary to enter into a particular account of the trials which Mrs. D.... was now called to undergo. With difficulty, and very rarely, could she attend the public means of grace; and in a great measure she was cut off from all her religious connexions. These were heavy trials. She had no companion but her Bible, no friend but her God and Savior, no means of grace but those of a private nature; nevertheless she has often said that before her afflictions, she *talked* about religious enjoyments; now she *knew* what they were. Her devotions were indeed often interrupted by blasphemy and abuse, her Bible sometimes taken from her; but nothing could separate her from the love of God, and the enjoyment of his presence. She now lived and walked by faith, in a more eminent degree than she had ever done before. She had abundant occasion for all her natural spirits, and, if she had not been remarkably favored in this respect, must have sunk under her heavy burden. What the kind endeavors of her friends could never effect, was now produced by the severity of affliction; and a degree of excellence appeared in the character of this lady which had never before been manifested. Her cheerfulness appeared truly amiable, and unmixed with the frailties to which she had been subject. As she was now forced to read more, and converse less about religion, her judgment became more solid. Her zeal was in nothing diminished; but it was tempered with

prudence. By her meekness and patience she has often disarmed the rage of a brutal husband; yet she displayed fortitude in what she knew was right and consistent with the Divine will; but she had already to her cost, experienced too much the sad effects of the weakness of her own judgment to shew any thing of vain glory, or positivity in defending her opinions.

This flower which now displayed new charms, and appeared peculiarly beautiful, was not long to adorn the garden of God on earth. Severe trials, in a few years, exhausted the spirits of the once animated Miss Lively, and though her mind was vigorous, and her soul in prosperity; yet her body sunk under the pressure of accumulated trials, and, after a short and rough continuance here, she was removed into that state "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

MR. RIGID; OR, THE EFFECTS OF RELIGION ON A MAN NATURALLY STUBBORN AND RESERVED.

[A COUNTERPART TO MISS LIVELY.]

Asperitas agrestis, et inconcinna. HORACE.

A clownish roughness, and unpolished.

MR. RIGID was, unquestionably, a man of great piety, and of long experience in religion. He had lived to see many young people make a profession, who "for a time did run well," and afterwards turned back to the world; as he knew Miss Lively, he was afraid for a long time she would be one of that description. His behavior to young inquirers after Christ was often discouraging; and when he was told of any one who appeared concerned about his salvation, his constant remark was, "Let us wait; we shall see; the tree is known by its fruits." Such an observation

in some respects was just; we are to wait before we form our judgment of the reality of religion; but we should not delay for a moment to lend our aid; it is by the fruit we must form our opinion of the tree; but it is our duty to train the branches, and to promote the growth of the young plant in the spiritual vineyard, that it may bring forth fruit in its season.

The fact was this; Mr. Rigid had for a long time walked in darkness, and felt the deepest distress before he enjoyed any thing of the comfort of religion; and most people thought, that his enjoyments were always less than they might have been if his views of Divine truth had not been too much contracted, and his natural temper too rough and unbending.

Constant in his attendance at the house of God, every child in the congregation knew, that if Mr. Rigid was not in the well known corner of his pew, which he had occupied for half a century, he must be detained by severe afflictions. Steady and persevering in all his engagements, it was not any slight change of the wind, or the weather, it was nothing but absolute necessity that could keep him at home when his fellow Christians were worshipping God. Mr. Rigid had a clear judgment, and, excepting the peculiarities of his temper, he appeared among his fellow creatures to be without blame. The very scoffers who would sneer at him as a *queer old fellow*, would not for a moment have hesitated to take his word on any occasion. His punctuality in the fulfilment of his engagements was proverbial, and nothing could be a higher commendation of a man's integrity, than to say he was as honest as old Rigid.

His attachment to the minister on whom he attended was very strong. Though, by the roughness of his temper, he

sometimes gave the good man pain; yet, if others ventured to cast the most distant reflection on him, they would soon feel one of Mr. Rigid's severest rebukes. Indeed, his affection to his own pastor was so great, that he only liked other ministers in proportion as they approached his strain of preaching. Hence, he was a very nice and difficult hearer. Some ministers were too lively; they were all noise; some were not clear in their doctrines; others did not bring home the subject to the heart. He never liked to see a *young* man in the pulpit; though he ought to have reflected that his favorite minister was once young, and that, if young men were not to enter into the ministry, there would soon be a deficiency of the aged.

Mr. Rigid, though a plain man, was possessed of considerable knowledge of Divine subjects. He spent his leisure time, which was not a little, in reading the works of Owen, Charnock, and other eminent divines of that age. He had also had a long experience of the ways of God and man; consequently, his observations were frequently judicious, and if they had been made in the meekness of wisdom, and received in love, considerable benefit might have been derived from them, especially by young ministers, who, owing to his sternness, rather shunned than sought his acquaintance.

There were many, however, who, notwithstanding its defects, could perceive, and highly esteem the sterling worth of Mr. Rigid's character. Those who put confidence in him always found him a steady and faithful friend. Nice and critical, as was his taste in hearing, he would not *condemn* the ministers whom he did not altogether approve; but if he saw in them the image of Christ, he would heartily wish them success, and fervently pray for their further

illumination. If the peculiarity of his temper gave pain to others, it occasioned far greater pain to himself; in private, he mourned over it as his daily burden, and considered it as the enemy with whom he was daily to contend. This, notwithstanding his usual reserve, he has, at times, acknowledged to his intimate acquaintance. His opinion of the completeness of the atonement made by the blood of Christ, and his firm adherence to the doctrine of Divine sovereignty, never led him to fancy he was released from the law as a rule for his temper and conduct; but he was as truly concerned to bear the image, and follow the example of Christ, as to be arrayed in his righteousness. He was always ready to promote the interests of the gospel; but shewed too great a predilection for those Christians who were of the same sect with himself, and was too much attached to the forms and rites (for every church has its *forms and rites*) of his own particular church. He had a spice of bigotry in his composition, and yet he never suspected it. He perceived the bad tempers, and mourned over the hard speeches, which his bigotry occasioned; but the principle itself he rather cherished than opposed, mistaking it for steadiness to his profession; and rather gloried in his inordinate zeal for peculiar systems, modes, and forms, under the notion, that he was "contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." There was a want of sympathy in Mr. Rigid's natural temper, which prevented him from entering into the feelings of the distressed; he had scarcely ever tasted the cup of affliction, and was, therefore, backward to believe what others said concerning the bitterness of its contents; his favors were, on this account, sometimes conferred in a manner which grated on the feelings of those who received them, yet it

would be unjust not to acknowledge that he was always ready to help the poor, and to open his purse to the necessitous.

Before it pleased God to take this good man to himself, his heart was both softened and enlarged in the school of affliction. In the course of a tedious illness, which preceded his dissolution, he experienced much kind attention from a person who belonged to the connexion over which the late Rev. John Wesley presided. Mr. Rigid was often in great pain of body, and, occasionally, felt great darkness of mind; the affectionate behavior of his friend overcame his natural reserve, and they conversed freely together. Though, nothing could be more opposite than the views of Mr. Rigid, and those of his friend, in some points; and though he had often expressed, in strong terms, his abhorrence of Arminianism, and the inconsistency of any sort of Christian communion with the Arminian Methodists, he now began to think that vital, experimental religion, and unaffected piety, might exist in a person whose views thus differed from his own. At one time when he was expressing his entire dependence on Christ for salvation, his friend repeated to him that beautiful hymn which begins,

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.

The whole was congenial with the feelings of his own mind; and so consistent with his views of Divine truth, that he exclaimed, in his usual emphatic manner; "He who could write that hymn, and adopt those words as the language of his heart, will one day sing gloriously in heaven." When he was informed it was one of Mr. Wesley's hymns, he was covered with shame, on recollecting how ill he had

formerly thought, and spoken of a man concerning whom he could now say, "May my lot be with him, and may his portion be mine."

His heart was now expanding, and while he retained his former well digested opinions of Divine truth, he felt a degree of love to other Christians, which he had never before experienced. He saw that he had made modes and forms, the mere scaffolding of the building, of equal consequence with the building itself. His religious consolations also sensibly increased; the roughness was removed from his temper, and the graces of his mind shone forth with new lustre.

At length, to the regret of all who knew him, he expired; but to the comfort of his Christian friends, he had, in his last moments, the full possession of "peace of conscience, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

SUNDAY SICKNESS;

OR, AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE AND CAUSES OF A DISEASE OF THE TYPHOUS KIND, WHICH THOUGH OF LONG STANDING AND GENERAL PREVALENCE, HAS NEVER BEEN NOTICED BY ANY MEDICAL WRITER.

Principiis obsta. Sero medicina paratur.

Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.

OVID.

Resist disease betimes, if you would see

Your health the same as once it us'd to be;

Too late we at last call for med'cine's aid.

Our pow'rs, by long affliction, all decay'd.

DOCTOR Easy, amongst other papers, has given me one containing the particulars of the disease which is repre-

sented by the patients as a natural, but which, he thinks, bears the symptoms of a moral disorder. I shall give his history of it in the present number.

There is a disease, at this time, too prevalent in our neighborhood, an account of which is not to be found in our popular books of medicine; I shall, therefore, endeavor to communicate some particulars respecting it.

The disease, to which I refer, is evidently of the intermitting kind; and in all cases, that have fallen under my notice, has attacked the patients by violent paroxysms which return every seventh day. It may be thought to savor of superstition to mention it, and yet it is a fact, and therefore must not be passed over, that, these paroxysms return only on the Lord's day, on which account the disease is called the *Sunday sickness*; and the faculty know it by no other name than *Dici Dominici morbus*. On account of its periodical attacks, some have thought it to be a singular kind of ague, especially, as it is attended with a great degree of coldness, though I do not perceive the symptoms of shivering which are usual in that complaint.

I have observed the paroxysms commence at different periods, but generally in the morning of the Lord's day, and in many cases it seizes the patient before he has left his bed, and makes him indisposed to rise till a later hour than usual. A coldness has first been noticed about the region of the heart; and a dullness in the head, which stupifies the brain, not unusually succeeds; this is followed by yawning, and a sort of lethargy. The patient is, sometimes, deprived of the use of his limbs, especially the legs and the feet, so that he finds himself indisposed to walk to the house of God. Some, indeed, have gone up to the solemn

assembly; but they have generally entered it later than their neighbors; and even there the paroxisms have seized them, and the symptoms of yawning and lethargy have been so violent, that, they have fallen into a dead sleep, even, when the preacher has been delivering the most solemn truths in the most animated manner; and others have been extremely uneasy in their confinement during the time of service, though they have been known to sit, very contentedly, in a playhouse, for several hours together.

This disease appears to stupify those who are subject to it, so that, however, they may appear to suffer, they are seldom, if ever, heard to complain. I have known persons under other diseases mourn on account of their confinement from public worship; but the victims of this extraordinary disorder were never heard to exclaim, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart, and my flesh crieth out for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?"

I was at first greatly surprised, after hearing that a patient could not get to public worship, to find her the next day as active as if she had not been subject to any kind of indisposition; but I have since found it very common, after the paroxisms are removed, for the patient to appear perfectly well till the approach of the next Sabbath; though most of the faculty agree, that, there is a low feverish heat to be perceived during the days of interval, which is called *Febris mundi*; or the worldly fever. There seems also to be a loss of appetite for savory food, and an entire want of relish for *panis vite*, which, it is thought, might be of service to remove their disease, as a very skilful and experi-

enced person asserted that, "it was more to him than his necessary food," and another has recommended it as peculiarly agreeable to the taste, "sweeter than honey or the honey comb." One circumstance I had almost forgotten, namely, that, those who have not laid aside all attention to the form of religion, if they are subject to the Sunday sickness, generally, feel somewhat chill, and listless about the hours of secret retirement, and family devotion.

From some symptoms, in the families where this disease has made its appearance, there is reason to fear that it is contagious. If I am not strangely mistaken, some children have received the infection from their parents; and I expect every week to see it more prevalent in the vicinity of a great family who are dreadfully under the power of the disorder. The symptoms of yawning are evident in some, and of lethargy in others, who are not yet so far gone as to be kept from public worship.

I was willing to hope the Sunday sickness was a new complaint, and peculiar to these parts; but, it seems, there are but few places where the malady has not reached; and weariness of the Sabbath appears to have been a raging disorder among the Jews, in the times of their commonwealth; though it is to be feared, it never was more prevalent and contagious than at present; and, I am sorry to say, its prevalence is, not a little, owing to the late attempts of a gentleman to prove that its effects are not to be dreaded.

In searching for the causes of these symptoms, I have met with considerable difficulty; but am now convinced, after the closest investigation, that they are generally brought on by excessive indulgence, and feeding without

reserve on the sour fruits of the flesh, and the windy diet of the world. Persons, who sit for many hours together in close rooms, with vain and carnal companions, are peculiarly liable to the malady; and I have observed that a neglect of family and social religion on working days; a great delight in cards and other games; a frequent attendance upon balls, drinking clubs, and stage plays, are its common forerunners.

I am desirous that these particulars should be laid before the public, that they may serve to caution some persons of their danger, and that the skilful may be excited to seek out a remedy for the disease. Some have thought that the complaint is a moral rather than a natural one; it is, however, argued on the other side, that the patients generally complain of a natural indisposition. What is to be done? It is high time that physicians or divines should attend to the malady. I have sometimes thought of prescribing draughts and bolusses to those who have told me that they could not come to church, or not come in time, or not keep awake while they were there; but when I have found them well, and active in their business, I have declined it for fear it should seem like forcing medicines. Had I been sure that worldly business or pleasure had detained them, I should have recommended the clergyman to attend to their case; but when they talk of their infirmities and indispositions, I do not know how he could address them. Perhaps it is necessary to hold a consultation of physicians and divines, that it may be determined to whom the patients belong, and whether the complaint is seated in the body or in the soul.

As the following admonition to sleepers is in some degree connected with the above paper, and I know not.

whether it has been before printed, I shall recommend it, as worthy of attention, to those whom it may concern. It was drawn up by a minister of great zeal, and I shall faithfully transcribe the copy before me, because, though it may be rather in the rough, the style is peculiarly characteristic of the writer.

“The horrid habit of sleeping in some is the source of infinite pain to others. It damps, more than any thing else, the vivacity of a preacher. Constant sleepers are public nuisances, and deserve to be scourged out of a religious assembly, to which they are a constant disgrace. There are some, who have regularly attended a place of worship for seven years twice a day, and yet have not heard one whole sermon in all the time. These dreamers are a constant distress to their preachers, and could sober reason operate on them, they would soon be reclaimed.

“In regard to health, would any but a stupid man choose such a place to sleep in? In respect of character, what can be said for him, who in his sleep makes mouths, and wry faces; and exhibits strange postures, and sometimes snores, and starts, and talks in his sleep, and renders himself ridiculous to the very children of the place? Where is his prudence, when he gives malicious persons occasion to suspect him of gluttony, drunkenness, laziness, and such like causes of sleeping in the day time? Where is his breeding? He ought to respect the company present. What an offensive rudeness to sit down and sleep before them! Above all, where is his piety and fear of God? There will come a period in the existence of this easy drone, in which he will awake, and find the Philistines punishing the idler who was shorn in his sleep.

"Ministers have taken a number of methods to rid our assemblies of this odious practice. Some have reasoned; some have spoken louder; some have whispered; some have threatened to name the sleeper, and have actually named him; some have called fire; some have left off preaching; Dr. Young sat down and wept; Bishop Aylmer took out his testament and read Greek. Each of these awaked their audience for the time; but the destruction of the habit belongs to the sleeper himself; and if neither reason nor religion can excite him, why, he must sleep on till death and judgment awake him."

A SERIOUS REPORTEE.

SAID Frank to his sister, "I heard t'other day,
You pious folks always believe, when you pray,
The Almighty is sure to attend to your prayer,
And grant you your wishes *whenever* they are."

"No, brother, we do not;" she meekly replied,
"Some are granted in grace, some in justice denied.
If heaven had answer'd my fervent desire,
You'd have long since been snatch'd as a brand from the fire."

EPIGRAM I.

ON A RAMBLING PREACHER, WHO LAID HIS BIBLE BEHIND
HIM AS SOON AS HE HAD READ HIS TEXT.

WHEN Ralph has read his text,
You'll see it if you mind him;
He shuts his Bible up,
And lays it down behind him.

No wonder, Spintext cries,
He'll do as well without it;
For when his text is read,
He'll say no more about it.

EPIGRAM II.

ON A PREACHER WHO WAS VAIN OF NOT STUDYING HIS
DISCOURSE.

PETER so often tells his friends,
That they must needs believe it,
His sermon comes into his mind,
All fresh as they receive it.
Poor man! I'd have him save his breath,
And tell him so sincerely,
That he ne'er studies we're convinc'd,
His preaching proves it clearly.

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A PORTRAIT OF DR.
WATTS.

WHEN the last solemn trumpet loud shall blow,
And wake the dead to endless bliss or wo,
Amid the bless'd, that favor'd, ransom'd throng,
Prepar'd to join the everlasting song;
When saints, like Watts, my Savior's triumph grace,
Content I'd occupy the lowest place.
And now, if e'er my feeble virtue fail,
Or when my vain ambitious thoughts prevail,
I'll view this image of the wond'rous man;
For while my muse in vain attempts to scan
His just preeminence, abas'd I feel,
And mourn the lagging efforts of my zeal;
My powers are lost, when I would fondly trace
His moral worth, rich wit, and heav'nly grace.

Unwearied he drew forth a brilliant store,
From mines of science unexplor'd before;
With skill revealing nature's hidden laws,
He trac'd effects to their Supreme First Cause;
His thoughts expansive stretch'd from pole to pole;
So nobly soar'd his elevated soul;

Nor stopp'd, till in the sacred page he saw
 Himself obnoxious to God's righteous law;
Though in attainments high, in soul abas'd,
 His holy lore the flow of genius grac'd,
 And, touch'd with glowing energy divine,
 He joy'd to see a Savior's glory shine,
 Imbu'd with piety his noblest lays,
 And taught the British muse a heav'nly phrase.

Prompt, yet profound; though varied, constant still,
 On virtue's side his labor and his skill.
 His wit and wisdom infidels confound,
 Or combat Locke on metaphysic ground;
 In verse sublime to Sinai's summit soar,
 Amid the bick'ring flame, and thunder's roar:
 But love, the grace supreme, still meek and kind,
 A kindred inmate in his gentle mind,
 Could change the lofty for more soothing strains,
 To Christians ever dear while verse remains;
 Or lower stoop, to teach in artless lays
 E'en lisping infants their Redeemer's praise.
 Benignly topious, so, refreshing show'rs
 Invigorate trees and shrubs, meads, herbs, and flow'rs,
 Revive the drooping plants, the strong mature,
 Cherish the tender bud, and future fruit ensure.

ON OBTAINING A PORTRAIT OF JOHN BUNYAN.

FAITHFUL resemblance of that man of God,
 Who saw in *dreams*, what course the *pilgrim* trod,
 Who could so well his various toils recount,
 From his own birthplace to the heav'nly mount.
 Before my eyes, within these walls reside,
 And while I gaze, or mem'ry shall abide,
 I'll think of him, who, by the holy word,
 Was led from devious paths to seek the Lord.

Who, like th' apostles, call'd from mean employ,
 Made sinners tremble, fill'd the saints with joy;
 Became, so heav'n ordain'd, the pilgrim's guide,
 Like his brave *Great Heart*, to the *river's* side;
 Till call'd, at length, the gloomy stream,
 He sees the city now without a *dream*.
 Near to the Lamb, before the throne divine,
 Among his *shining ones*, he hold him shine!
 While saints and angels join his heavenly lay,
 Pilgrims still moving in the narrow way,
 Charm'd by his vision, mark the path he drew,
 And keep the heavenly city full in view.
 Both wit and judgment in his page unite,
 With truth to instruct, and fancy to delight.
 The lab'rer reads, nor thinks the lessons hard,
 That please the scholar and the lofty bard.*
 The child, who scarcely knows it from romance,
 Loves to behold the pilgrim's tribe advance;

* *Cowper.* The following are his beautiful lines on the *Pilgrim*,
 in his *Tyrocinium*.

O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing,
 Back to the season of life's happy spring,
 I pleas'd remember, and while mem'ry yet
 Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget;
 Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told tale
 Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
 Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
 May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
 Witty, and well employed, and like thy Lord,
 Speaking in parables his slighted word;
 I name thee not, let so despis'd a name
 Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame;
 Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
 That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
 Revere the man, whose *PILGRIM* marks the road,
 And guides the *PROGRESS* of the soul to God.

While those, who bend beneath the weight of age,
Still, smiling, draw instruction from his page.

Lord, what am I, that thou should'st bid me lead,
In the same narrow way, the present seed
Of Bunyan's Christians? Teach me now to cry,
Amid destruction's sons, "The end is nigh!"
To warn them, with the ardor they require,
That soon their city must be burnt with fire.
Oh, give me grace to bring a goodly train,
To fly from wrath; eternal life to gain;
To follow those who follow'd Christ before,
And join them, when their *pilgrimage* is o'er.
Then, when my work is done, give me a seat
Somewhere beneath the holy *dreamer's* feet,
There to rejoice, as other pilgrims come,
Weary and wet, to rest themselves at *home*.

ON A HALF LENGTH PORTRAIT OF COWPER.

THE hand that half of Cowper drew,
Most prudent may we call;
The artist, when he painted, knew
That none could paint the whole.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

ABUH HANIFAH, a most celebrated doctor among the orthodox mussulmen, having causelessly received a malicious and violent blow on the face, spoke thus to him who struck him; "I could return you injury for the injury you have done me; but I will not. I could also inform against you to the Khaliff; but I will not be an informer. I could in my prayers and addresses to God, represent the outrage done me; but I will forbear that. In fine, I could, at the day of judgment, desire God to revenge it; but far be it

from me; nay, should that terrible day arrive at this very moment, and could my intercession then prevail, I would not desire to enter paradise without you!" How noble an instance of a calm, serene, and forgiving mind! How happy would it be for all Christians, and how honorable to the name of Jesus, were there more frequent exercises of this grace of forgiveness, like this wise and virtuous Mahometan; and more especially like Him, who, upon the cross, prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

A FICTITIOUS DREAM ABOUT FACTS; OR, OCCURRENCES OF EVERY DAY.

A SCENE which I beheld in my sleep, some time ago, has occupied my waking thoughts ever since. As the circumstances which then seemed to happen, certainly take place every day, the recital may both please and edify, and stamp a solemnity upon time, which was not observed before. The remembrance of it has both moderated my joy and regulated my sorrow, upon various occasions.

In my sleep, I supposed myself seated in a balloon, and carried up an immense height into the air, when all at once it became stationary. An angel then presented me with a telescope and an ear trumpet. "With the one," said he, "you will be able to see every thing that happens today in one half of the world; the other will convey the words spoken by the persons you see."

When I put my eye to the telescope, the scene which was presented was grand beyond conception; and the glass had this peculiar property, that it disclosed the transactions which passed within the houses, as well as without

them. The variety which I beheld in the various countries of the world, the numberless cities, towns, villages, palaces, &c. filled my mind with such confusion, that I could not for some time fix my attention upon any particular spot, so as to observe what was going forward.

The first object to which I particularly directed my attention was, a prince sitting in his bed-chamber, who, for the first time, had felt the symptoms of a mortal disease. "There! There!" said he, "is a summons to leave all my pleasures, my riches, my honors! How quickly have my days passed away! Life appears only like a dream!" He sends for his physician, who feels his pulse. At first his countenance indicated alarm. The prince, perceiving this, hastily asked his opinion. This he declined, but advised him to retire to bed; there I saw him laid, and there I left him, to turn my glass towards some other object.

In an adjoining house I perceived a large company assembled, to congratulate the family in consequence of a large fortune, which had been left them by an uncle, who had died a few days before. Their mirth was excessive. Wines and all the delicacies of the season were presented; when they drank to the memory of the deceased, without regretting his removal. None remarked the transitory nature of temporal things, nor warned the family not to trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who is the only permanent possession.

A ship at sea, in a furious storm, next attracted my attention; it was full of passengers. These were in the utmost perturbation, every moment expecting a watery grave! I beheld a husband clasping his beloved wife in his arms,

several children clinging to their father, begging him to save them; his silent sighs and tears strongly expressed his inability. In a few minutes the vessel was invisible, and every soul on board had perished.

I then looked to a humble cottage, the master of which was reading the 14th chapter of the gospel by St. John. I overheard him say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord; and all that is within me is stirred up to praise him." He laid down the book, and looking towards heaven, said, "My soul seems as if within the veil, viewing my dearly beloved Lord, who loved me, and gave himself for me. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" "Happy man!" said I, "thrice happy man! The aggregate riches of both the Indies could not give rise to such life, joy, and peace. In a few more hours, or years, that humble, unnoticed cottager shall stand before the throne of God and of the Lamb, and join for ever in the hallelujahs of the glorified!"

How differently is yonder miser employed, counting his money in that garret, trembling lest it should be seized by the hands of some robber! But I perceive a danger of which he is not aware; the under story of his house is in flames; but his attention to his treasure prevents his perceiving it, till too late to escape. He leaps from the window, is killed on the spot; and his property is consumed by the undistinguishing fire. My soul! Set *thy* affections on things that are above, where destruction shall be unknown for ever; where separation from the object of thy affections can never happen.

I next turned to a gaming company. To appearance they were all happy and cheerful. Some were losing, others gaining. A thoughtless young man lost his whole property at one throw of the dice! He slipped away to an-

other apartment, and seemed ready to tear out his very heart. He had several brothers and sisters entirely dependent upon him for support, who had all been brought up in the first style. How to reveal his ruin to his friends he knew not; but do it he must. He called the gentleman aside who had gained his property, and begged him as a friend, to allow him only to retain a few thousand pounds, to prevent his utter ruin; but the love of money rendered this gentleman deaf to his proposal.

I saw a stack of chimnies blown down in one of the principal streets in Vienna, and five or six persons were buried in the rubbish! The relations of one of them lived on the other side of the street. It was affecting to hear their shrieks, and observe their anguish!

In an upper room of a house in Berlin, I observed an affectionate mother taking leave of her numerous weeping children. She committed them to the care of her heavenly Father; commended the amazing love of God in his Son Jesus to their constant consideration; charged them to depart from iniquity, and to live obedient to their God; declaring, if they did not, her instructions and warnings would witness against them in the day of God. She stopped suddenly, closed her eyes, saying, "I go to God my Savior!" and died.

In South America, I beheld ten captives dragged to the mines, to remain under ground for life. As they entered the mouth of the pit, they looked back to the sun with sorrowful countenances, to bid a final adieu to that fair luminary. I followed them with an eye of pity many hundred yards down, and saw them instantly put to work.

I next viewed a ship wrecked upon a barbarous coast. The mariners reached the shore with nothing more than

their lives. They scrambled up the rocks, and witnessed their vessel beat into a thousand pieces. A party of savages appeared from behind some bushes, and barbarously slew these forlorn strangers. Perhaps at this very time the parents of some of them were in the midst of merriment, ignorant of the awful situation of their sons; others looking anxiously every day for the arrival of this ship, in which was a beloved father or brother, whom they had not seen for many years; nor will they ever be able to obtain intelligence respecting their fate.

Here, is a person put into prison, who lived in affluence and respectability all his days. He never, till now, was in a room from which he could not, or durst not, depart. His family at home resolve to visit him, but are denied admission; even a letter dare not pass between him and his dearest friends. True, his own folly brought him to this misery; but still he has the feelings of a man.

There, is a merchant lamenting the loss of a valuable ship and cargo. *Here*, one rejoices in the safe arrival of his vessel, and hopes for abundant profit from the sale of his goods. *Here* is one hurled from the pinnacle of opulence, into the valley of poverty. *Here* is a court favorite thrown into disgrace; and another is raised to his place. In that palace lies the man who made the world to tremble, unable to move himself upon his bed, ready to experience death, which he often inflicted without remorse upon others! Thousands are preparing to congratulate his successor the moment his breath is gone. He receives no wholesome admonition respecting that eternity into which he is about to enter. To him it is a leap in the dark. His numberless avocations during health, left him no leisure to

Look into the word of truth for instruction about his soul's salvation; he waited for a more convenient season; while foolishly doing so, the heavenly decree that he should die went forth from the Lord. He sickened, he trembled, he groaned, he died.

In that house to which I now look, lives a family overwhelmed with poverty; they have not a morsel to eat; being strangers in the town, they have no friends to apply to for assistance. Having seen better days, their situation is more distressing. A few doors from them I see a family living in the utmost profusion; their dishes at table are so numerous, they can hardly taste half of them, and yet they are not thankful! They say, "This fowl is too old; that one is not well cooked; this pudding is bad; and that trifle is intolerable." The patience of Job could not bear with the constant ingratitude of such creatures; yet God has patience to bear with such persons for many years; but if his goodness does not lead them to repentance, his wrath will begin to burn.

Now the angel who provided the telescope and trumpet, made his appearance. He asked me how many people were at this moment, within my view, in the agonies of death? After turning my glass to twenty or thirty cities, I said I supposed there might be twenty thousand in all the kingdoms which were visible. "Ah," said he, "there are more than a hundred thousand who will not live twenty four hours! There are also many thousands of these people who are running about in perfect health, who will be dead before the week expires!"

He remarked, that God was every minute creating hundreds of souls and bodies for their habitation, and summon-

ing about the same number to appear at his judgment bar. Had you powers capable of distinguishing spirits, you would perceive a constant flight of souls leaving the world; some for the mansions of the blessed, others bound for the abodes of the wretched!

The angel, after taking from me the telescope and trumpet advised me to dwell as a pilgrim and stranger in that miserable world, till my time for departing should come; daily to bewail the direful effects which sin has produced; to forsake every evil way myself, and warn others to do the same; assuring them, from God's word, that believers in Jesus have the promise of the life that now is, and the life that is to come. "Go in peace," said he, "and may the God of love and peace be with you."

On this I awoke, and, behold, it was a dream. But, surely, there has not been a day since the world was generally peopled, but similar scenes have taken place. Such contemplations have certainly a practical tendency; if they have not this effect, we are mere speculators.

LINES INTENDED FOR A WATCH PAPER.

MOMENTS swiftly fly away!
 Nothing can compel their stay;
 Whither are they leading me?
 To a vast eternity;
 To a heav'n of perfect bliss,
 Or a dreadful dark abyss!
 What, my soul, then canst thou do,
 With such prospects in thy view?
 Flee to Jesus, flee away;
 Not tomorrow, come today;
 Come this moment; for, to thee
 It now may be eternity!

ON THE SCRIPTURES.

HOLY Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure! Thou art mine;
 Mine, to tell me whence I came;
 Mine, to teach me what I am!

Mine, to shide me when I rove;
 Mine, to shew a Savior's love;
 Mine, art thou to guide my feet;
 Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit!

Mine, to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine, to shew, by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death!

Mine to tell of joys to come,
 Of the rebel sinner's doom;
 O, thou precious book divine!
 Precious treasure! Thou art mine!

LETTER FROM A LADY TO HER HUSBAND.

[To be read after her death.]

"MY TRULY DEAREST AND BELOVED HUSBAND,

"As I look upon my continuance here very precarious, and, from the nature of my disorder, I may not have it in my power to speak to you when the awful king of terrors brings his summons; now, while I have the power to write, and reason to reflect, I with pleasure and gratitude employ a few minutes in addressing you.

"In the first place, I return you my most sincere and grateful thanks for all your long, kind, affectionate, and tender care of me; I may say unremitting affection towards

me amidst my many weaknesses and infirmities. I do beg of you to cast the mantle of love over my many frailties and ungrateful behavior. I make no doubt but that my unholy and unsanctified tempers have often been a trial to you. I do lament them to you now, as I have often lamented them before God; and I do beg that you will follow the example of your blessed Master, and remember that I am but dust. Whatever has been wrong, bury in oblivion. Think how the Lord hath born with me in this wilderness. He knew that I should deal treacherously from the womb; and yet, stupendous love, he has borne with my backsliding heart, my refractory will, my rebellious spirit, my depraved, polluted nature; and, after all, those dreadful aggravations, hath magnified the riches of his grace by saying, "Deliver that poor creature from going down into the pit; I have found a ransom. Oh! To grace how great a debtor!" * * * *

[Here she ended.]

THE DUMB SERMON.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.

THE energy of this eternal truth was most forcibly applied to the heart of the late Rev. W. Tennant, of America, on the following remarkable occasion. In his neighborhood resided a professed deist, a man of considerable attainments as to worldly wisdom. He often, from whatever motive, attended the ministry of Mr. Tennant, whose powers as a preacher were of a superior kind; his skill in the scriptures being deep, and his style rich, argumenta-

tive, and impressive. Learning once the intention of the deist to attend divine service on the following sabbath, Mr. Tennant most diligently prepared for the occasion, by meditating upon, and fixing in his mind every argument which might work a conviction. Thus prepared, he ascended the pulpit. "But who is Paul, or who is Apollos? Paul may plant, and Apollos may water; but it is God that giveth the increase." Praise and prayer being concluded, the discourse began; but soon the preacher's memory was plunged into perfect oblivion; and not being in the custom of using notes, he in vain endeavored to proceed; his mind was sealed up as to the subject of discourse; and he was under the painful necessity of confessing his inability, and concluded with prayer. The Spirit of God was now at work. The deist was led to reflect upon the extraordinary case; he had, on former occasions, experienced and admired Mr. Tennant's powers of oratory. From his concluding prayer on this occasion, he found him in vigor of mind. To what could he trace the sudden dereliction of his powers, when entering upon such a discourse? Happy man! He was led to discover in it *the finger of God!* The joyful change soon reached Mr. Tennant, who, doubtless, was deeply humbled and grateful; for he ever afterwards spoke of his *dumb sermon* as the best he ever preached.

THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

DEATH suddenly presented himself before a Christian. "Welcome! Thou messenger of immortality; thrice welcome!" was the salutation of the good man.

"How is this," said death, "son of sin, dost thou not fear my approach?"

"No; he who is a Christian indeed, may view thee undismayed."

"Canst thou behold me attended by sickness and disease; canst thou observe the cold sweat distilling from my wings, without shuddering?"

"Even so," replied the believer in Jesus.

"And wherefore is it that thou tremblest not?"

"Because it is by them I am assured of thy speedy approach."

"And who art thou, O mortal! That my presence hath no power to terrify?"

"I am a Christian!" smiling with benignity on his stern visitor.

Death then breathed upon him; and in an instant they both disappeared. A grave had opened beneath their feet; and I could observe something lying therein. I wept. Suddenly the sound of celestial voices attracted my attention, and I looked towards heaven. I saw the Christian in the clouds; his countenance was irradiated with the same smile as I had before observed upon it, and his hands were clasped together. Glittering angels then approached him, shouting, and the Christian shone resplendent as themselves. Again I wept. I now looked into the grave, and at once perceived what it contained; it was the Christian, having disrobed himself for his flight.

SURELY THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH IS PASSED.

When bending o'er the brink of life,
 My trembling soul shall stand;
 Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
 Great God, at thy command!

When weeping friends surround my bed,
 And close my sightless eyes;
 When, shatter'd by the weight of years,
 This broken body lies;

When ev'ry long lov'd scene of life
 Stands ready to depart;
 When the last sigh which shakes the frame
 Shall rend this bursting heart;

O, thou Great Source of joy supreme,
 Whose arm alone can save,
 Dispel the darkness that surrounds
 The entrance to the grave!

Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
 Beneath my sinking head;
 And with a ray of love divine,
 Illume my dying bed.

Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
 May I resign my breath!
 And, in thy fond embraces, lose
 "The bitterness of death!"

THE POWER OF PREJUDICE.

A PROTESTANT clergyman, in Ireland, was called to visit a sick and dying woman. A Roman catholic, a very decent woman, was present. The clergyman took occasion to dwell on the love of the Savior, and the efficacy of

his blood to take away sin; warmly exhorting her to put her trust alone in him. Making a pause in his discourse, the catholic woman, who, by her countenance, had expressed much astonishment, immediately exclaimed, "O, sir! This is the first time I ever thought that a protestant minister believed in Christ!"

The opposition of protestant ministers to the superstitious use of the *sign* of the cross, may have given occasion to the priests to represent them as enemies to the *doctrine* of the cross. But may not the silence of some preachers, as to the grand peculiarities of the gospel, in their preaching, confirm the unhappy prejudice? May no protestant preachers, by their omission of Christ in their sermons, render it questionable to their hearers, whether or not they believe in Christ!

THE CHARACTER OF SOME MODERN RELIGIONISTS.

"I SAY amen with all my heart, to your observations on religious characters. Men, who profess themselves adepts in mathematical knowledge, in astronomy, or jurisprudence, are generally as well qualified as they would appear. The reason may be, that they are always liable to detection, should they attempt to impose upon mankind, and therefore take care to be what they pretend. In religion alone, a profession is often slightly taken up, and slovenly carried on, because, forsooth, candor and charity require us to hope the best, and to judge favorably of our neighbors; and because it is easy to deceive the ignorant, who are a great majority, upon this subject. Let a man attach himself to a particular party, contend furiously for what are properly called evangelical doctrines, and enlist himself under the

banner of some popular preacher, and the business is done. Behold a Christian, a saint, a phoenix! In the mean time, perhaps, his heart, and his temper, and even his conduct, are unsanctified; possibly less exemplary than those of some avowed infidels. No matter; he can talk; he has the Shibboleth of the true church; the Bible in his pocket, and a head well stored with notions. But the quiet, humble, modest, and peaceable person, who is, in his practice, what the other is only in profession; who hates a noise, and therefore makes none; who, knowing the snares that are in the world, keeps himself as much out of it as he can, and never enters it but when duty calls, and even then with fear and trembling; is the Christian that will always stand highest in the estimation of those who bring all characters to the test of true wisdom, and judge of the tree by its fruit."

INNOCENT PITH.

A MINISTER, lately about to preach at a country village, to a considerable number of people, was naming his text, viz. "The 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, the 15th chapter," and the 24th verse, cried a man aloud, as he stood at the preacher's elbow. Mr. F. the preacher, with admirable presence of mind, instantly replied, "You are nearly right, my friend; but not quite exact; it is the 34th verse; and the words are these, "*Some men have not the knowledge of God;*" and looking at him, tapping him at the same time on the shoulder, "I speak this to *your* shame." The people smiled; became attentive; the man was delighted with Mr. F.'s friendly

manner, calls him his parson; and says, whenever he preaches he will come and hear him again.

HINT TO PERSONS WHO COME LATE TO WORSHIP.

A WOMAN, who always used to attend public worship with great punctuality, and took care to be in time, was asked, how it was she could always come so early? She answered, very wisely, that it was a part of her religion not to disturb the religion of others.

THE GOSPEL HID FROM THE WISE AND PRUDENT.

AN intimate friend of the infidel Hume, asked him what he thought of Mr. Whitefield's preaching; for he had listened to the latter part of one of his sermons at Edinburgh. "He is, sir," said Mr. Hume, "the most ingenious preacher I ever heard. It is worth while to go twenty miles to hear him." He then repeated a passage towards the close of the discourse which he heard.

"After a solemn pause, he thus addressed his numerous audience; 'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?'

"To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and with gushing tears, cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! Stop, Gabriel! Stop ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God.' He then, in the most simple, but energetic language, described what he called a Savior's dying

love to sinful man; so that almost the whole assembly melted into tears. This address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing I ever saw or heard in any other preacher."

Happy had it been for poor Hume, had he received what he then heard, "as the word of God, and not as the word of man!"

THE BIBLE THE SOUL'S TREASURE.

PERHAPS no age of the world has so abounded with religious publications as the present; this wears a favorable appearance. The hearty reception and eager reading of these writings is still more pleasing; and the happy effects which they produce, under the influences of the Spirit of God, afford great cause of thankfulness. These means of information, however, are but as so many rivulets or channels from the fountain of truth, which is the Bible. Here all the heirs of glory, however widely situated, variously circumstanced, and differently employed, may find suitable instruction, ample supplies of information, divine support, and solid comfort in every case! Here the seeking soul, the babe in Christ, little children in divine knowledge, young men in grace, and fathers in evangelical experience apply, and apply successfully, for the relief which their separate cases require.

The parent and offspring, the husband and wife, the master and servant, are all furnished here with directions suited to their relative situations; and with ability to perform their respective duties; so also the excursive missionary, the stated pastor, and Christians of every order, all find support, furniture, armor, and provisions, with

every necessary qualification for their several spheres of action from this fountain of eternal Truth! O, my soul, make this the man of thy counsel! Here is saving wisdom, spiritual life, sacred joy, and heavenly delight! Am I in a state of darkness? The entrance of this word giveth light; and becomes a light to my path, and a lamp to my feet! Am I doubting the kindness and faithfulness of God towards me?

“ His kindest thoughts are here express,
Able to make me wise and blest.”

Am I in want? Here are treasures of blessings; yea, durable riches and eternal honors! Am I lamenting my barrenness? Here is the word of life which quickens the powers of the soul, and calls forth the graces of the Spirit into lively exercise! Am I in affliction? Here is suitable and seasonable relief, and comfort, promised and applied! Am I in a desert land, or on a trackless ocean, and at a loss to know the way of duty and safety? Here is a sacred directory, a compass, a chart; yea, a voice behind me saying, “ This is the way, walk ye in it ” And whatever distress or suffering I may endure, “ This word can bring a sweet relief for every pain I feel!”

Perhaps some reader will say, “ What is said is true; but we want the blessings expressed and promised in the word *applied*, so that they may be sensibly felt, and savingly enjoyed.” Very right. “ But all the promises are *yea* and *amen* in Christ;” and may be taken in the hand of faith, and presented at the throne of grace, where Christ is always in the office, ready to receive the request; and to prove the faithfulness of God to his word; by communicating out of his fulness such blessings, that

our wants are supplied, our woes relieved, our griefs redressed, and strength, vigor, joy, and pleasure, are sweetly felt; and the late weary traveller now "goes on his way rejoicing," in expectation of a large inheritance in the upper world of glory!

ENJOYMENT OF GOD.

SIR John Mason, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, being near his dissolution, and sensible he had but a short time to live; upon his death bed called for his clerk and steward, and delivered himself to them to this purpose; "I have seen five princes, and have been privy counsellor to four; I have seen the most remarkable observables in foreign parts, and been present at most state transactions for thirty years together, and I have learned this after so many years experience, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, a good conscience the best estate; and were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my privy counsellor's business for an hermit's retirement, and the whole life I lived in the palace, for one hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel." He concluded with saying, "All things else do now forsake me besides my God, my duty, and my prayers."

THE CHRISTIAN'S BADGE.

THE Romans had a law, that every one should, wherever he went, wear a badge of his trade in his hat, or outward vestment, that he might be known. Thus the Christian

is never to lay aside the badge of his holy profession; but to let his light shine, and adorn the doctrine of God his Savior *in all things*.

THE THREE QUESTIONS.

BERNARD'S three questions are worth the asking ourselves in any enterprize: 1. Is it lawful? May I do it and not sin? 2. Is it becoming me as a Christian? May I do it, and not wrong my profession? 3. Is it expedient? May I do it, and not offend my weak brother?

NOBLE CONDUCT OF COL. GARDNER.

AN old respectable soldier, a native of Scotland, being asked if he had ever seen Col. Gardner; he answered that he had often; "that he was a noble gentleman, and always marched at the head of his regiment to church or chapel, as opportunity offered; and also, that the colonel had given his men a Bible each; and to prevent its being sold, or improperly used, he expected it to be produced and held up in the hand, as often as an inspection of arms and accoutrements took place."

Should this anecdote come within the perusal of any naval or military officer, its language to him is the same as that of our Lord, "Go thou, and do likewise."

EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN BY MR. M....., A WELL KNOWN PORTRAIT PAINTER,
AFTER HAVING INDEFATIGABLY EXERTED HIMSELF IN
PRODUCING A LIKENESS OF HIS DEPARTED FRIEND, ABRA-
HAM BOOTH.

HERE baffled toil has struggled long in vain
The image of departed worth to gain;
To fix the lines which mark'd his honor'd form,
And trace his soul with heavenly pathos warm!
Imagination ill supplies the place
Of real life, of character, and grace.
His hoary head, and reverend figure rise
Complete at once before my mental eyes;
But to arrest them, and their truth impart,
Exceeds the utmost powers of mimic art!
A magic in the gilding pencil dwells,
That acts on Fancy just like fabled spells;
Touch but the canvass, straight the vision flies,
The colors fade, and all th' illusion dies!
Inconstant, fickle, wanton as the wind
Are all the empty shadows of the mind;
No more their fair deceitful aid I sue,
A perfect picture rises to my view,
Drawn by the great unerring hand Divine,
And radiant truth illumines ev'ry line!
No meretricious verse the theme demands,
But thus in native purity it stands:

Titus i. 7—9. A pastor must be blameless, as the
steward of God; not self-willed, not soon angry, not
given to wine, no striker, not given to filthy lucre; but a
lover of hospitality, a lover of good men; sober, just,
holy, temperate; holding fast the faithful word as he hath
been taught, that he may be able, by sound doctrine,
both to exhort and convince the gainsayers.

If portrait likeness can thy bosom sooth,
Behold it breathes, it lives, 'tis *Abraham Booth!*

ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, HOW CAN A MAN BE BORN WHEN HE IS OLD.

ONE years ago, an aged man, a farmer in Scotland, who had lived all his life in a careless worldly spirit, was taken dangerously ill, and expected soon to die. A pious young woman, a servant in the neighborhood, felt a deep concern for the salvation of this man, and set herself to invent some method to promote it. She invited another serious young woman to accompany her to his house in the evening, where they offered their services to sit up with the sick man; which offer was thankfully accepted. When the rest of the family had retired to their beds, and all was still, the young woman first mentioned, addressed the dying man in the most solemn manner, respecting the state of his soul, and the important concerns of eternity; after which they asked his permission to pray with him. He consented; and while she, with uncommon enlargement, poured out her soul in his behalf, the Spirit of God powerfully affected the poor man's heart, convinced him of his lost and ruined state, and led him cordially to embrace Jesus Christ and his great salvation, as exactly suited to his condition. The rest of the night was employed in spiritual conversation and fervent prayer. The poor aged creature greedily imbibed the glorious truths of the gospel, and evinced, as fully as circumstances could permit, a genuine work of the Holy Spirit on his soul.

When they were about to leave him, just as the sun arose, he desired they would help him to the door of the house, that he might take a solemn leave of that vain world, which had so long deluded him from Christ. They did so; and having taken a serious adieu of all worldly

enjoyments, he expressed his hope of being with Jesus Christ in heaven before the sun should set. Throughout the day he spoke to his neighbors concerning Christ, his Spirit, and eternity, in a manner altogether new to him, and in a way that greatly surprised them.

A little before sunset, the young woman who had so earnestly thirsted for his salvation, heard a report of his being remarkably better in his health; and felt an apprehension that, if he should not die at the time mentioned, her hopes concerning his conversion would be disappointed; but this apprehension was quickly dispelled, for she soon afterwards was certainly informed that, just as the sun was setting, the poor man had departed in peace.

This pleasing anecdote affords an encouragement to pious persons, earnestly to strive for the conversion of sinners; and proves that those who occupy the humblest stations in life may nevertheless be eminently useful, if with zeal and prudence they attempt it. We may learn also what sovereign grace can readily and speedily effect in behalf of the vessels of mercy. At the same time we are taught that impressions relative to future events, ought to be mentioned and received with great caution, lest their failure should, through the influence of the tempter, lead us into doubts respecting the fulfilment of God's promises.

FRIENDLY HINTS.

AGAINST PROFANENESS.

HOLY and reverend is thy Maker's name;
With holy rev'rence then pronounce the same,

While angels bear it, trembling, on their tongues;
His love and grace the theme of all their songs,
That name which angels, high in bliss, adore,
Th at sacred name, do thou *profane* no more!

AGAINST LYING.

AND dost thou bear the Christian name,
And yet incur the *liar's* shame?
Wilt thou the God of truth defy,
Who hates the semblance of a lie?
And dooms the incorrigible liar
To dwell in everlasting fire!

AGAINST LEWD CONVERSATION.

Art thou a Christian? Be thy language pure;
Thy Savior's ear will no foul jest endure.
No double meaning let thy lips impart,
Though veil'd with all the guilty harlot's art!
The pure alone with God in glory dwell,
While lustful sinners make their bed in hell!

AGAINST SABBATH BREAKING.

WITHIN your house, or when abroad you walk,
God eyes your conduct, and he hears your talk;
This is the *Sabbath!* In his holy place
His ministers proclaim his love and grace!
If him you cannot serve one day in sev'n,
How will you spend eternity in heav'n?

A THOUGHT FROM DODDRIDGE.

BLEST be the man, statesman or patriot he,
 Or hero call'd, who doth his country save;
 But let him save a world Then calculate
 Her population vast; and let the enormous sum
 Be multiplied by the full age of each
 And ev'ry individual man; the weal,
 Th' eternal weal of one immortal soul
 Outweighs the whole! For in eternity
 There shall a point arise, when ev'ry soul
 Shall have more years existed than the sum
 Thrice told of all the years of human kind
 Accumulated; for it shall live for ever!

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

"LIVE while you live," the epicure would say,
 "And seize the pleasures of the present day."
 "Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
 "And give to God each moment as it flies."
 Lord, in my view let both united be,
 I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

OTHER FRIENDLY HINTS.

ON CRUELTY TO BRUTES.

A MAN of kindness, to his beast is kind;
 But brutal actions shew a brutal mind.
 Remember, he who made thee made the brute;
 Who gave thee speech and reason form'd him mute:
 He can't complain; but God's omniscient eye
 Beholds thy cruelty; he hears his cry.
 He was design'd thy servant and thy drudge;
 But know, that his Creator is thy Judge!

TO SLEEPY WORSHIPPERS.

The King of saints today
 Gives audience in this place;
 His servant now proclaims
 His purposes of grace;
 Dost thou receive the message with a nod?
 Awake, thou sleeper, call upon thy God.

TO A SEDUCED FEMALE.

UNHAPPY Fair! Seduc'd to stray
 From virtue's path, from wisdom's way;
 No joy, no peace, no hope attend
 Thy present course, thy future end!
 O stop; thy sins forsake, and mourn,
 And to thy injur'd God return!
 His grace is sov'reign, rich, and free,
 For David, Magdalene, or *thee!*

TO THE TRULY SERIOUS CHRISTIANS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF SABBATH DAY,

SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner is of very ancient and honorable extraction, being created directly after the world and man were formed; and that your petitioner immediately after his formation, was blessed and sanctified by his Creator.*

That your petitioner was highly honored many thousand years after his creation, insomuch that a man who presumed to degrade your petitioner by gathering a few sticks, was put to death without mercy.†

* Gen. ii. 3.

† Numb. xv. 36.

That a blessing was promised to all who gave due honor to your petitioner.*

That your petitioner continued to be honored and esteemed till within a few hundred years ago.

That since that period your petitioner has been gradually deprived of the honor due unto him, notwithstanding the promises and threatenings held out to those who should honor or dishonor your petitioner.

That your petitioner is now held in so little estimation, that he is obliged by the rich to serve them for routs, concerts, and other fashionable amusements; by some he is used for working a windmill; by some for printing newspapers and selling them; by some for keeping open shop, and selling shoes and other things; by some for corn porters to work on; by some for driving cattle to market; by some for digging up gardens; by some for driving stage coaches; by some for watermen to ply on; by butchers for selling meat; by a vast number for administering to their pleasures, and many other degrading employments which your petitioner was by no means created for.

That for these things great wrath and judgments may be expected; and that, by dishonoring your petitioner, many persons have come to an untimely end.

That your petitioner is grieved to the heart to see such vast numbers of people obnoxious to the divine wrath and displeasure of an omnipotent God, by the dishonor they cast on your petitioner.

That, a short time ago, a society was formed to endeavor to restore your petitioner the honor he has been deprived

* Isa. lviii. 13.

of; but that no visible effect has appeared from their exertions.

Therefore, your petitioner humbly prays you will take his case into your *most serious* consideration, and that you will use your *utmost* endeavors to restore to your petitioner that honor he has been so unjustly deprived of, and thereby avert the Divine displeasure which now hangs over this nation for these things.

And your petitioner, &c. &c.

THE SAILOR AND HIS BIBLE.

A SHIP in distress somewhere near the Swin, was observed by a Barking fisherman, who immediately went to assist and relieve the crew, whom they took on board their smack. On her going down, for she sunk, one of her crew jumped on board, and rushed into the cabin at the risk of his life, to fetch something he had forgotten; but great was their surprise when they found this precious treasure was.....a Bible!

THE LITTLE REPROVER.

I KNEW a man, says the Rev. J. Macgowan, in his *Professor's Looking Glass*, who once received one of the most severe reproofs he ever met with from his own child, an infant of three years old. Family prayer had been, by some means, neglected one morning, and the child was, as it were, out of his element. At length, he came to his father, as he sat, and just as the family were going to dinner, the little reprover, leaning on his father's knee, said, with a sigh, "Pa, you were used to go to prayer with us,

but you did not today." "No, my dear," said the parent, "I did not." "But, Pa, you ought; Why did you not?" In short, the father had not a word to reply, and the child's rebuke was as appropriate and effectual, as if it had been administered by the most able minister in the land; and, it may be added, had as permanent an influence.

A PLEASING DREAM.

ON a summer's evening, as Corylus was looking on the descending sun, he was led to reflect on the termination of his own life; "O! That I could sink into my grave with the same composure as the light of the world has left my country!" He sat down, and reclined his head on his hands; fatigued by the labors of the day, he fell asleep, and dreamed that he met with his deceased brother in his father's house, who announced to him his speedy departure from time to eternity. "I have obtained," said he, "permission from God to make your bed in your sickness; to assuage the anguish of death; to lead you through the dark valley, and introduce you into the presence of God; for I have often heard you say, there is no one returned to tell the sad tale, what dying is." Corylus then asked his brother what dying was. "I am not authorized to say," he replied, "what it is; but I am commissioned to be your guide and comfort in your affliction. Remember that I am your brother; you never doubted my affection towards you; I remain the same; have full power from God to minister to you every possible comfort that wisdom can dictate or kindness perform; I have suffered, and can, therefore, sympathize; I have died, and know what dying means." Corylus was comforted; he waited for the sum-

mons; but, looking round on his family, his affections were wounded, and the tumult of his heart awoke him from his slumbers; he arose, and wished his dream realized; when, putting his hand into his pocket, and taking out his Bible, he read, "For both he that sanctifieth, and they that are sanctified, are all one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren, saying, 'I will declare thy name unto my brethren; in the midst of the church will I sing praise unto thee.'" Yes, he said, my brother has died indeed, and is alive again. I have trust in the merits of his cross; I have hoped in the prevalence of his intercession; and I will rely on the veracity of his promises, and the perpetuity of his affection. Who can separate me from the love of Christ? Not even death. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," &c.

THE EFFICACY OF GRACE DISPLAYED IN EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSIONS.

SOME general remarks having been made in a former essay, on the efficacy of grace, it is the design of this paper to investigate that important subject, as it is illustrated in extraordinary conversions. Conversion is a figurative term; and in its generally acknowledged acceptation, supposes an essential change in the state and character of its subjects; it is, therefore, adopted, on the present occasion, as synonymous with believing, regeneration, and effectual calling. Conversion is the work of God; of God alone; and this work he often accomplishes in *extraordinary* ways. It is accomplished under such circumstances as are pre-eminently calculated to excite attention, admiration, sur-

prise, and astonishment. As in the government of the world he is sometimes pleased to dispense with the established laws of nature, so in the dispensations of grace, he displays the sovereignty of his good pleasure, by sometimes departing from the usual course of his procedure in the salvation of souls.

To confirm the truth of this remark, let us in the first place, attend to local circumstances. Let us go, in the spirit of meditation, to the dark places of the earth, where vice and violence long defied and baffled every attempt to introduce the means of salvation; and which seemed as if wholly abandoned of God to perish by the tyranny of the destroyer. In such places we have seen the prey taken from the mighty; we have beheld the glorious triumphs of God our Redeemer, in the deliverance of captive sinners from their galling yoke, and in bringing them to enjoy the transcendent blessedness of spiritual liberty. By some great and unexpected event, or by some peculiar conjunction of circumstances, a wide and effectual door has been opened for the preaching of the truth; and, by that truth, the strongest holds of sin have surrendered to his victorious arm, who was manifested to destroy the works of darkness. The earlier days of the gospel dispensation, and every subsequent period of it, afford some illustrative evidence of the omnipotence of Jesus over all that is hostile to his mediatorial government; and the innumerable trophies already erected by his omnipotent hand, will be contemplated, with joyful anticipation of his universal reign, by all who are devoted to the promulgation of his gospel.

When the gospel thus makes its way to those parts of a country where the God of this world has maintained an un-

disturbed authority, we are generally presented with some singular instances of the power of grace in the conversion of notorious sinners. Then does it please God to reveal his Son in those who have taken the lead in rebellion against his throne; and often to make them preachers of the faith they once destroyed. Men enslaved by the most diabolical errors, abandoned to the most hateful vices, and who were as obdurate as they were wicked; men, whose lives were the grief and disgrace of their families, the plague of their neighborhoods, and a curse in civil society; men studied in the arts of sensual gratification, inventive in profanity, daring in blasphemy, and seemingly ripe for destruction; in a word, men who were literally the chief, the most desperate of sinners, have been brought into the kingdom of God by discriminating grace, while the self righteous, trusting in their morality and good works, have perished in their guilt.

Glory to God in the highest! We have seen all this mercy exemplified in our churches! The mighty power of Jesus, displayed in his own ministry, and in the first preaching of the gospel by his apostles; that mighty power still triumphs in the word of truth. There are many who now have an honorable name, and who now occupy stations of usefulness in our Zion, who once ranked with the most degraded and injurious of fallen men. Yes, we have many with us, "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in their right mind," who are suspected, and feared, and despised, on account of their former eminence in the paths of guilt. Like the elder brother in the parable of the prodigal, inflated with the pride of his comparative goodness and worthiness, some will be angry, and refuse to partake of the feast prepared to celebrate the wandering sinner's

return to God. But, whatever be the thoughts of the vain and presumptuous pharisee, this shall still be the confidence and joy of the believing penitent, that there is no character, no condition, no crime, to which the salvation of Jesus does not apply, and that there are none now prostrate at his feet, though before the most infamous of wretches, who shall not finally realize all the free blessings of that salvation before his throne.

The extraordinary efficacy of grace appears in the conversion of sinners, when, independent of all the peculiar aggravations of their guilt, their exterior circumstances are such as tend to fill the minds of surrounding observers with desponding thoughts of so desirable an event. The circumstances of one of the malefactors, who was crucified with the Son of Man, were of this description. They were such as tended to discourage the hope of his salvation. Not that we consider the case of any sinner on this side eternity as hopeless; or that we believe there was any thing so extraordinary in the condition of the dying thief, as to preclude the expectation of the same mercy under similar circumstances of ignominy and approaching dissolution; and we rejoice in the persuasion, that our Lord intended this event, as a pledge to every future age, of his ability to save the greatest criminals in their utmost extremity.

The maladies of the soul gather strength with time. Every day they become more obstinate and malignant. But the remedy, the precious blood of Christ, is infallible; and, in various instances, we have seen the efficacy of that remedy glorified on the very verge of eternity. There is no case beyond its reach; it is adequate to the salvation of man in the most desperate of all possible conditions. The

brief history of Alcimus affords an affecting confirmation of this truth. He was well known in the place where he resided; but was known only as an object of pity and detestation. He had now passed the bounds of threescore years and ten, and was rapidly descending to the grave, an infidel of the highest order; an infidel struggling for the miserable consolations of atheism. Although become utterly incapable of enjoying the world, and just going to leave it for ever, he clung to it with undiminished solicitude, and, with an exultation too evidently feigned to deceive, declared his disbelief of future retribution. The blasphemous epithets he applied to the character and work of the Savior, and the unbounded contempt in which he held his disciples, most strikingly exemplified the wretchedness of a man grown grey under the hardening influences of sin.

In all his conversations he betrayed the most complete subjection to the basest passions of our fallen nature; and affected to laugh away the feeble remains of life, till forced to think he was actually dying. In that critical and awful moment, a religious neighbor, who knew his character, obtained permission to see him; when, taking the old dying infidel by the hand, he abruptly proposed the following questions to him; "Are you still sure there is no God? Are you now as fully satisfied, as you have often professed to be, that there is indeed no hell? That there is no heaven? Will you now tell me that there is no such thing as sin in the world? And that the blood of Christ is of no more account than the blood of any common animal?" Here a long and solemn pause ensued, which Alcimus himself at last interrupted by exclaiming, "Oh! What folly! What madness!"

The visitor was at a loss to know whether these terms were intended to characterize the Christian or the deist; till one of the ignorant attendants whisperingly said, "Poor man, his mind has been wandering in this way most of the night; and but a little while before you came in, he was talking to himself, and saying, 'All is wrong! I see it will not do! Almost eighty years gone, and not to be recalled! Millions to come, not to be endured!' and many other such things, just as foolish." Upon this the good man resumed, and said, "But yet there is mercy; yet there is hope." "Ah!" rejoined Alcimus, "but I am too guilty! And now it is too late! Last night, for the first time, I felt the horrors of my situation; and now I see there are only a few moments between me and the infinite torments I have made the subject of ridicule. Wretched man! I have lived the life of a beast, and go to meet the final doom of a sinner justly abandoned of God!"

Under these affecting circumstances, his compassionate neighbor, an "interpreter, one of a thousand," earnestly directed his attention to the gospel of Jesus, as an all sufficient and immutable ground of hope to the chief of perishing sinners. "Here, Alcimus," said he, "the justifying righteousness of God our Savior is brought nigh to the guilty; and here you will find that, in the work of salvation, nothing can be impossible with him. He has power to forgive; unconditionally to forgive all manner of sins and blasphemies unto men, even in the last period of life. Believe then on him, and "thou shalt not perish, but have everlasting life." Look from the borders of the pit to his recovering grace; and this day if he call thee from earth, thou shalt be with him in paradise."

The prescribed bounds of this essay forbid a more mi-

nate detail of particulars. We will only farther observe, that the word of truth came with such efficacy to the mind of Alcimus, that when his friend came to visit him next morning, he was joyfully surprised by a complete revolution in his sentiments and language. "Yes," said he, "the Son of Man hath power to forgive all manner of sins and blasphemies unconditionally. This is the report of the gospel; this is the faithful saying that is worthy of all acceptance; and here I will rest." In the evening of this day he died, repeating the prayer of the publican, with an addition that proved the depth of his humility, "God be merciful to me, the *greatest* of sinners."

When the set time of Jehovah is come to discriminate the vessels of mercy afore prepared unto glory, all places are consecrated to the sovereignty of his decrees; all events and circumstances combine to celebrate the sovereign efficacy of his grace; which, like the wind, not only bloweth where it listeth, but when, and as it listeth. Sometimes, amidst scenes of confused gaiety and noisy dissipation, that drown the voice of reason, there the voice of God has been heard, awakening the guilty mind to reflection. That Spirit, whose power is so glorious in the sanctuary of God, has been known invincibly to triumph in the synagogue of satan. How many have been subdued to the wisdom of the just, while in the act of gratifying some foolish and criminal passion! And in how many instances has our Lord Jesus made the very sins of men* subservient to their conversion! The curiosity of Zaccheus, the persecuting spirit of Saul, and the dishonesty of Onesimus, are among

* But will any say, let us do evil then that good may come? Answer. Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. *Editor.*

the most striking instances of the overruling providence and wonderful grace of Jesus recorded in scripture.

He, as the God of grace and Governor of the world, ordains and manages whatsoever comes to pass, so as to promote the increase, and secure the final and eternal perfection of his purchased possession; and all the most minute circumstances and casual incidents of life, thus co-operate in advancing the glory of his mediatorial character, by magnifying the depth of his condescension, and the majesty of his power. To accomplish his design of converting the eunuch, he gave directions concerning the journey of Philip; and permitted the imprisonment of Paul and Silas, with an immediate view to the conversion of the jailor. By means which our pride might despise as unworthy of God because of their meanness; which our ignorance and unbelief, as in the case of Naaman the Syrian, would angrily reject as inadequate, on account of their insignificance; and which, by reason of their variety and novelty, our foresight could never have anticipated; by such means does he often display the efficacy, and maintain the honors of his grace. But, whatever be the mode, or the medium of Divine operation, the invariable tendency, and the infallible consequence of it is, to annihilate the haughtiness of man, and to perpetuate the undivided praise of finished redemption.

Finally, let us contemplate the triumphant efficacy of the grace of Jesus, in the great and extraordinary consequences that are immediately produced by some conversions. All who are themselves brought near to God by the blood of the cross, will be earnestly concerned for the salvation of others, especially their own kindred; and they will estimate the success of their labors, for the accom-

plishment of this object, as their highest joy in time, and their crown of rejoicing in that day when the Lord of hosts shall make up his jewels. No sooner did our Immanuel manifest himself to the woman of Samaria, than she went into the city to proclaim the glory of his name; and many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him through her testimony. Salvation to one of a family, to one of a city, is often but the prelude of salvation to the whole house, and to hundreds in that city. When the streams of mercy begin to flow through such channels, who can say how many different directions they may take, and how far they may ultimately extend? Upon the important result of one conversion, no man is able to calculate; and therefore it is said, and said, we have no doubt, with some reference to the truth of this remark, that "there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth."

Of the wonders of grace, after all that we have felt, witnessed, or heard, we know only in part; but when our Lord Jesus shall appear in his glory, to gather his elect from the four winds of heaven, then the whole mystery of his love, from the beginning of time, will be laid open to our view. On that day, ten thousand important, but now secret circumstances, more nearly or remotely connected with our own conversion, will become the subjects of our perfect knowledge; and the reservation of such discoveries till the glorious morning of our resurrection to everlasting day, will greatly increase our obligations and our gratitude to his covenant wisdom. Scripturally satisfied that we are made the happy partakers of his grace, our final enjoyment of his glory can be no question of doubt. It is irrevocably fixed, that no unbeliever can be saved; that no believer can be lost. As the work of conversion is not car-

ried on by cautious and precarious gradations, the issue of it cannot be involved in the least possible degree of uncertainty. All that the grace of Jesus does shall stand for eternity, and eternity shall celebrate the commencement, the progress, and the consummation of its operations. This grace will be the only, the delightful theme of the whole ransomed world, in life, in death, in heaven. The cross of Christ, the great and marvellous works of free, eternal, discriminating grace, will be all their glory,

While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."

ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR.

[Illustrative of the foregoing Essay.]

MR. Pratt, in the second volume of his *Gleanings*, relates an affecting anecdote of a sailor on board the *Venerable*, the ship in which admiral Duncan commanded the fleet in the action against the Dutch, off Camperdown. He received the account from Dr. Duncan, lord Duncan's chaplain and relative, who, in the action, assisted the surgeon and his mate in binding up the wounds, and amputating the limbs of the unfortunate sufferers. "A mariner," says the Doctor, "of the name of Covey, was brought down to the surgery, deprived of both his legs; and it was necessary, some hours after, to amputate still higher. "I suppose," said Covey, with an oath, "those scissors will finish the business of the ball, master mate?" "Indeed, my brave fellow," cried the surgeon, "there is some fear of it." "Well, never mind," said Covey, "I have lost my legs to be sure, and mayhap lose my life; but," continued he, with a dreadful oath, "we have beat the

Dutch! We have beat the Dutch! So I'll even have another cheer for it; Huzza! Huzza!"

This anecdote is rendered more interesting still, by some prior and subsequent circumstances attending this poor sailor. Covey was a good seaman, and noticed among his shipmates for his intrepidity; but he was preeminent in sin as well as in courageous actions. About a fortnight before the English fell in with the Dutch fleet, he dreamed that they were in an engagement, in which both his legs were shot off, and that he was out of his mind. The dream made this courageous seaman tremble, and sometimes attempt to pray; but, not liking to retain God in his thoughts, he endeavored to obliterate the impressions from his memory, and the recollection of his sins from his conscience, by drinking and blasphemous intercourse with the ship's company. His efforts, however, were in vain. The thoughts of his sins, of God, and of death, harrassed his mind day and night, and filled him with gloomy forebodings of what awaited him in this world, and the next, till the sight of the Dutch fleet, and their conversation with each other concerning the heroic achievements they should perform, dispelled the gloomy subject from his mind. As the two fleets were coming into action, the noble admiral, to save the lives of his men, ordered them to lie flat on the deck, till, being nearer the enemy, their firing might do the more execution. The Dutch ships at this time were pouring their broadsides into the Venerable, as she passed down part of the Dutch fleet, in order to break their line. This stout hearted and wicked Covey, having lost all the impressions of his former reflections, heaped in rapid succession the most dreadful imprecations on the eyes, and limbs, and souls, of what he called his cowardly shipmates, for

lying down to avoid the ball of the Dutch. He refused to obey the order till, fearing the authority of an officer not far from him, he in part complied, by leaning over a cask which stood near, till the word of command was given to fire. At the moment of rising, a bar shot carried away one of his legs, and the greater part of the other; but, so instantaneous was the stroke, though he was sensible of something like a jar in his limbs, he knew not that he had lost a leg till his stump came to the deck, and he fell. When his legs were amputated higher up, and the noise of the battle had ceased, he thought of his dream; and expected, that as one part of it was fulfilled, the other would be so too. Indeed, considering the pain of amputating and dressing both legs, and the agitation of his mind from fearing the full accomplishment of his dream, it appears next to a miracle that he retained his reason in the most perfect state; but this was to be explained to him at a future period. Some time after, he came out of Haslar hospital, capable of walking by means of two wooden legs, and two crutches; but his spirits were sorely dejected, from fearing that as his sins had brought upon him the judgments of God in the loss of his limbs, they would bring it upon him in the loss of his reason, and the loss of his soul.

Having heard of Orange Street chapel, Portsea, he came on the first sabbath evening after his leaving the hospital. The text that evening was Mark v. 15. "And they come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind." The minister represented this demoniac as a fit emblem of sinners in general; but especially of those who live without rule and order, drunkards, blasphemers, and injurious

to themselves and others; but his sitting at the feet of Jesus clothed, and in his right mind, as an engaging representation of the sinner converted to God by the gospel, made sensible of the evil of sin, the value of his soul, and the necessity of salvation through a crucified Redeemer; enjoying peace of mind, having fellowship with Christ and his people, submitting to the authority of the scriptures, and receiving instructions from Christ the friend of sinners. Covey listened with attention and surprise; wondered how the minister should know him among so many hundred people; or who could have told him his character and state of mind. His astonishment was still more increased, when he found him describe, as he thought, the whole of his life, and even his secret sins. He could not account for it, why a minister should make a sermon all about him, a poor wooden legged sailor. His sins being brought afresh to his mind, filled him with horrors tenfold more gloomy than before. Despair for some minutes took a firm hold on his spirits; and he thought he was now going out of his mind, should die, and be lost; till the minister declared Jesus Christ was as willing to save the vilest of sinners, as he was to relieve this poor creature possessed of the devil; and that a man was restored to his right mind when he believed in him. He now began to understand the true interpretation of his dream. He thought he had been out of his mind all his life, and that to love and serve Jesus Christ would be a restoration to his right senses again. He was now almost overwhelmed with pleasure. While hearing of the astonishing love of Jesus Christ to sinners, hope took the place of despair, and joy of grief and horror! Those eyes which had never shed a tear when he lost his legs, nor when the shattered parts of his limbs were

amputated, now wept in copious streams, flowing from strong sensations of mingled joy and sorrow!

Some weeks after this, he called and related to me the whole of his history and experience. He was surprised to find that I had never received any information about him at the time the sermon was preached, which so exactly met his case. Something more than twelve months after this time, he was received a member of our church, having given satisfactory evidences of being a genuine and consistent Christian. A few weeks since, hearing he was ill, I went to visit him. When I entered his room, he said, "Come in, thou man of God! I have been longing to see you, and to tell you the happy state of my mind. I believe I shall soon die; but death has now no terrors in it. 'The sting of death is sin, but, thanks be to God, he has given me the victory through Jesus Christ.' I am going to heaven! O! What has Jesus done for me, one of the vilest sinners of the human race!" A little before he died, when he thought himself within a few hours of dissolution, he said, "I have often thought it was a hard thing to die, but now I find it a very easy thing to die. The presence of Christ makes it easy. The joy I feel from a sense of the love of God to sinners, from the thought of being with the Savior, of being free from a sinful heart, and of enjoying the presence of God for ever, is more than I can express! O how different my thoughts of God, and of myself, and of another world, from what they were when I lost my precious limbs on board the Venerable! It was a precious loss to me! If I had not lost my legs, I should perhaps have lost my soul!" With elevated and clasped hands, and with eyes glistening with earnestness, through the tears which flowed down his face, he said, "O, my dear minis-

ter, I pray you, when I am dead, to preach a funeral sermon for a poor sailor; and tell others, especially sailors, who are as ignorant and as wicked as I was, that poor blaspheming Covey found mercy with God, through faith, in the blood of Christ! Tell them, that since I have found mercy, none that seek it need to despair. You know better than I do what to say to them! But, O! be in earnest with them; and may the Lord grant that my wicked neighbors and fellow sailors may find mercy as well as Covey!" He said much more; but his last words were, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" If the anecdote of his fortitude and courage is worthy of being recorded, I think it due to Covey, and to the honor of Divine grace, to relate his dying testimony in favor of the religion of Jesus Christ. I wish Dr. Duncan and Mr. Pratt had witnessed the last dying hours of this once ignorant and blasphemous sinner; they would have seen what a pleasing change was effected by the meek and efficacious grace of our compassionate Redeemer.

As these things require testimony, I give you my name.

Portsea.

JOHN GRIFFIN.

A LAND WHERE IS NO SICKNESS.

As a gentleman, eminent for his happy mode of introducing religious conversation among young people, was one day going in the stage coach to his country house at Hampstead, he was accosted by a young man, who was his only companion, in the following terms; "Sickness, sir, is a very uncomfortable thing. I have been running almost all over London to find out a physician to attend my sister, who is sick at Hampstead; but I have been so unfortu-

nate as not to meet with him; and I am now so fatigued, that I am compelled to take the stage." "Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, "sickness is a very uncomfortable thing; but I know a land in which there is no sickness." "Do you indeed," rejoined the young man; "pray where is it? I have travelled all round the world, and never heard of that land yet." Isa. xxxiii. 24. "And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

ONE day happened a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder, as he was going from Glasgow to Dunblane. He was descried, when at a considerable distance, by two men of bad character. They had not courage to rob him; but, wishing to fall on some method of extorting money from him, one said, "I will lie down by the way side, as if I were dead, and you shall inform the archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked wretch told him the fabricated story; he sympathized with the survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But, when the man returned to his companion, he found him really lifeless! Immediately he began to exclaim aloud, "Oh, sir, he is dead! Oh, sir, he is dead!" On this the archbishop, discovering the fraud, left the man with this important reflection; "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgments of God!"

A SEVERE REPROOF IN SCRIPTURE LANGUAGE.

Mr. Thomas Worts was ejected, in 1662, from the church of Burningham, Norfolk; and was afterwards pastor of a congregation at Guestwick, in the same county. He was brought from Burningham into Norwich, with a sort of brutal triumph, his legs being chained under the horse's belly. As he was conducted to the castle, a woman looking out of a chamber window, near the gate through which he was brought in, which was St. Austin's, called out, in contempt and derision, 'Worts, where's now your God?' The good confessor in bonds, desired her to turn to Micah vii. 10. She did so; and was so struck, that she was a kind friend to him in his long confinement. The words are, "Then she that is mine enemy shall see it; and shame shall cover her which said unto me, Where is the Lord thy God? Mine eyes shall behold her; now shall she be trodden down as mire in the streets."

 REPROOF OF SIN.

Few things are more difficult than to administer reproof properly; but, while the professed servants of God sometimes need reproof, the avowed servants of satan need it much more frequently, and on different grounds. One day, a person being in the room of a poor aged Christian woman, and lamenting a want of firmness to reprove the abandoned when travelling, and, as an excuse, having recourse to the hacknied passage, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine," she seriously and hastily replied, "Oh, sir! keen and just reproofs are no pearls; were you to talk to a wicked

coachman respecting the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, and the pleasures of communion with God, you would cast pearls before swine, but not in reproving sin."

SUPERNATURAL TESTIMONY TO THE DIVINITY OF MESSIAH.

DIONYSIUS being in Egypt, at the time of Christ's suffering, and seeing an eclipse of the sun, and knowing it to be contrary to nature, cried out, "Either the God of nature suffers, or the frame of the world will be dissolved."

THE CRUCIFIXION.

O SUN! in darkness hide thy glitt'ring rays!

O solid earth! to thy deep centre shake!

Ye thunders roar, ye forked lightnings blaze,

And rend, ye rocks; ye cloudeapt mountains quake!

Lo, on sad Calvary's ensanguined hill,

The Son of God, Messiah, groans and dies:

His breaking heart o'erwhelming sorrows fill,

And low in death the great Life giver lies!

By God forsaken, compass'd by his foes,

No friend to pity or afford relief,

The spotless victim hangs, the man of woe,

Despis'd, rejected, intimate with grief!

O dismal sight!

Exult not, satan! Prostrate in the tomb

The Savior suffer'd sin's tremendous doom.

Ere three short days their circling course had run

He rose! Our debts are paid, our battles won!

He lives, he lives, omnipotent to save!

Where, where's thy victory now, devouring grave?

His glorious triumph heaven and earth shall sing.

Grim king of terrors, death, where's now thy sting?

Thou vanquish'd monster, hide thy baffled head!

Thou all consuming grave, disgorge thy dead!

Cease, prince of darkness, fruitless war to wage,
 Go, clench thy fists, and grind thy teeth with rage.
 Is this the end of all thy toils and pains?
 Are shame and hissing infamy thy gains?
 To hell return, and there exulting tell
 How Eve believ'd thee, and how Adam fell,
 But name not Jesus, mention not the cross,
 Lest blushing cheeks proclaim thy mighty loss;
 And grinning fiends should sneer at thy disgrace,
 And curl the nose, and taunt thee to thy face.

When with the eye of faith I see
 Thy mangled body on the tree;
 Bleeding and dying there for me,
 Jesus! I feel emotions new
 Of joy and mingled sorrow too,
 And grateful tears my cheeks bedew.
 Thou dear Redeemer, I am thine,
 Myself I quite to thee resign;
 O let me in thy glory shine!
 O give me in thy heart a place
 O let me die in thine embrace!
 In heaven, O let me see thy face!
 Welcome then the joyful day,
 Which shall bear my soul away,
 On angelic pinions soaring,
 Christ, the King of kings, adoring:
 Perfect happiness possessing,
 Ev'ry rich eternal blessing!
 Can I e'er thy love forget,
 Deeper plung'd each day in debt?
 On each comfort is inscrib'd,
 "Christ for this was crucify'd!"
 This a relish gives to ease,
 This makes even trouble please;
 Great Savior hail! Let saints and angels sing
 The matchless glories of their gracious King;
 To thee our grateful hymns of cheerful praise we bring!

MY JESUS.

'Tis true, here is another year;
And I'm permitted to appear
Before thee, and thy name revere,
My Jesus!

Though I've abus'd thy providence,
Though long I've liv'd in indolence,
Yet in thy love me re compensate,
My Jesus!

O that I had a glimpse of thee!
O that I had but faith to see
Thy righteousness transferr'd to me,
My Jesus!

But, O this vile, deceitful heart,
So loath with earthly joy to part,
I fear will make thee hence depart,
My Jesus!

Then, since in sin I am involv'd,
On thee be all my sins devolv'd,
That I henceforth may be absolv'd,
My Jesus!

Sweetly permit me to confide
In thee alone, and none beside;
Ever be thou, my God, my guide,
My Jesus!

But here is no continued rest;
Earth is a wilderness at best;
But thou canst make me truly blest,
My Jesus!

On thee then I will humbly call,
When this clay tenement shall fall,
And joy to crown thee Lord of all,
My Jesus!

Till then, dear Lord, thy servant keep,
By night, by day, awake, asleep;
And place me with thy dear bought sheep,
My Jesus!

Keep me dependent on thy grace,
Till I shall see thee face to face,
And be complete in thine embrace,
My Jesus!

FRAGMENT OF A VISION.

“ONCE more Eugenia,” said my celestial guide, with as much complacency and sweetness as could possibly shine in an angel’s face, “once more will I bear thee hence; and to thy wondering sight present a fairer prospect of the unbounded love of Christ, manifested to the sons of men. Thus far my commission extends; and then I leave thee.” With humble submission I bowed assent, my heart glowing with delight at the pleasing reflection of being indulged with a still nearer view of the exhaustless treasures of mercy and grace continually flowing from the wounded side of my blessed Lord. “Is it possible,” exclaimed I, “under a self-abasing view of my unworthiness, will yet my heavenly Conductor condescend to comply with the inquisitive desires and inclinations of one so undeserving?” “I am but a creature, and servant of the same Master with thee,” replied he; “then cease to wonder, and know this, that it is the delight and happiness of the angels of light to be the ministering attendants on those that are the sealed of the Lord.” Silenced at the gentle reproof, I prepared for flight; and encircled in the arms of my refulgent guide, mounted aloft, borne on the

floating beams of the sun. With incredible swiftness, we traversed the regions of ether; and with no less than angelic speed, alighted on the fertile plains of India!

“Here observe,” said Serenus, “the different objects that may arrest thy sight.” I looked; and with amazement beheld innumerable crowds of the swarthy inhabitants of Hindostan celebrating an idolatrous festival. The barbarous rites, the horrible clangor and confusion, with the dreadful superstition of the poor blinded votaries, displayed to my imagination a scene that rent my heart, and filled my breast with sorrow and tumult. I beheld with anguish their lamentable state; I pitied them; and nought but pity could I bestow. My attentive ears were pained with the loud and noisy babblings of the multitude; my eyes, wearied at the unwelcome sight, voluntarily turned aside. Then I said in my heart, “Turn them, O Lord, and they shall be turned!” Then shall this dreary “desert blossom as the rose.” Serenus perceiving my distress, said, in accents that spoke comfort to my soul, “Be not disquieted thou fearful one; yet a little while, and thou shalt see of the glory of God and be satisfied; but now direct thy sight to the banks of the serpentine Ganges. Tell me, Eugenia, is there any thing thitherward to attract your attention?” I beheld, and, to my sorrow, the prospect was not of a more pleasing nature than the preceding. I could have wept; but tears would avail me nothing. Willingly would I have shed even tears of blood, to have convinced the throng of the error of their ways. I wished to invite them to the fountain that cleanseth from sin and uncleanness, instead of beholding them reverence and adore the

the waters that at the last day shall be dried up. The feeble cries of the helpless infants, who in vain struggled against the swellings of the flood, were as daggers to my breast! "And are the inhuman parents so deluded," cried I, "as to believe that in drowning their offspring they are performing a righteous deed?" "Even so," replied Serenus. Pity the heathen world, thou Sovereign Ruler of the universe! How long shall the prince of darkness reign, and not be confounded? When wilt thou pluck thy lilies from among the thorns of this barren wilderness? Hasten the happy period, thou blessed Immanuel! My heart thus prayed in silence. Serenus, acquainted with its inmost recesses, gently lisped, "Amen!" The rustling breezes long retained the sound, and on the surface of the Ganges swiftly flew the whispering echo.

My angelic guide, now willing to revive my drooping spirits, signified his intention of proceeding. Accordingly, we directed our course towards the lowly habitation of a poor Hindoo. We entered invisibly; and found him emaciated with disease, and stretched on a bed of languishing. Death had arrested him; but the soul, as if unwilling to quit the body, still lingered to breath the last testimony of Jesus' love. Around the bed stood two or three men of mild deportment;* and, to my joy, Serenus told me they were faithful laborers in this part of Christ's uncultivated vineyard. I was delighted with their assiduous attention to the dying Indian; and beheld how carefully they wiped away the cold and deathlike sweat that sat on his brow. Nature was fast decaying; but each convulsive throb, or beating of the fluttering pulse, spread over his countenance

* Missionaries.

a divine lustre that diffused itself around, and kindled in the breast of each spectator a fire of heavenly joy!

I felt myself reanimated; my heart glowed with gratitude to Him who had thus so abundantly dispensed his favors in this place; every one seemed to partake of the love and joy that abode with the departing saint; the unction of the Spirit was shed abroad copiously! Then I experienced the truth of the poet's words;

"The chamber where *this Hindoo* meets his fate
Is privile'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life; quite on the verge of heaven!"

YOUNG.

The chain of thoughts that naturally crowded on my mind, was broken by the strugglings between death and nature. The quivering flame of life that had been nearly extinguished, now seemed to rekindle, and kindly gave the almost breathless Indian an opportunity of telling the world that his Jesus was still faithful, though he was encompassed about with the pains of dissolution. "I wish," said he, fetching a deep sigh, "I could impart to my dear brethren in God half the joys I now experience! I was sick of love; but my beloved Redeemer 'stayed me with flagons, and comforted me with apples.' Glory, glory, be to my heavenly Father, for sending the blessed gospel to save such an unworthy wretch as I am! I feel the arms of my Savior entwined about me; and though I am passing through the deep waters, the billows shall not go over my head, neither will he suffer me to sink." After regaining a little breath he again spake; "May God abundantly bless your labor of love, my dearest brethren! Whether my countrymen will hear, or whether they will forbear, I

beseech you not to relax in your endeavors to save their souls from death! Tell them, I bowed to idols; but did I put my trust in idols now, I should sink lower than the grave! Tell them, I performed the rites of the Ganges; but there is no water that cleanseth from sin, besides the water of the river that 'proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb!' I would say more, but I faint. I shall soon sleep in Jesus; in his smiles I am happy!" Here he rested; and Serenus having strengthened my sight, I beheld, with astonishment, the lean and ugly monster Death, grasping in his cold embrace the dying Indian, but I perceived he had lost his sting; to comfort him were radiant angels kindly supporting his head, and pointing him upwards to the regions of boundless light. "True it is," I exclaimed, "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" And as I spake, the last and dreadful conflict with the world and sin was nearly over. With a faltering and tremulous voice the Indian breathed his last farewell; and as the happy soul burst through the apertures of nature, "Jesus receive my spirit," was heard to languish on his tongue. Thus fled the immortal part, and left the body still in the cruel gripe of Death. The vision likewise fled; but yet the grateful recollection cheers my soul, and leaves behind a wish to win a soul to Christ.

"The sultry climes of India then I'd choose;
There would I toil, and sinners' bonds unloose!
There may I live, and draw my latest breath,
And in my Jesus' service meet a stingless death!"

TEMPO.

ON THE MOTTO OF THE EARL OF KINGSTON'S ARMS.

Spes tutissima Cœlis.

"The safest hope is in heaven."

HOPE, sweetest comfort, steady friend,
 Whoever dost thy succours lend,
 Whene'er my mind's oppress;
 Oft have I found thy genial rays
 Dispel the clouds of darkest days,
 And set my soul at rest!

But ah! *On earth* I dare not cast
 Hope's precious anchor, lest the blast
 Of time's rude winds should shake,
 And loose its hold, and in this gale
 Of snares and tempests me should fail,
 And my fond schemes should break.

The safest hope's *in heaven* above!
 Stable and firm 'twill ever prove,
 For God will ne'er deceive;
 'Tis in his Son that I confide,
 And with his promises satisfy'd;
 I safe and joyful live!

THE BIBLE.

WHERE mis'ry dwells a constant guest,
 And rankles in the feeling breast,
 What charm can give the sufferer rest?

The Bible!

When storms of fierce temptation low'r,
 And on the soul their horrors pour,
 Midst all, this gives a tranquil hour;

The Bible!

When conscience, sore oppress'd with crime,
 Reviews the faults of mispent time,
 From thee its hopes must spring sublime,
My Bible!

When 'stern despair, without control,
 Oppression, with his mard'rous scowl,
 Afflict us; thou wilt bless the soul,
Our Bible!

From thee our purest comforts grow;
 Safe with thy guidancee we may go
 Through the dire scenes of sin and wo,
My Bible!

Whate'er our state of life may be,
 Or poor, or rich, or bond, or free,
 Still our warm hearts shall turn to thee,
Blest Bible!

Here then, while round afflictions rise,
 To every heart we'll bind the prize,
 Which bears us onward to the skies,
Our Bible!

Here is a charm for ev'ry grief;
 In this blest word we find relief;
 On thee we rest our firm belief,
Sweet Bible!

The gospel far conveys our load,
 And bears us forward on the road
 Towards our Savior and our God,
Blest Bible!

The promises, throughout divine,
 Round my enraptur'd heart I'll twine,
 And cry aloud, thou still art mine,
My Bible!

In this I'll search from day to day,
 To guide me in my heav'nly way;
 And when I die, thou'rt mine, I'll say,
My Bible!

For thy blest truths, through all the days
 Of blest eternity, we'll raise
 A joyful song of sacred praise,
Blest Bible!

A WEEK WELL SPENT.

BY DR. C MATHER, OF BOSTON, IN NEW ENGLAND.

It was constantly one of the first thoughts in a morning of this very successful minister,* “What good may I do today?” He resolved this question into the following particulars:

1. His question for the Lord’s day morning constantly was, “What shall I do, as a pastor of a church, for the good of the flock under my charge?”

2. For Monday, “What shall I do for the good of my own family?”

3. For Tuesday, “What good shall I do for my relations abroad?” Sometimes he changed it for another, namely, “What good shall I do to my enemies? And how shall I overcome evil with good?”

4. For Wednesday, “What shall I do for the churches of the Lord, and the more general interests of religion in the world?”

5. For Thursday, “What good may I do in the several societies to which I am related?”

6. For Friday, “What special subjects of affliction, and objects of compassion, may I take under my particular care? And what shall I do for them?”

7. For Saturday, “What more have I to do for the interest of God in my own heart and life?”

* In the first year of his ministry, though only about eighteen years of age, he had reason to believe he was made the instrument of converting at least thirty souls.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

Two gentlemen were once disputing on the divinity of Christ. One of them, who argued against it, said, "If it were true, it certainly would have been expressed in more clear and unequivocal terms." "Well," said the other, "admitting that you believed it, were authorized to teach it, and allowed to use your own language, how would you express the doctrine to make it indubitable?" "I would say," replied the first, "that Jesus Christ is the true God." "You are very happy," rejoined the other, "in the choice of your words; for you have happened to hit upon the very words of inspiration. St. John, speaking of the Son, says, "This is the true God, and eternal life."

SWEARING REPROVED.

A young man having returned from sea, where he had unhappily acquired the habit of profane swearing, went to visit a friend in the country; when, walking in the garden, and approaching too near a bee hive, one of them stung him on the head; which so excited his wrath, that he began to strike violently at the bees with his hat, uttering at the same time the most dreadful oaths and curses. In the midst of his fury, one of these little combatants stung him on the tip of that unruly member, his tongue, which was then so actively employed in blaspheming his Maker. Thus can the Lord engage one of the meanest of his creatures in reproving the bold transgressor, who dares to take his name in vain.

A SUMMER'S MORN.

SWEET the beams of rosy morning,
Silent chasing gloom away;
Lovely tints the sky adorning,
Harbingers of op'ning day!
See the king of day appearing;
Slow his progress and serene;
Soon I feel the influence cheering
Of this grand and lovely scene!

Lovely songsters join their voices,
Harmony the grove pervades;
All in nature now rejoices,
Light and joy succeed the shades.
Stars withdraw, and man arises,
To his labor cheerful goes;
Day's returning blessings prizes,
And in praise his pleasure shows.

May each morn, that in succession
Adds new mercies ever flowing,
Leave a strong and deep impression
Of my debt for ever growing!
Debt of love, ah! How increasing!
Days and years fresh blessings bring,
But my praise shall flow unceasing,
And my Maker's love I'll sing!

THE PORTRAITURE OF A CHRISTIAN.

IF one were to draw the portraiture of a Christian, this probably would come near to his description. He is one who, in *doctrine*, believes that the three persons in Jehovah are equally engaged in the accomplishment of his salvation; that the love of the Father, Son, and Spirit, is but *one* love, directed to the three objects of their respec-

tive offices for him; namely, creation, redemption, and regeneration, terminating in his eternal glorification; that he was chosen freely to this mercy, when it was lost by Adam to his nature; that he is freely called by the effectual application of Divine power; that he is justified wholly and entirely, and at once, by the obedience of Jehovah, in human flesh, to that perfect law which man was created to obey, but had broken; that he is sanctified in Jesus Christ through the Spirit; and by him shall persevere to the end, and be everlastingly saved. The Christian is one who, in *experience*, looks into himself only for humiliation; and, out of himself, to God in Christ, for all his happiness. He perceives, and often very wofully, that he has not the power of thinking, saying, or doing one good thing; and that, however specious many moral acts may appear to the world, there is nothing intrinsically holy but what is brought into him, and maintained in him by the agency of the Holy One. Body, soul, and spirit, therefore, he meekly surrenders to his God, for time and for eternity. He distrusts his own wisdom, and will, in all cases, from a just persuasion that what is perverse in its own nature can only lead him astray. His whole security from falling, he founds upon his God; and, accordingly, he flies to him in all his temptations and distresses, great or small. He feels himself a poor, weak creature, that cannot stand a moment, and is, therefore, never easy but when he leans upon his beloved. He is well acquainted with this truth, uttered by a good man, that "with God, the most of mosts, in opposition to himself, is less than nothing; but, without him, the least of leasts is too great a burden;" and he hath that joy and peace in his Savior, which he knows the world can

neither give nor take away. Advert to his *manners* and *conversation*. He attends the ordinances of the gospel, because in them he finds refreshment and strength to his soul. He hears the word with solemnity, comes to hear it with seriousness, and departs with gravity. Not glad, when service is performed, to commence busy body in other men's matters, or to enter into the frothy discourse of idle tongues. Like Mary, he wishes to treasure up the gospel in his heart, without evaporating its sweet savor by the impertinence and dissipation of worldly things. Collected and retired in himself, he aims to be inoffensive to others. Without parade, he is religious; and serious without either gloom or severity. Never wishing to be forward in disputes, he is ever desirous of supporting the truths of God in a way that may please God." He seeks not to obtrude upon or assume over others; but, with modest cheerfulness, wishes to elevate religion in the eyes of men; bearing with their infirmities, from the deepest conviction of his own. Above all things, he delights in the company of Him who speaks as none other can speak; and, when he obtained this happiness, to use an old paradox, "is never less alone than when he is alone." He is never satisfied "to part with his private duty, till he has found communion with God in it; and, when he has found that, he perceives such a sweetness and savor in it, as to make it not easy for him to go forth again into the world." Against such an experience as this, which sees, and handles, and tastes of the word of life, there is no arguing. If a man should attempt to controvert this testimony, it would be worse than to deny the evidence of the natural senses; because it is founded upon the truth of God, which cannot deceive; and upon the power of God, which worketh all in all.

These are some principal outlines of the Christian in his faith, experience, and conversation. There are others, reader, which, if these are once transcribed upon thy soul, will, by the power of grace, come in to heighten the amiable picture of thy heart and life. But, does there not appear, even from these, some benefit and advantage in being a Christian? The devil himself spake truth for once, when he said, that "Job did not serve God for nought;" nor doth any true believer. If the heathen moralist could affirm that "Virtue is its own reward," what superior advantages hath such a believer, who, with Abraham, knows that Jehovah himself is his shield, and his "inexpressibly, exceeding great reward."

Redeem'd from slavery of earth,
In Christ renew'd by heav'nly birth,
Which only Christ could give;
Patient, submissive, humble, mild,
With life and conscience undefil'd,
See how the Christians live!

Looking to Jesus as their friend,
Watching for glory as their end,
With ardent, longing eye;
Yielding with joy their latest breath,
And rising o'er the force of death,
See how the Christians die!"

END OF FIRST VOLUME.

